Aug. 12, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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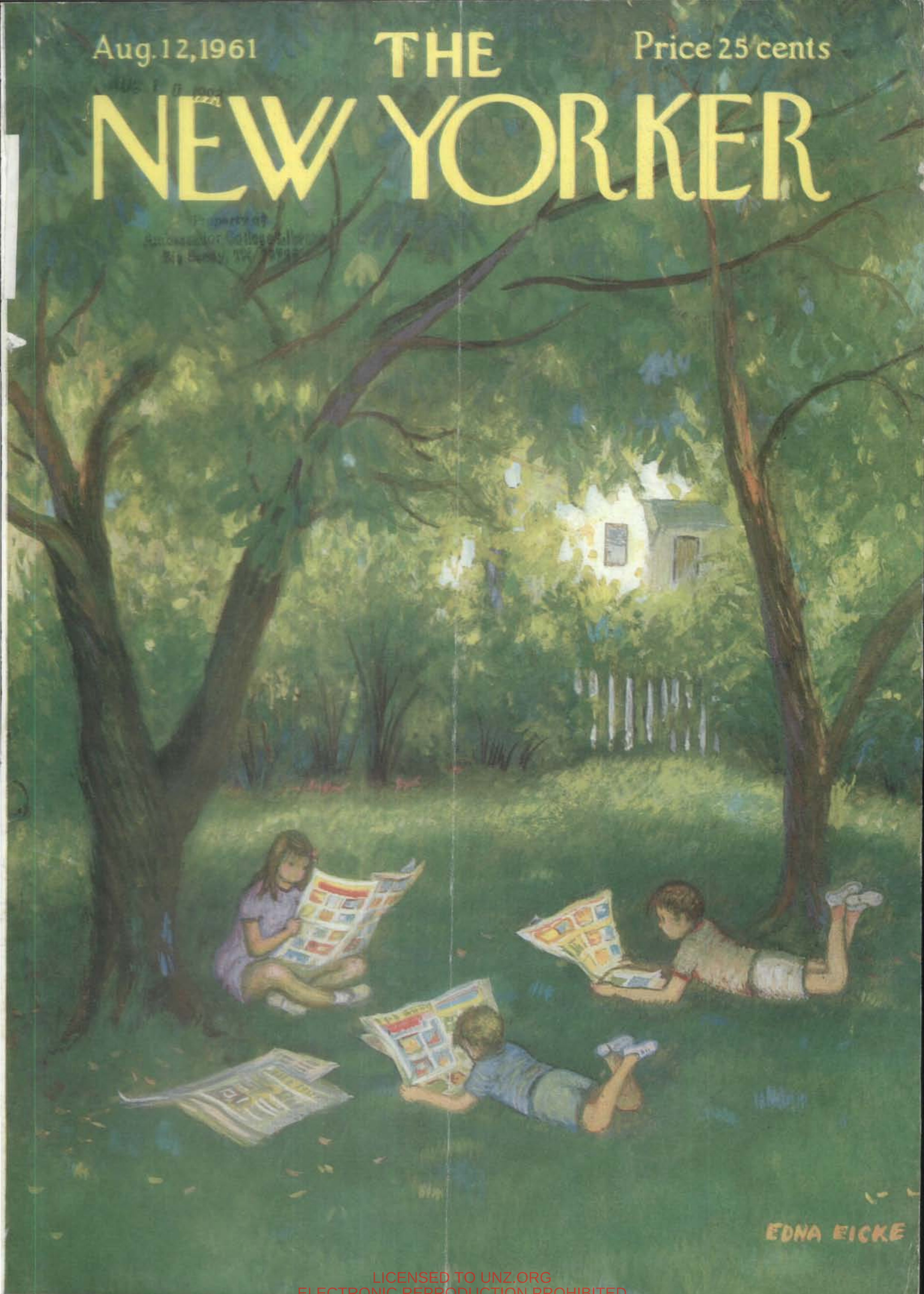

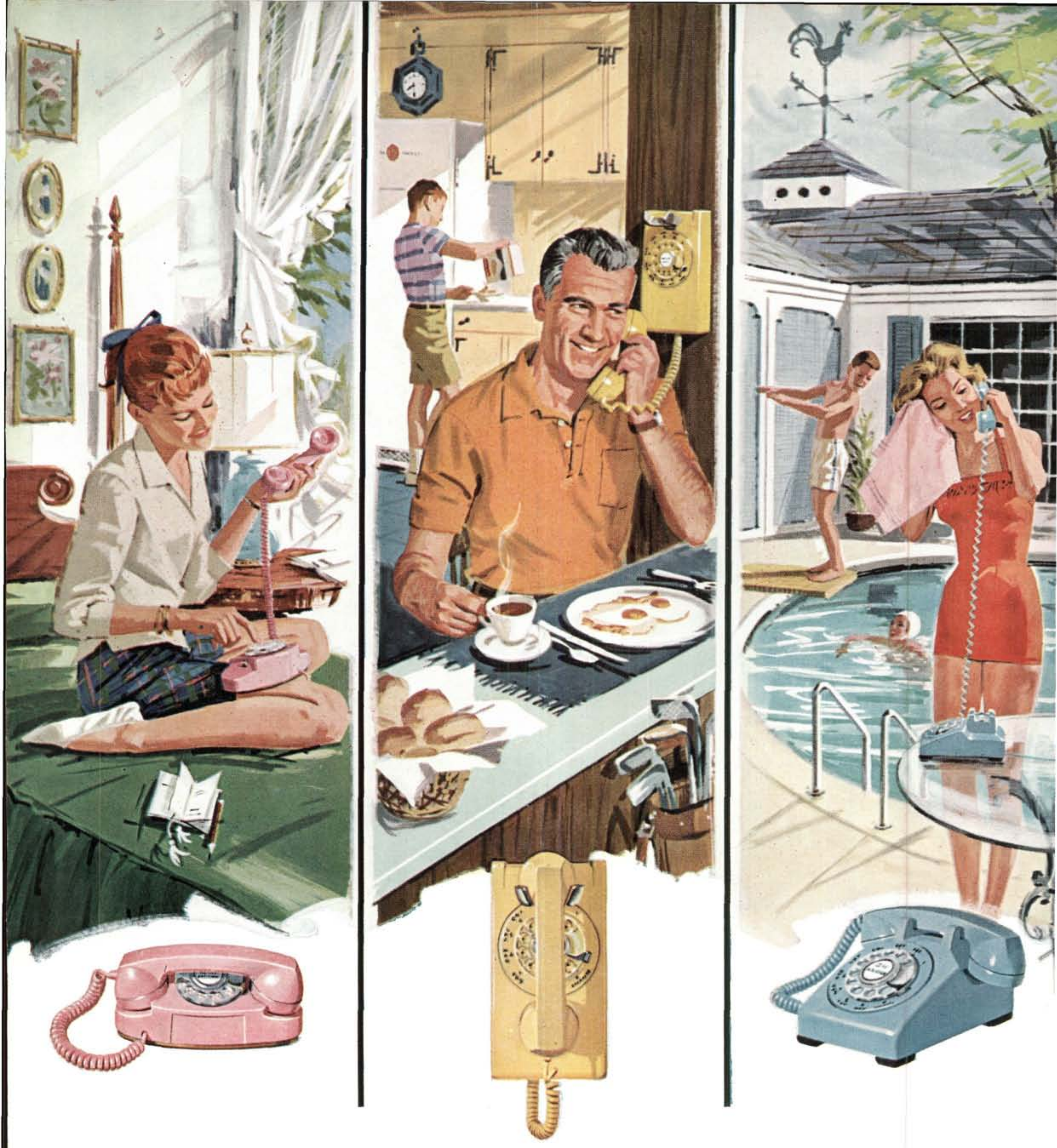

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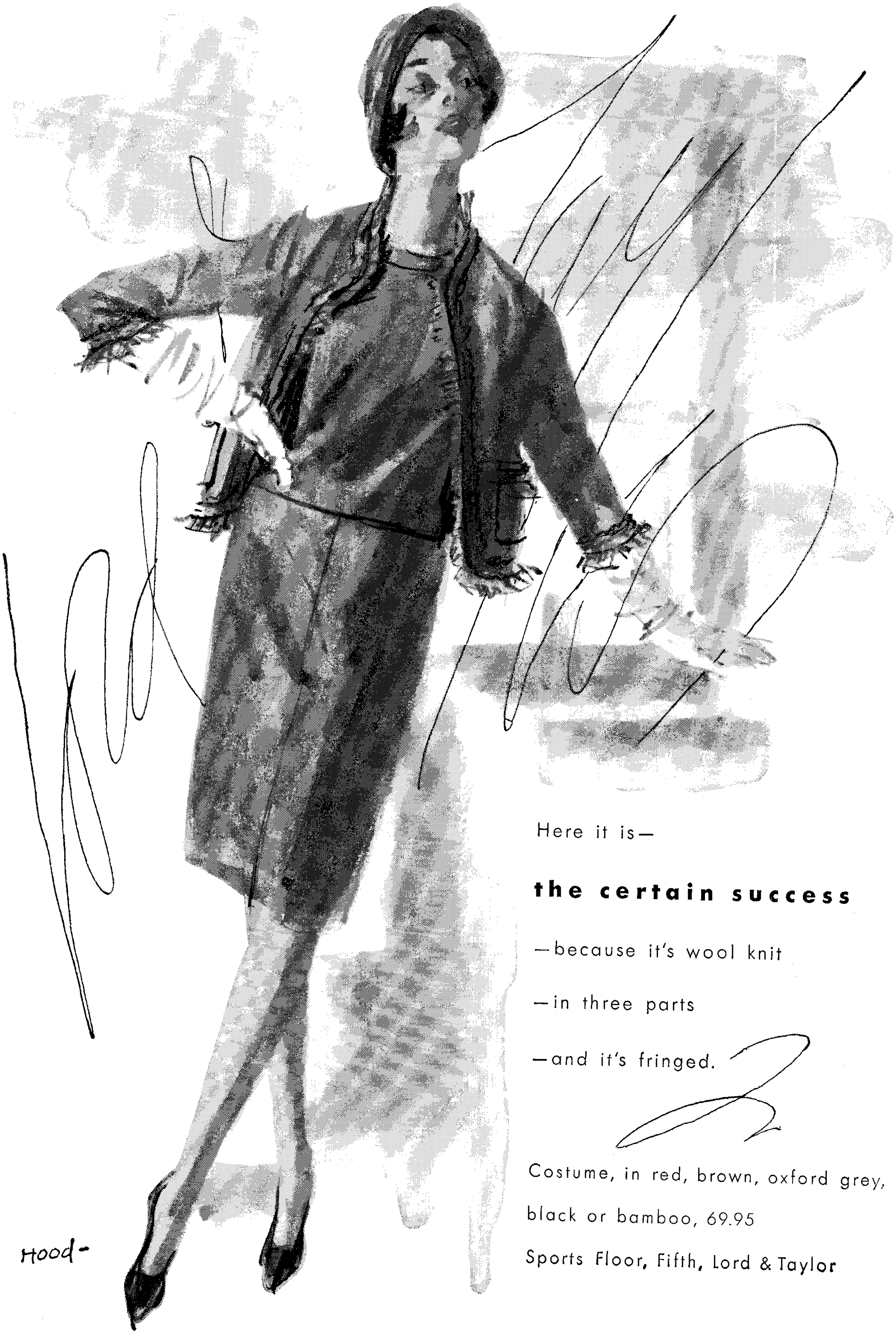

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All the Way Home—A tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Tad Mosel wrote it, and Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's very minor comedy about the gay doings of a pair of youths in revolt against their father, who wants them to forget about girls and get busy in the artificial-fruit business. Julius La Rosa (substituting for Hal March), Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi are in the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Far Country—Freud doing his first work as an analyst. Since it is quite evident from the outset that he is going to solve the psychosomatic situation of a young lady who can barely walk because of a traumatic experience, the piece has no suspense, but the actors, particularly Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, are interesting to watch. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mary, Mary—A lot of good jokes are sprinkled through this comedy by Jean Kerr, and the acting—by Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell—is top-drawer. The plot, though, which concerns the vicissitudes of an estranged couple making their way back to the old nest, isn't long on originality. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Closed for four weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Longacre Theatre, 48th St., W., on Monday, Sept. 4.

Long Runs—a taste of honey: A drama by Shelagh Delaney. The cast of five contains a prostitute, her protector, her daughter, her daughter's colored seducer, and the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. With Frances Cuka and Hermione Baddeley. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this account of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow-moving. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Carnival—Anna Maria Alberghetti plays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. She and her associates—James Mitchell, Pierre Olaf, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard—are first-rate, and the whole thing has all the unsophisticated charm of the tent shows you saw in your youth. The music and lyrics are by Bob Merrill, the book is by Michael Stewart, and the light-footed direction is by Gower Champion. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Reopens Monday, Aug. 21, with Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—bye bye birdie: Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical having to do with some people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **fiorello!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **irma la douce:** This importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. Lawrence Keith will fill in for Mr. Allinson for one week starting Monday, Aug. 14. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the sound of music:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the vicissitudes of the Austrian Trapp family. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the unsinkable molly brown:** An account of the ups and downs, domestic and foreign, of a backwoods Colorado girl, played by Tammy Grimes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and The Death of Bessie Smith—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

The Blacks—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

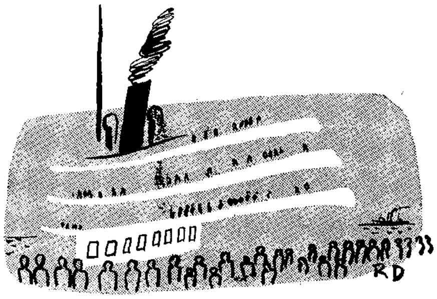
The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

41st Street Theatre Summer Comedy Festival—Donald Cook in "The Moon Is Blue." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

King of the Dark Chamber—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kath-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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leen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Aug. 13.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Frances Sternhagen. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—"Fourscore and seven years ago . . ." In the cast are David Atkinson and Barbara Louis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Kathleen Widdoes and John Call. (Wollman Rink, Central Park. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 19.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Our feathered friends, mostly birds of paradise and night owls, at play. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are the dance musicians. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where the sound of music, usually Stanley Worth's little dance band, goes on from apértifs to curfew night after night. Renato Rossini's lyric guitar, a solo instrument, gets to work during the evening shift, and takes Sundays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The stately *pied-à-terre* known as the Rendez-Vous is under the benign eye of Charles Columbus, man-about-the-world, whose activities as host give it a lawn-party air. The other airs are offered up by the good-natured bands of Charles Holden and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The summer-replacement program of the mighty Grill calls for Milton Saunders and his dance band. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A hill station of rare salubriousness, far above the city's roar. Milt Shaw's and Walter Kay's tiny dance bands go on and on all evening. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends his evenings (five to ten) in the leisured Savoy Room, does piano that, no matter how casual, is pièce de résistance, too. Closed Sundays.

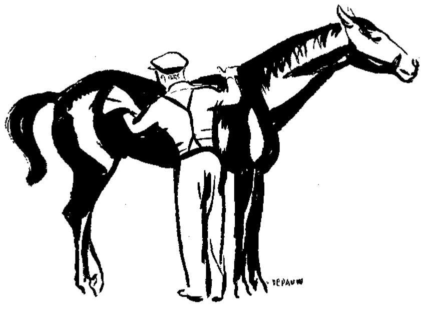
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The décor of the Walldorfkeller, which is the peak of the Waldorf's midsummer night life, is *Alpenhütte;* the cuisine is Wien, Wien; the music (Josef Seidl's) is zithery in just the right manner. The music runs from six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday.

Note—The Rainbow Room, the summit of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza anthill, provides—from its window seats—a panorama of un-air-conditioned ants, far below, seeking that summer festival. Meat and drink and an intermittent non-dance trio and piano are the other rewards, available from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The cliff dwellers of Manhattan playing at grown-up boys-and-girls-together, in tune (after eight) to the chirruping sounds of Marty Berns' piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The children's hour may run as late as two or three in the morning, since school is out for the summer. The pied pipers operate like this: Bob Printz patrols his piano from five-thirty to eight, after which Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders take to *their* pianos. Around midnight, these two get around to real double-or-nothing work. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His Steinway, decisive without being domineering, speaks its pieces from cocktails until one in the morning. Wayne Sanders is now the Sunday musician. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday that has been going on, daily except Sundays, for years. No one is more expert at threading the mass of celebrants than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a pair of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A few knowing Italians have worked themselves up into a fine Firenze and garnished it with native dishes and native operatics, the latter of which are on view Tuesdays through Saturdays. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, oboist, and basso profundo—is the mainstay of the sound department. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): King Henri, the original occupant of the premises, was obviously a merry old soul, to judge by the toy drawbridge, moat, and armor he left behind. Max Ellin, a prowling violinist, is at present the floorwalker. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish influence on the culture of Argentina is evidenced by the ballet and ballad troupes that now make this their stamping and chanting ground. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Wednesday, Aug. 16, is the night that Hungarian cookery and Hungarian revelry—Tibor Rakossy's songs of the heart, the trilling of such damsels as Lili France, and the rumblings of zimbalons and fiddles—resume their activities here. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Polynesia from the veranda of a resort hotel, with travel-folder natives bending assiduously over their stringed instruments every night of the week in the refectory, and a combination pianist, guitarist, and singer callooing and callaying in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): It's easy to follow the bouncing ball—Cal Bostic, whoop-de-do pianist and tenor—who whiles away what's left of the night after ten. Until then, the art gallery along the walls should be sufficient to amuse. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians and, toward midnight, a group of singers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar and piano get to work on their Spanish fandangos, which can go on and on far into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Latin America quietly wrapped up in itself, except when a flamencan called Fernanda climbs onstage to run off her finger- and foot-breaking exercises. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very. No dance recital Sundays.



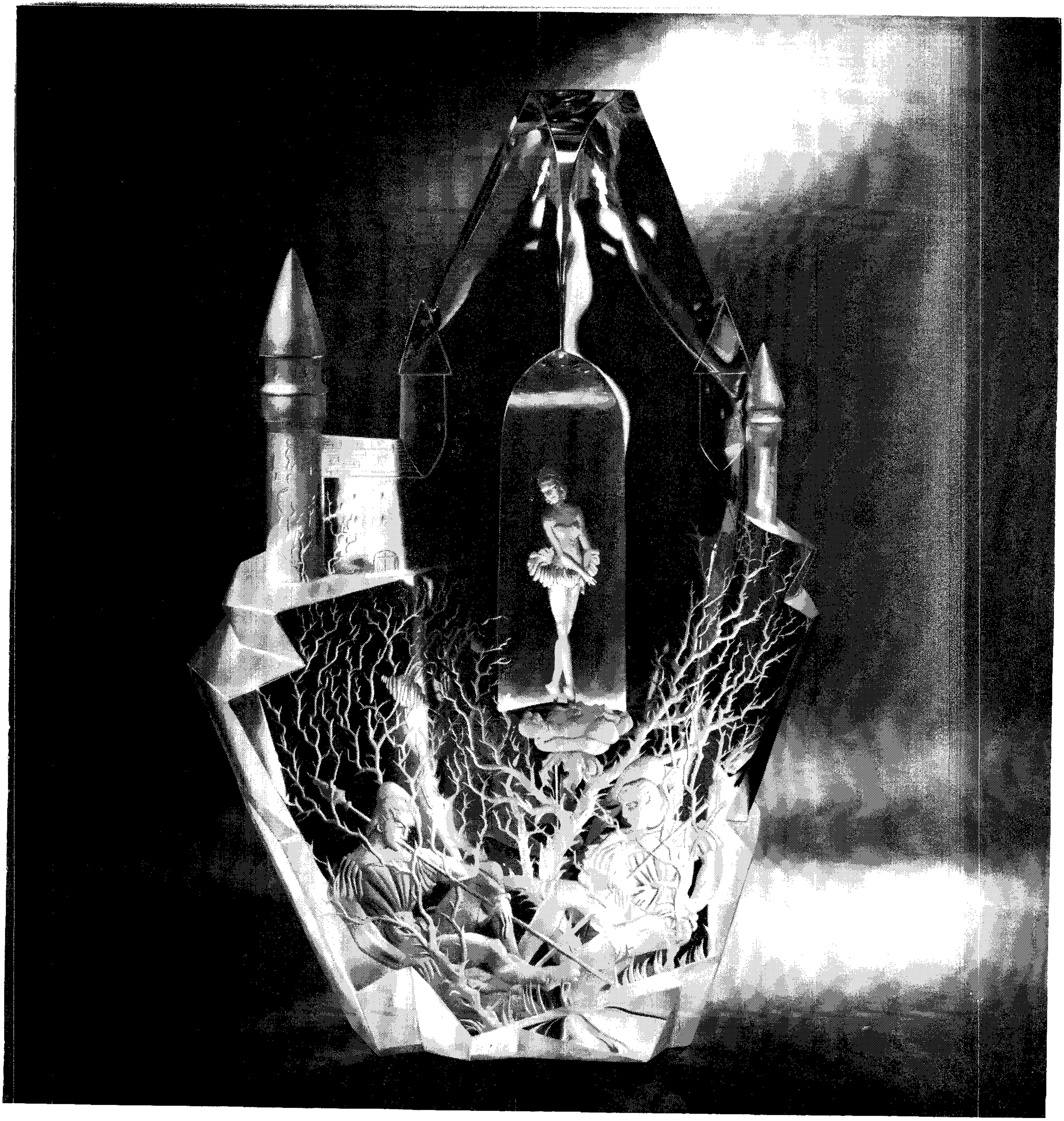
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A big, wide, wonderful world replete with nine-foot seraphs who do their vigorous setting-up exercises as unassumingly garbed as Susanna on her way to meet the Elders. They're in the charge of Gloria Le Roy, the most laissez-faire housemother you ever saw. Among the other activities are a couple of good European circus acts, not to mention Dorothy Lamour, a casual singer but a warmhearted one, and Jack Durant, a humorist who leaves a bothersome taste in the mouth. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): This coliseum is dominated by Dick Haymes, who (when he has a mind to) can give a pop tune the bantering encouragement that brings out whatever best is in it; Fran Jeffries (i.e., Mrs. H.) is a slender fleur-de-lis that hasn't yet got its roots deep enough into the genre. Their background is a set of eight noticeable ballerinas, all prettily engrossed in wondering which is their right foot. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small revue—which Julius Monk, the local entrepreneur, has elevated from formula to art form—at its best. Its inhabitants are (1) Freddie Weber, a blond dragonfly, (2) the dark lady of the sonnets named Lovey Powell, and (3) their amiable playmates—Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon. The keyboard work of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al., are seventeen-jewel, are also available. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Summer vacation here begins on Sunday, Aug. 13, when the so-so miniature



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

revue (Burke McHugh and Del Hanley are its diligent mainsprings) and the tried-and-true family retainers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor—all depart. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Some of the floor show is designed for those whose Basic Spanish consists of "*¡Ole!*" The rest is bright, bitter flamenco foot-and-mouth work, particularly a remarkable Brazilian dance by Jonas Moura. Quintero's band, full of burning desire, plays for the show and for the customers. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Around ten in a fine little den next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the ardent flamenco songs of Domingo Alvarado often persuade the clients to join in. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): The theme of the incumbent revue—life can be impossible—is airily carried out by the entire cast, which amounts to R. G. Brown, a sardonic young man, and Marian Mercer, a *farceuse* of high degree. Only a few of the words are a bit fancy, and all of the music, composed and played at his solitary piano by Baldwin Bergersen, is springtime. This happens at 11 P.M. every night but Monday; Fridays and Saturdays there's also a 9 P.M. matinée.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The clarinet of Pee Wee Russell, though attached to Mr. Condon's new band (in which such men as Ruby Braff and Marshall Brown are concerned), at times withdraws into splendid isolation and meditation, and these are the high spots of a splendid all-out and clattering evening. Mr. Condon, by the way, is again on duty, and makes duty seem a pleasure. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A tingling symposium on new and old horizons comes to an end on Sunday, Aug. 13. It's conducted by the Modern Jazz Quartet, which runs a very taut ship of state, and a foursome topped by the guitars of Jimmy Raney and Jim Hall, whose rapid give-and-take is both intent and witty. Among the newcomers, due on Tuesday, Aug. 15, is Oscar Peterson, a technician rather than an innovator on the keyboard. His trio and Carol Sloane, another of the new jazz singers, will also arrive. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who chooses to devote his vast technical proficiency on the keyboard to the sweet rustlings of spring, plays (with the help of two sidemen) very pretty for the people. Frances Thompson, who takes care of the solo turns at the piano, is just barely on the mild side of progress. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): American history and a dash of jaunty American hysteria. The uproar commences at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon handle the day trick; the night job is handled by Woody Herman's band (off duty Sundays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays), with Monday, Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday assists by Sol Yaged's fivesome. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Maynard Ferguson's crew and its thoroughly orchestrated assortment of screaming meemies depart on Wednesday, Aug. 16, along with the quintet of Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and Johnny Griffin; next evening's accessions are (verbatim) Mongo Santamaria and his Afro-Pachanga Friends, as well as the Gigi Gryce Orch-tette—whatever any of that may mean. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are home. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A major matter of interest—the new fivesome handmade by Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer—disappears on Sunday, Aug. 13. On Tuesday, Aug. 15, Herbie Mann's flute-and-drum corps, a set of Caribbean lotus-eaters, gets to work. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The silver standard set years ago by Bobby Hackett's horn varies never an inch. His quartet and the trio of Lee Evans, which may remind one of the old Victor Red Seal records, are here every night but Sunday, which is ceded to visiting minstrels from every sidewalk of New York. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some veteran veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are thumping away, perhaps a bit matter-of-factly, in tribute to yesteryear. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The pages of time are enthusiastically turned back by Kenny Davern and his Washington Squares, among whom are Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): The Moslem call to prayer is sounded by the quintet of Yusef Lateef, whose eyes look not East but West, to the future. Barry Harris's trio is the party of the second part. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Whether the sounds and the fragmented phrases induced by Ornette Coleman are a form of splitting atoms, or just splitting headaches, can be decided here, where the fascinating Mr. C. and his three partners are performing, more or less in unison. Walter Dickerson's quartet is likewise on deck. The Dickersons vanish every Monday, the Colemans every Tuesday. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): John Coltrane's blow-by-blow account of the sombre aspects of modern music is thoroughly accompanied by his foursome. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Friday, Aug. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through Aug. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Priscilla Roberts, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 1. . . . **KENNEDY**, 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through Aug. 25. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A summer group show of paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Henry Koerner, Robert Vickrey and Raimondo Puccinelli; through Friday, Aug. 11. . . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of works in various mediums by contemporary painters and sculptors, including Alfred Blaustein, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald; through Sept. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Tuesday, Aug. 15. (Knapik, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings, principally by Impressionist and Post-Impressionist artists (including Monet, Cézanne, and Pissarro), on loan from private collections in the

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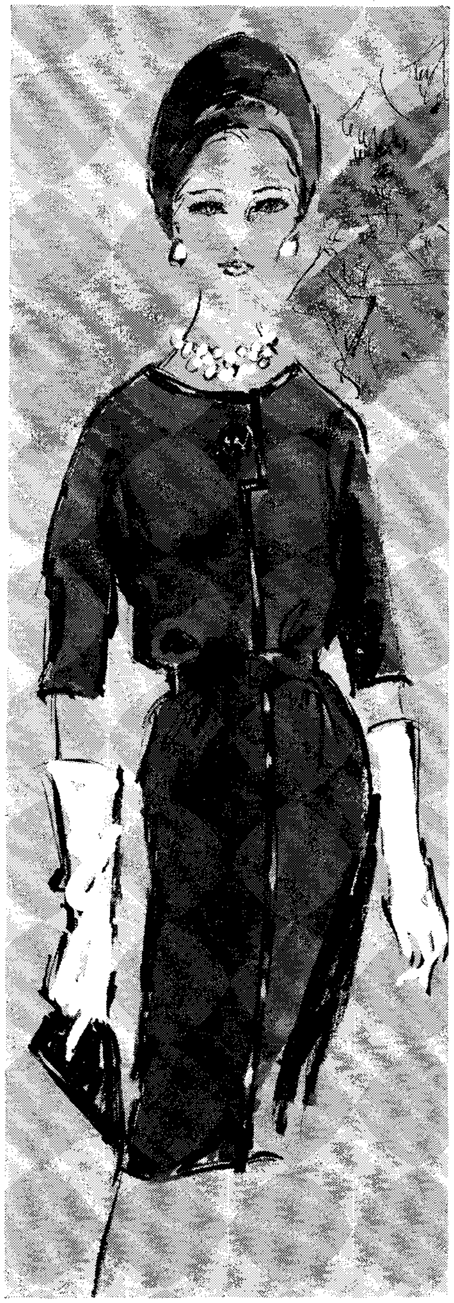

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New York City area; through Aug. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of seventy-five recent paintings by fifteen leading contemporary Polish artists, including Brzozowski, Kobzdej, and Kantor; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—The Romanesque apse of the twelfth-century Church of San Martín de Fuentidueña, on long-term loan from the Spanish government. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—American drawings (Benjamin West to the present) from the Paul Magriel collection; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Miró, Mondrian, Picasso, and Wols; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Epstein, and Gris. Through Sept. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

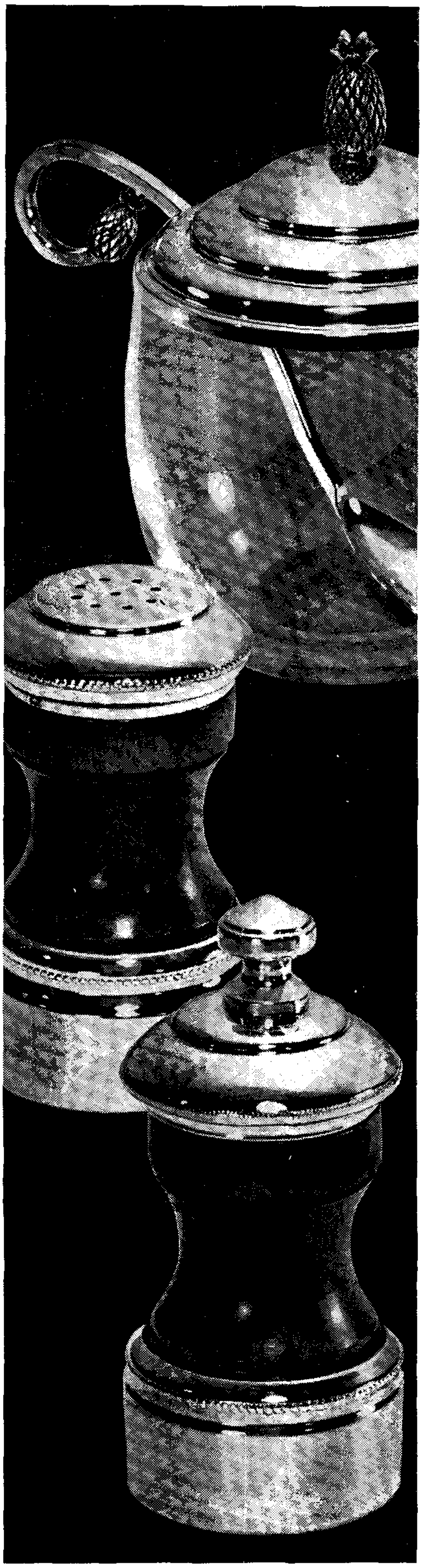
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 18.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Lillian Messina, soprano. The second in a series of five weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 12, at 8:30.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK CONCERTS—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra. The second and third in a series of four free weekly concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 10, and Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

SALMAGGI OPEN-AIR OPERA—"Carmen," post-



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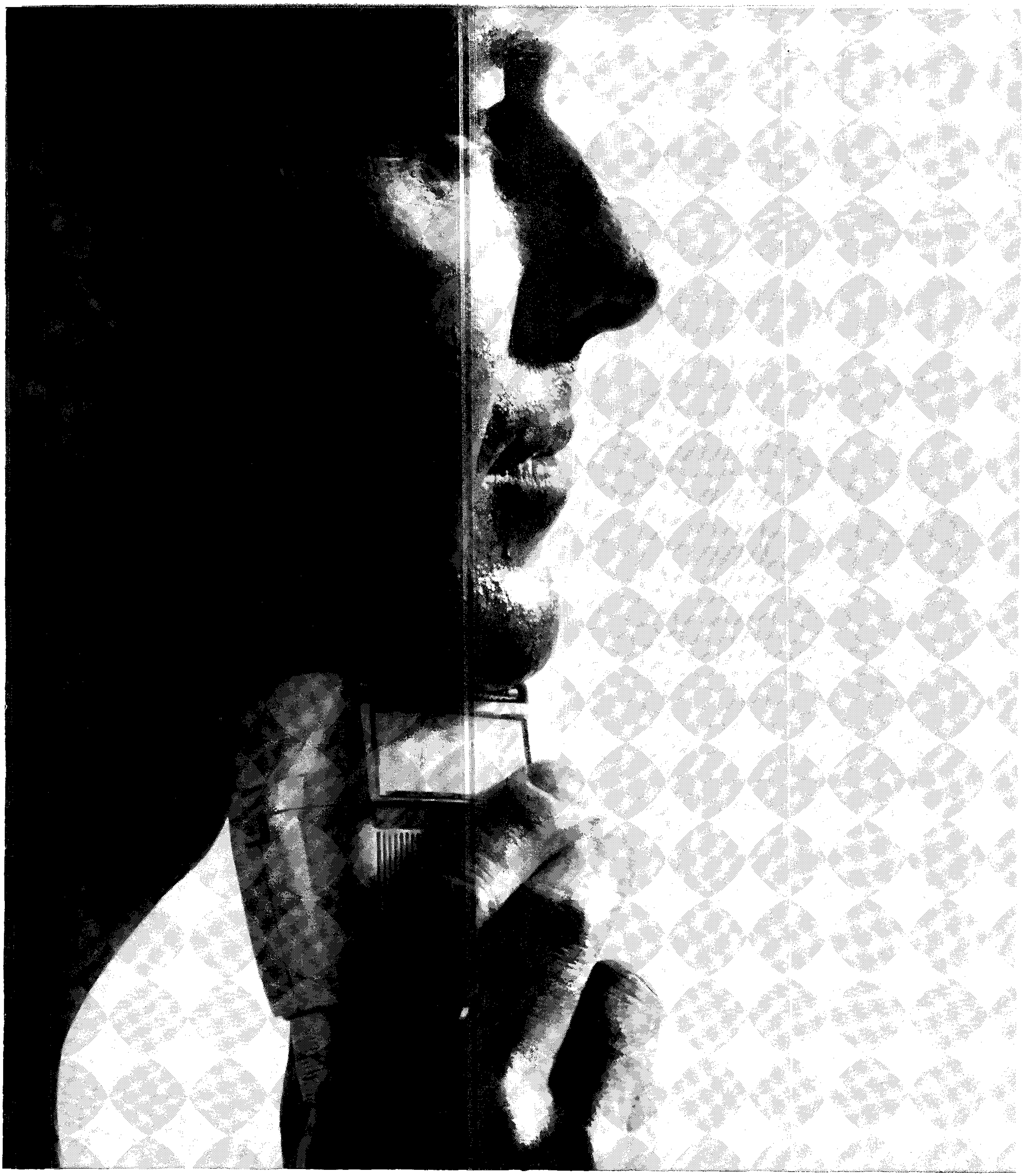
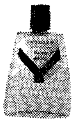


The new theory: The wet electric shave!



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ningham, Ruth Currier, and Paul Taylor. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 3: The companies of Anna Sokolow, Paul Taylor, and David Wood; the Doris Humphrey Repertory Group; and the La Meri Repertory Group. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 3: The companies of José Limón, Ruth Currier, Paul Taylor, and Jack Moore. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, Aug. 10, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Aug. 15, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 16-17, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Aug. 12: Benny (Kid) Paret vs. Don Fullmer, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19: Jorge Fernandez vs. Isaac Logart, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 10-13.) . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Ardsley Country Club, Ardsley-on-Hudson. Thursday, Aug. 17.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 12.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 12; the Saratoga Special, Wednesday, Aug. 16; and the Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 19. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 3. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 13.) . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 14-20.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:25; through Thursday, Sept. 28. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Thursday through Monday, Aug. 10-14, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, forty to sixty meteors an hour may be visible.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 12: "Touch of Evil" (1958), with Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh, the last film in a series called "The Cinema of Orson Welles." . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 13: "Ninety Degrees South" (1933), a documentary film on R. C. Scott's expedition to the South Pole. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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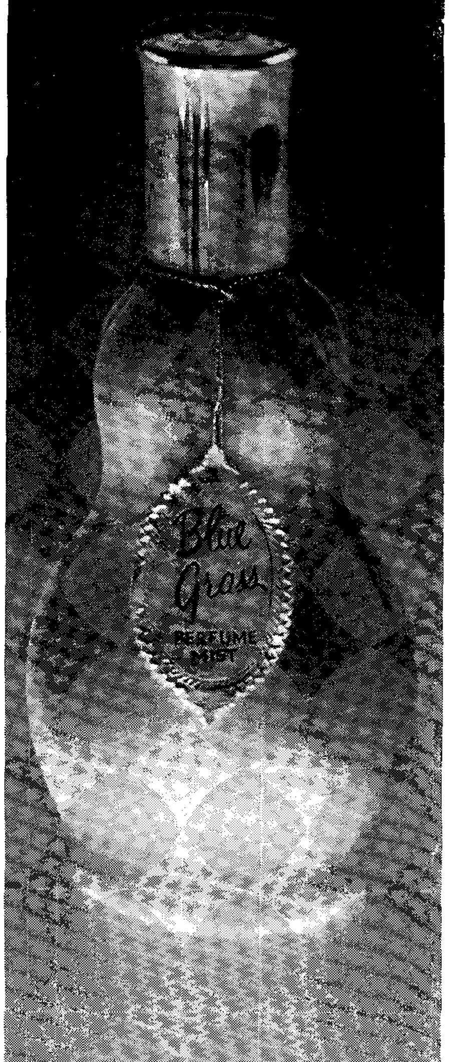

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Absent-Minded Professor—Fred MacMurray, as a bemused science teacher, is the leading actor in this wild farce in which gravity, in both senses of the word, takes a beating. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 16.)

L'Avventura—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. Their search is unsuccessful, and so is the movie. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Aug. 16, tentative.)

Ballad of a Soldier—This Soviet film tells the simplest of tales about a young soldier on leave from the front, but Grigori Chukhrai's direction and brilliant camera work, coupled with the lovely youthfulness of his two principals, supply a procession of remarkable and sometimes heartbreaking visual delights. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 15, tentative.)

Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607. Daily at 2 and 7:30.)

The Big Deal—From Italy comes this ebullient takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. A gang of untalented petty thieves attempts a crime that fails at every turn, thanks in large part to their inveterate good nature. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and the clown called Totò. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 11-13.)

A Cold Wind in August—A somewhat faded stripper of twenty-eight and an immaculate Italian boy of seventeen fall in love. If their affair ends as badly as you might expect, the vigor of the writing and camera work and the acting make this a film worth seeing. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

La Dolce Vita—Modern Rome is the lively, if rather jaded, heroine of this beautiful picture written and directed by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni, a wonderful young actor, heads a pretty wonderful cast that includes Annibale Ninchi, Alain Cuny, Anouk Aimée, and Yvonne Furneaux. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. With Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Fanny—A brightly spinning pinwheel of life among the passionate Marseillais, as seen through the eyes of Josh Logan. Nothing here is to be believed, but nearly all of it is to be enjoyed. Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer ham it up with high spirits, and Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz play the not very star-crossed lovers. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

General della Rovere—A magnificent picture on all counts—subject matter, direction, acting, and photography. The scene is Genoa, the time is 1943, and the story tells of a sleazy Italian collaborator with the Nazis who learns, little by little and half against his will, how to become a good man and, in dying, a great one. The director, Roberto Rossellini, has brought out the best in two superlative actors, Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer, and the rest of the cast is exemplary. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 11-12.)

The Joker—In as funny a movie as you could hope to see, Jean-Pierre Cassel plays a young man about Paris determined to conquer every woman he encounters and consoled between conquests by a happy lunatic family in a lunatic house. The director, Philippe de Broca, is plainly a very great man. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Rocco and His Brothers—A long, scrupulously detailed, never very cheerful, and immensely impressive study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good and, the temptations of city life being what they are, loses far more than it gains. Luchino Visconti produced and directed this formidable work. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious young Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Alan Sillitoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Secrets of Women—An early Ingmar Bergman, well worth resurrecting. Three sisters-in-law start spilling the beans about their love lives, and, thanks to Mr. Bergman's wit and tact, the revelations are, by turns, harsh, touching, and funny. The cast includes Anita Björk, Eva Dahlbeck, and Gunnar Björnstrand. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Sundowners—Local fauna—kangaroos, koalas, dingoes, and thousands of sheep—share top billing with some travel-poster scenery in this almost too wholesome tale about a family of Australian drovers. Director Fred Zinnemann has concentrated on the countryside, but there are also excellent performances by Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr. Really a film for children, but it's a dour grownup who won't find some pleasure in it. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 14-16.)

The Truth—Henri-Georges Clouzot's study of life among the beatniks of Paris. A beautiful young amoralist, who was thinking of shooting herself but has shot her lover instead, is on trial for his murder, and M. Clouzot's purpose is to show what got her into that terrible fix. Despite its subject matter, a film of almost classical elegance of style, superbly acted by, of all people, Brigitte Bardot. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Two Women—An Italian movie about a young widow who takes her daughter out of wartime Rome to her native village in the mountains and meets there an anti-Fascist, who falls in love with her. Although much that happens in the movie is sad, and even shattering, *its effect is anything but depressing.* Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are quite exceptional as the anti-Fascist, the mother, and the daughter, and Vittorio De Sica's direction is perfection. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 10.)

Aparajito (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Ask Any Girl (1959)—Shirley MacLaine as a girl who comes to New York in pursuit of a career but would rather get married. With David Niven. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 14-16.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 10.)

Fascination (1957)—A romp in the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. Formerly called "Love in the Afternoon." (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Aug. 15.)

Gates of Paris *(1958)—René Clair's description* of some denizens of an impoverished district in Paris. A French film, with Pierre Brasseur, Henri Vidal, and Dany Carrel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 16, tentative.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

Louisiana Story (1948)—Robert Flaherty's poetic account of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 14, at 7 and 10.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Aug. 14.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness again, this time as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 15, tentative.)

Man of Aran (1934)—Another Flaherty documentary film, this one about Irish island life. (New Yorker, B'way *at 88th*, TR *4-9189;* Aug. 14, at 8 and 11.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 11-14.)

Pather Panchali (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 10.)

A Place in the Sun (1951)—Taken from Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," and directed by George Stevens. With Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 15-16.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream in society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 15.)

Room Service (1938)—The Broadway play, tailored to fit the Marx Brothers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 13-14, last showing at 4:15.)

Rouge et Noir (1958)—The Stendhal novel, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, and Antonella Lualdi. A French film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 15.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 11-12.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

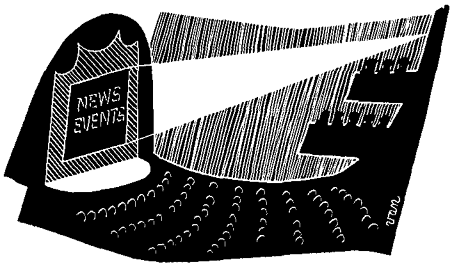
Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 16, tentative.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 13-14, last showing at 3.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Aug. 14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 12.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Jason Robards, Jr.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE TRUTH.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
FANNY.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Tammy, Tell Me True," Sandra Dee, John Gavin.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Aug. 14: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine.
From Aug. 15: "Marines, Let's Go," David Hedison.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 15 (tentative): **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian).
From Aug. 16 (tentative): **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug. 15: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas; and "Atlas," Michael Forrest.
From Aug. 16: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "Battle of Bloody Beach," Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 15 (tentative): "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert.
From Aug. 16 (tentative): "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 12: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas; and "Atlas," Michael Forrest.
Aug. 13-15: "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," James Darren; and "The Warrior Empress," Kerwin Mathews, Tina Louise.
From Aug. 16: "The Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "Battle of Bloody Beach," Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE JOKER (in French).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 15 (tentative): "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert.
From Aug. 16 (tentative): "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Old Man and the Sea," revival, Spencer Tracy.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 15: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas; and "Atlas," Michael Forrest.
From Aug. 16: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "Battle of Bloody Beach," Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
BEN-HUR.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 10: **FANFAN THE TULIP** (in French), revival; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), revival, Horst Buchholz.
Aug. 11-14: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival; and "Les Enfants Terribles" (in French; formerly called "The Strange Ones"), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From Aug. 15: **ROUGE ET NOIR** (in French), revival; and "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Aug. 10: "Bell, Book and Candle," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.
Aug. 11-13: **THE BIG DEAL** (in Italian); and "The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.
Aug. 14-16: **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and **ASK ANY GIRL**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 15 (tentative) **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
From Aug. 16 (tentative): **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival; and **GENEVIEVE**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SECRETS OF WOMEN (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 15: "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," James Darren; and "The Warrior Empress," Kerwin Mathews, Tina Louise.
From Aug. 16: "Thief of Baghdad," Steve Reeves; and "Ring of Fire," David Janssen.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 15: "Sins of Youth" (in French and English), Agnes Laurent; and "The Summer Wind Blows" (in Swedish), Margit Carlquist.
From Aug. 16: "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 14: "Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.
From Aug. 15: "The Sand Castle," Barry Cardwell.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE JOKER (in French).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 14: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** and **THE MAGICIAN** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From Aug. 15: **FASCINATION** (formerly called "Love in the Afternoon"), revival; and "Friendly Persuasion," revival, Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Purple Noon" (in French), Alain Delon.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
APARAJITO, **PATHER PANCHALI**, and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 15: "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," James Darren; and "The Warrior Empress," Kerwin Mathews, Tina Louise.
From Aug. 16: "Thief of Baghdad," Steve Reeves; and "Ring of Fire," David Janssen.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 10: **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
Aug. 11-12: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian); and **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival.
Aug. 13-14 (last showing at 3): **TOP HAT**, revival; and **ROOM SERVICE**, revival.
Aug. 14, at 7 and 10: **LOUISIANA STORY**, revival; and **MAN OF ARAN**, revival.
Aug. 15-16: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**, revival; and "The Mexican" (in Russian), revival, Tatyana Samoilova.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 15: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "Heller in Pink Tights," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn.
From Aug. 16: **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR**; and "The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 10: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** and "The Inspector General" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Aug. 11: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "Le Plaisir" (in French; also known as "House of Pleasure"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.
Aug. 12: **GATES OF PARIS** (in French), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
Aug. 13: "A Short Vision," "On the Twelfth Day," and four other George K. Arthur films; plus six U.P.A. cartoons.
Aug. 14: **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (in Spanish), revival; and "Life Begins Tomorrow" (in French), revival, an episodic film, with Jean Pierre Aumont, Jean-Paul Sartre, and André Gide.
Aug. 15: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and "The Golden Coach," revival, Anna Magnani.
Aug. 16: Eight short films of the dance—"The Moor's Pavane," "Graduation Ball," and others.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Aug. 15: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas; and "Atlas," Michael Forrest.
From Aug. 16: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "Battle of Bloody Beach," Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 15: "Sins of Youth" (in French and English), Agnes Laurent; and "The Summer Wind Blows" (in Swedish), Margit Carlquist.
From Aug. 16: "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 15: "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," James Darren; and "The Warrior Empress," Kerwin Mathews, Tina Louise.
From Aug. 16: "Thief of Baghdad," Steve Reeves; and "Ring of Fire," David Janssen.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Aug. 15: "The Last Sunset," Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas; and "Atlas," Michael Forrest.
From Aug. 16: "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine; and "Battle of Bloody Beach," Audie Murphy, Gary Crosby.

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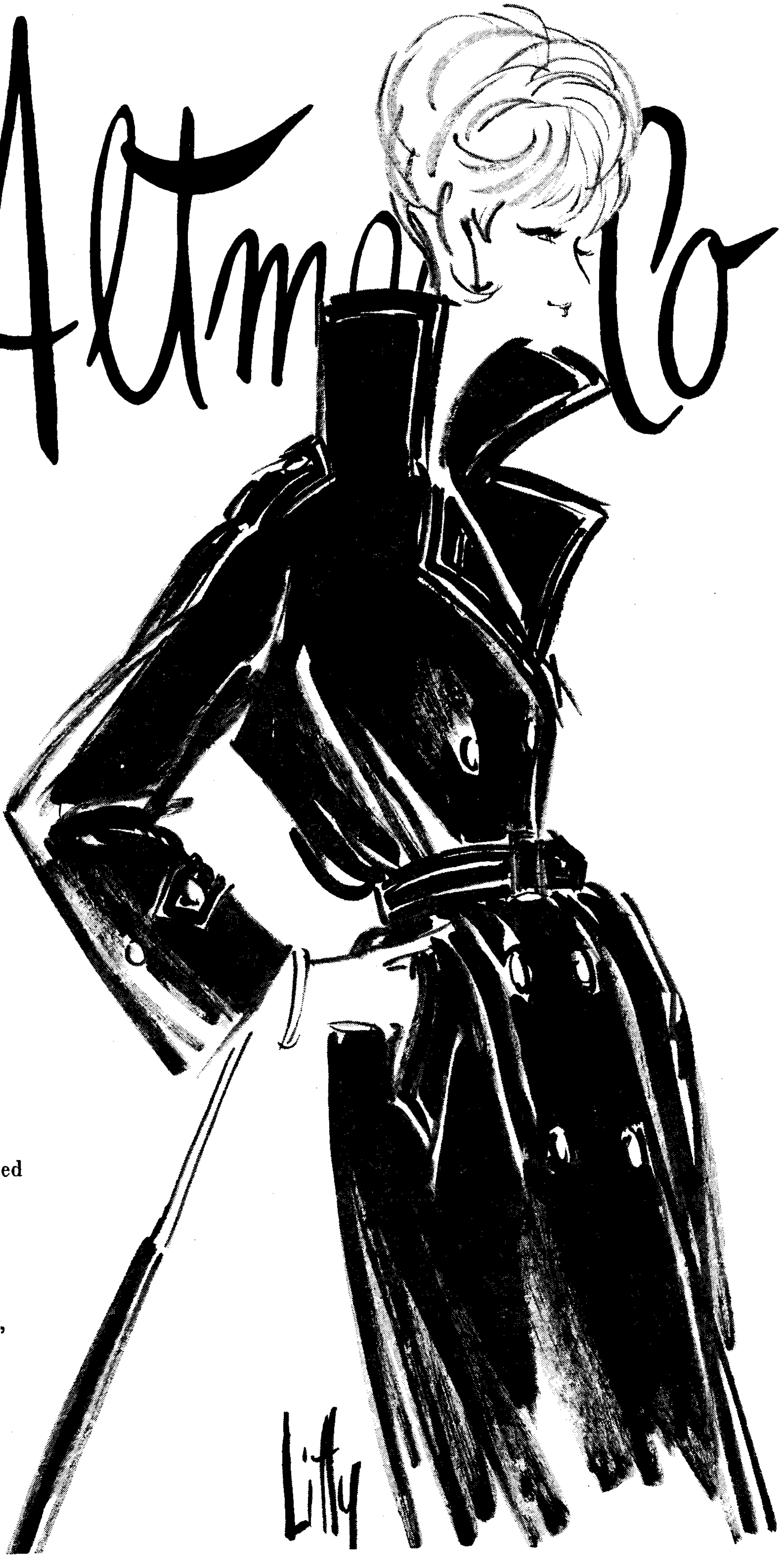

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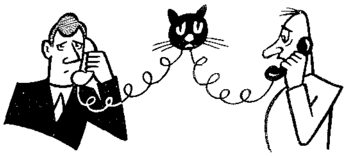
THE NEW YORKER

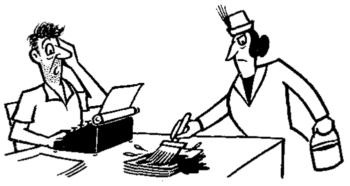
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE confess ourself fascinated by the unlikely telephone conversation that was reported last week between a man with the weight of half the world on his shoulders and a householder with, perhaps, a sick cat on his lap. We would give much to know what was passing through the mind of President John Kennedy when he answered the sudden ringing of a special telephone at the White House—a telephone that was installed to bring him word of, among other appalling things, a missile attack on the United States. We would give more to know his thoughts when the voice at the other end inquired, "Is this the animal hospital?" The participants in this implausible dialogue hover perpetually on the screen of our mind, arrested just at the moment of awakening comprehension. Clutching one instrument is the President, with a dawning sense of reprieve from catastrophe. Clutching the other is our anxious householder, whose quest for a veterinarian has put him, by a vagary of circuits, in touch with a man who claims, unsympathetically, to be President of the United States.

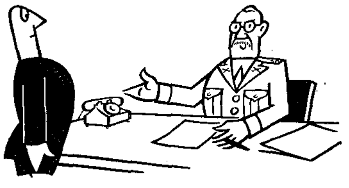


OUR nominee for Literary Heroine of the Month is Miss Katherine McCardle, sixty-one, of Glasgow, Scotland, who painted the window of a neighborhood bookstore black to hide a display of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" and then, refusing to pay the fine imposed, went to jail for six days. This strikes us as eminently correct and worthy behavior. If books have the right to paint people black, people should have the right to paint books black. It is by no means entirely salutary that the forces of censorship in this country should have become, of late, so feeble that when a gopher ball like "Tropic of Cancer" is served up to them they cannot knock even that out of the park. Writers need censors; otherwise, they will begin to censor themselves, with far more damaging results. A society unable to produce a Miss McCardle will soon be unable to produce a D. H. Lawrence. Censorship, whether in the form of banning, burning, or blacking, pays books the high compliment of taking them seriously, of believing that the written word truly does influence men. More anti-intellectual than censorship is its apathetic absence. So paint on, Miss McC. You are on the wrong side, but of the right fence.



Unruffled

AS we were returning from lunch one cloudy day last week, our path was crossed by a colonel in uniform, who disappeared into the building, just next door, that houses the Forty-fourth Street United States Army Reserve Center of the Manhattan Subsector Command, Southern New York Sector, II United States Army Corps, which is based at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. As if this were a portent, the skies above us opened and a mild downpour began, whereupon, impelled by rain, curiosity, and the memory of President Kennedy's recent fireside chat with the nation, we followed the colonel inside. There, dimly recalling a past adherence to the chain of command, we stopped at the first desk we saw and introduced ourself to a reedy, pipe-smoking master sergeant named Leroy Nelting, who handles information calls from the public. We asked the Sergeant how business was, and he shrugged, tamped some tobacco into his pipe, and told us that business was going on as usual. "There's no flap here," he said dryly. "We're just waiting for orders from higher up. When they come down, we'll implement 'em. Until then, I only know what I read in the papers. Some of the kids who have called in here the past few days seem to know more than I do." The Sergeant shrugged again, struck a match, and applied the flame to his pipe. "You want to know anything more, you better see my commanding officer. He's up on the third floor."



A few moments later, we were standing before the desk of Lieutenant Colonel John E. Nolan, a tall, heavy, bespectacled infantry officer, silver-haired and silver-mustached, whom we recognized at once as the man we had seen double-timing into the building a few moments before. "All I know is what I read in the papers," said the Colonel, waving a hand toward a copy of the *Army Times*, "and all I can tell you is that so far there's been absolutely no change in our activities as a result of the President's speech. I can point out, however, that the Army is always ready. We're sitting here waiting for orders from higher headquarters and taking things in stride. We've seen buildups before and we're pretty certain we'll see them again." Colonel Nolan lit a big cigar and went on to tell us, in a laconic way, that the program initiated by the President to increase the Army's strength was not a total mobilization, and that it was sure to be accomplished in a highly selective manner. "Nobody's going off halfcocked," he said. "There have been no official announcements, and no Reserve units have been called up as yet." The Colonel explained, with more than a touch of pride, that the unit he commands is made up of professional soldiers on active duty, and that its mission is to advise the Army Reserve on matters of training, organization, administration, and logistics. "I have no command function over Army Reservists," he said. "The Reserve C.O.s are men with years of experience behind them, and they know exactly what to do whenever they're told. Like us, they're waiting to be told."

When we asked the Colonel what *he* expected to be told, he blew a mammoth, unconcerned cloud of smoke into the room. "Who knows?" he replied. "The order to activate certain units would come down to us, through the chain of command, from the Department of the Army. The Reserve personnel under the jurisdiction of the Subsector live within ninety minutes' travelling time of this Reserve Center—in the metropolitan area and New Jersey. I live in Flushing, with my wife and two children. I was commissioned as an infantry officer in 1935, and I've served in North Africa, China, Burma, India, Korea, and Germany. I was in Germany from 1950 to 1953, and if I'm ordered back I'll gladly go. Every place I've been I've managed to like. I've been the commanding officer of this Center for three years, and I've liked that, too." We rose, and Colonel Nolan saw us out through a large anteroom filled with empty desks. "There are four officers, nine enlisted men, and ten civilian unit aides working here," he said. "Today, some of the men are with their Reserve training units for their weekly training session. Business as usual. Nobody's in a flap."

Downstairs, we stopped to say goodbye to Sergeant Nelting, who listened calmly as we told him of our chat with his commanding officer. "After the President's speech, we had a flurry of calls," he said. "Mostly from wives and parents wanting to know if their husbands or sons would be recalled to or retained on active duty. What could I tell them? The only questions I could answer were from people who wanted to know whether their Reserve status was Ready or Standby, and I could answer those only if I knew their control group. A few people came in here with the idea this was a recruiting office. One man got pretty upset when I told him I didn't think he would meet the requirements. He was a former British subject and had served in the British Army, but he was thirty-eight, and that's too old." The Sergeant went on to say that he had been in the Army eighteen years, and that his previous tour of duty had consisted of forty-two months in Frankfurt am Main, to which his wife had accompanied him and where two of his three children were born. "It doesn't bother me where they want to send me," he said. "I'm a soldier, and I'll go where they tell me to go."

We thanked Sergeant Nelting, wished him luck, and were about to leave when he grinned a steely grin and said, "By the way, what's *your* Reserve status?"

"Uncertain," we said, and fled.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Cultural Center in Oranjestad, Aruba, recently presented Shaw's "Pygmalion" in Papiamento, the polyglot jargon of the area. The play was titled "Laiza Porko Sushi," which, literally translated, means "Liza Dirty Pig."

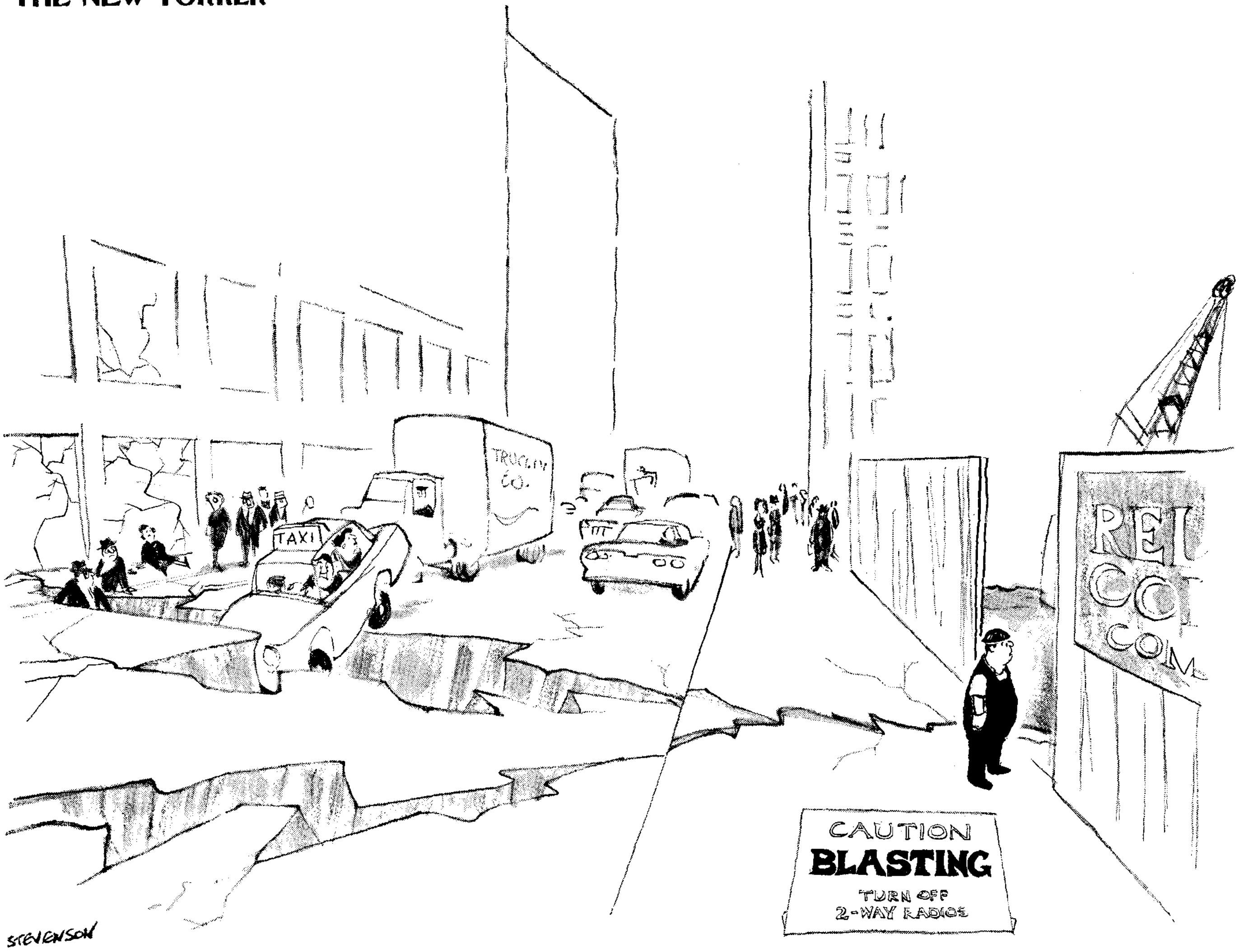
Forest Lawn Memorial Park, a final resting place in California, sends interested future patrons boxes of stationery with their names and "Remember!" printed on the backs of the envelopes.

Prospects

VALIANTLY, we keep trying to balance the flood of bad news out of Africa with a trickle of good, and to this end we'd like to tell you about the findings of a group of American businessmen who have just completed a five-week tour of the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Togo, Niger, Upper Volta, Senegal, Mauretania, and Mali. As members of a Department of Commerce trade mission, they covered a staggering amount of ground and swapped a staggering amount of shoptalk with their African opposite numbers, and they have returned home dog-tired but enthusiastic. "Those people need everything, from tuna-fish-canning machinery to truck tires!" one of the group told us in an awed voice. "They can use any amount of American drugs, detergents, soaps, air-conditioners, soft-drink machinery, insecticides, and fertilizers. The market for trucks and buses capable of operating on bad roads in hot, humid climates is practically unlimited. One country asked us about producing equipment for the processing of manioc, a food I'd never even heard of. As for construction materials, most of the buildings I saw were of brick composed of earth, iron ore, and straw, and coated with a cement wash to make the bricks last longer. If we could only come up with a cheap substitute for those unsatisfactory bricks, it would revolutionize construction over there. As it happens, the company I'm connected with is experimenting with a material for the quick construction of airplane runways in this country, and maybe the stuff could be modified to meet building needs in Africa. Worth looking into, anyhow."

"Investment money is the biggest need of all," said another businessman. "Phosphate deposits are waiting to be exploited in Togo and Senegal, iron and copper are waiting in Mauretania, and possibly oil in Mali. The big cities like Dakar and Abidjan have chronic housing shortages. A government official in Dakar told us that for eight months of the year the city has an average daily shortage of a hundred and fifty hotel rooms. Needless to say, the Senegalese have already picked a site for a new hotel and are looking for the capital to finance construction. People who think there's no business to be done in Africa had better go over and take a look! We talked with more than a thousand local traders and officials, and either made or listened to a couple of hundred specific business proposals. If Americans don't get the business, somebody else will."

One of the group—an executive of a farm coöperative in the State of Washington—was impressed by a demonstration farm he visited outside Niamey, the capital of the Niger Republic. "It's run by a Dr. Ba, who is a graduate of the University of Paris and formerly practiced medicine in Niamey," he said. "To start with, Dr. Ba had a hundred thoroughly unproductive acres. He installed a pumping plant on the Niger River to provide irrigation for the land, which now supports a flock of twenty-five hundred healthy chickens along with orchards of choice European fruits—oranges, lemons, grapefruit, and the like." Another member of the group was impressed by a mistake that many American businesses appear to make when dealing with West Africa. "Only a small handful of educated West Africans speak English," he said, "but the machinery and electrical products we send out to those countries carry instructions in just one language—English—while the machinery and electrical products sent to them from West



"*Hey, Al, take it easy.*"

• •

Germany carry instructions in *five* languages."

A third member of the group was impressed by the food to which they had been treated. He recalled an especially delightful banquet that had been given by the Economic Minister of Dahomey. It began with farina and shrimp in a spicy palm-oil sauce, followed by corn-meal-mush pudding over which went a gumbo of crab, fish, and beef; this was followed, in turn, by a stew of rice, cabbage, and fish, then by pork chops in mushroom gravy, and finally by salad and cheese. "Very good," said the businessman, "but rather filling on a hot night."

Lift

A PHYSICIAN friend of ours returning to New York from a vacation on the Continent by way of Pan American Airways and wishing there was some way to avoid an expensive taxicab ride to his home, in Westport, or else the inconvenience of going in to Grand Central Station and taking a train, was pleased when the pilot announced over the loudspeaker system that it was his last flight for several weeks, that he would be driving his car from Idlewild to Connecticut after the plane landed, and that he'd be glad to give a lift to any of the passengers who were going that way. Our friend proving to be the only Connecticut-bound passenger, the pilot helped him retrieve his baggage and go through customs, and then drove him right to his door, where a pleasant cocktail hour was had by all before the pilot went on his way.

The Challenger

CARMINE G. DE SAPIO, the Tammany chief, is on the political ropes, and the opponent most likely to knock him out of the ring is a deceptively mild-mannered infighter named James S. Lanigan—how's that for a political cartoon? To get down to cases, Lanigan, a tall, thin-nosed, shiny-domed real-estate man of forty-two, is the reform candidate for Democratic district co-leader (with Carol Greitzer) of Greenwich Village, a post held for the past twenty years by the embattled De Sapio (with Elsie Gleason Mattura). In fact, it was from this modest office—technically, that of co-leader of the First Assembly District South—that De Sapio assumed his mantle of power, as chairman of the New York County Democratic Committee, or, more familiarly, boss of Tammany Hall. If he loses to Lanigan in the September 7th primary, he will be through as a power in local politics, and a wave of reform will sweep the city like the spray from several hundred Department of Sanitation water wagons—or so runs the belief of Lanigan and the scrappy downtown reform club called the Village Independent Democrats, which is behind his campaign and which has been impressively hacking away at De Sapio's base of neighborhood support for the past five years. In the 1959 primary, with a different slate, the V.I.D. came within about five hundred votes of winning the district leadership, and this year a positive glow of impending victory emanates from its headquarters, overlooking Sheridan Square.

We learned all this and more as the result of attending a V.I.D. rally one evening last week, at which Lanigan bearded the tiger deep in his own den. The site was Sixth Avenue and Bleecker Street—to be precise, Father Demo Square, which is shaped like a triangle, not a square; is benignly overlooked by Our Lady of Pompeii Roman Catholic Church; and is in the heart of the South Village, an old De Sapio stronghold, with a heavy concentration of long-settled Italian-Americans. "Two years ago, we would have been stoned if we'd held a rally here," a V.I.D. leaflet-dispenser with a button-down collar told us, to indicate the puissance of the neighborhood reform movement. Most of the bench-sitters taking the air in the Square when we arrived, shortly before the rally, seemed to be elderly Mediterranean types, warily curious, but they were soon joined by an enthusiastic band of younger Villagers, quite a few of whom popped out of Renaults, M.G.s, or Volkswagens. Lanigan himself showed up accompanied by a bulldozer, a dread symbol these days for many Villagers, whose low-rent dwellings have been steadily levelled to make way for expensive apartment buildings. The trend is being vigorously fought by the V.I.D., and Lanigan launched into a brief anti-bulldozer speech, most of which failed to reach our ears, owing to a breakdown of the portable public-address system. ("That mike is like Tammany Hall," Lanigan apologetically told the audience. "Makes a lot of noise up to the time of performance and then fails to deliver.") After the rally, we sought him out for a few words of personal history, and, pleading further business that evening, he suggested that we breakfast with him the following morning in the quiet of an uptown outpost of his, the Harvard Club.

Ed Fisher

"Surely you didn't think I was all this crazy about spelunking."

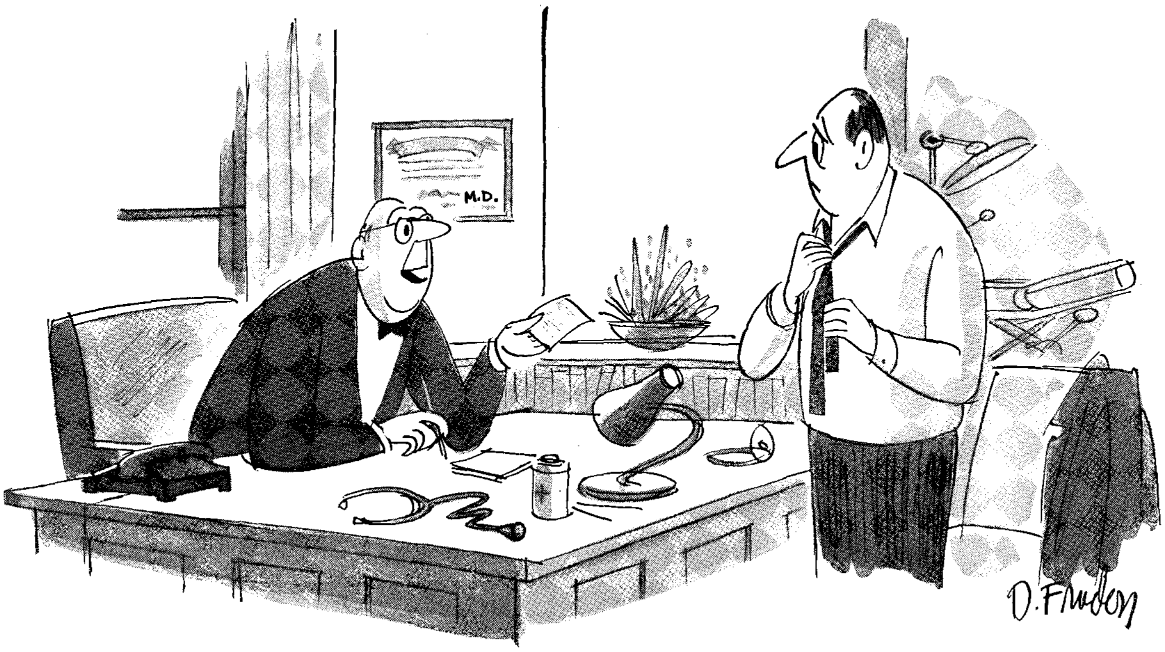
Next morning, we joined Mr. Lanigan over a plate of bacon and eggs at the Harvard Club, and he cheerfully confessed that he is a carpetbagger of sorts, having settled permanently in New York only in 1953 and in the Village proper only this year. "I was born in Greeley, Nebraska," he said. "That's eight miles from *Horace*, Nebraska. Greeley had a population of eight hundred and Horace of four hundred, and they were right in the middle of the most Republican state in the Union, but my family were all raging Democrats of the antitrust, Populist, liberal variety. My father, who was a lawyer, came by his politics naturally, since he had an Irish Catholic immigrant background, but I'm not sure why my mother's family were Democrats. They were Episcopalians. My father's father said he didn't mind his son's marrying a Protestant as long as she wasn't a Republican. Probably the biggest event of my boyhood was when William Jennings Bryan came to Greeley and stopped at our house one morning. I was six at the time, and I remember that it was like having breakfast with God."

Mr. Lanigan told us, further, that he had been wrapped up in Democratic politics ever since this apocalyptic visit, and that, even way out there in Greeley, Tammany oppressed him as a burden to the party. "My father made speeches for Al Smith in 1928," he said, "and I remember his trying to explain to the farmers that Smith had actually *fought* Tammany. Dad ran for Congress himself in 1934, and I campaigned with him. I was a real gone Democrat then. Those were the dust-bowl days, and farmers were hard hit. Schoolmates of mine used to come in from the farms with their feet wrapped in gunny sacks. I felt guilty because I had shoes. As far as I was concerned, Roosevelt was the only hope for us."

Lanigan's residence in the East began after his father, having been defeated for Congress, went to Washington as an assistant to Attorney General Homer Cummings—a move that for Lanigan brought an intensification of his political enthusiasms. During his high-school years, he would spend his lunch hours in the Senate gallery, watching his particular favorite, Nebraska's great progressive senator George Norris, who reciprocated this attention by introducing Lanigan to his colleagues and teaching him the ins and outs of legislative maneuvering. As a result, Lanigan became a Congressional liaison specialist, first for the European Co-operation Administration and later, during the Truman administration, for the White House. The White House has, in fact, been a kind of second home to Lanigan. He was first summoned there when he was fresh out of college and serving as educational director of a Civilian Conservation Corps camp in Maine. Distressed by the unenlightened and dictatorial rule prevalent in the C.C.C. camps, which were run by what he regarded as an unfortunate selection of members of the Army Officers' Reserve Corps, he sat down and wrote a letter to President Roosevelt, which came to the attention of *Mrs.* Roosevelt, and Lanigan shortly found himself having dinner with the President, Vice-President Wallace, and Paul McNutt and outlining his views on the C.C.C. The upshot was that he became a roving C.C.C. observer for the White House and such a close friend of Mrs. Roosevelt's that she invited him and his bride, Mary Montgomery, a Radcliffe girl, to spend their two-day wartime honeymoon in the White House before he shipped out for what proved to be three and a half years of Navy sea duty on a destroyer escort.

Since the war, Lanigan has completed a law education at Harvard; been regularly drawn into local, state, and national campaigns; become a real-estate specialist and a vice-president of the Stevens Development Corporation here; and fathered three sons. His first *direct* disillusionment with Tammany, he says, came in 1947, when he moved to New York for the first time and tried to join the Democratic club in the Chelsea district, where he lived. "The district leader just said, 'Sonny, save your five dollars. If we need any help, we'll call on you,' and ushered me out." This proved an impolitic move for Tammany, because Lanigan, then working in a Wall Street law firm, got together with a number of other young Democratic lawyers who had had similar experiences, and formed the New York Young Democrats, which became the wellspring of most of the reform clubs now shaking up the city. In last year's primary, Lanigan caused a small sensation locally by getting himself elected Democratic State Committeeman for the entire First Assembly District, and unhorsing a De Sapio nominee in the process. He was living in the Gramercy Park area then, which is situated in the First A.D. Middle, but the Village Independent Democrats, convinced he was the man to take on The Boss himself, practically packed Lanigan's carpetbag for him and moved him and his family into the First A.D. South—to Washington Square West, where he now resides. His optimism about his chances in the district rest on some impressive statistics, including the fact that the reformers got forty-seven per cent of the vote for leader two years ago. "Since then," Lanigan told us happily, "six thousand new voters have registered, and we estimate we can count on *half* of them to be at the polls for us. On the other hand, Carmine's voting base has dwindled. There are fewer Italian families now, and the ones that are left have become disenchanted with him. Even though they don't approve of the V.I.D., they can see that we get things done, like the new zoning regulation we forced through recently, putting a six-story limit on most buildings in the Village. Another factor is that at the moment there's a third candidate in the race, an old-liner named Sullivan, who has fallen out with Carmine's group. He may draw off eight hundred or a thousand more Tammany votes. The Irish. No, they won't vote for *me*, even though my name is Lanigan and they see me in St. Joseph's Church every Sunday. They'll still say the V.I.D. is too radical. But they won't vote for Carmine, either."

Lanigan polished off the last of his breakfast. "Of course, once we get in, *we'll* become Tammany," he said, with the grin of a winner, "and, as my wife points out, twenty years from now, probably, a bunch of young reformers will be banding together to throw *us* out."



"I'm going to give you something to take the instant it looks as if the Berlin crisis is coming to a head."

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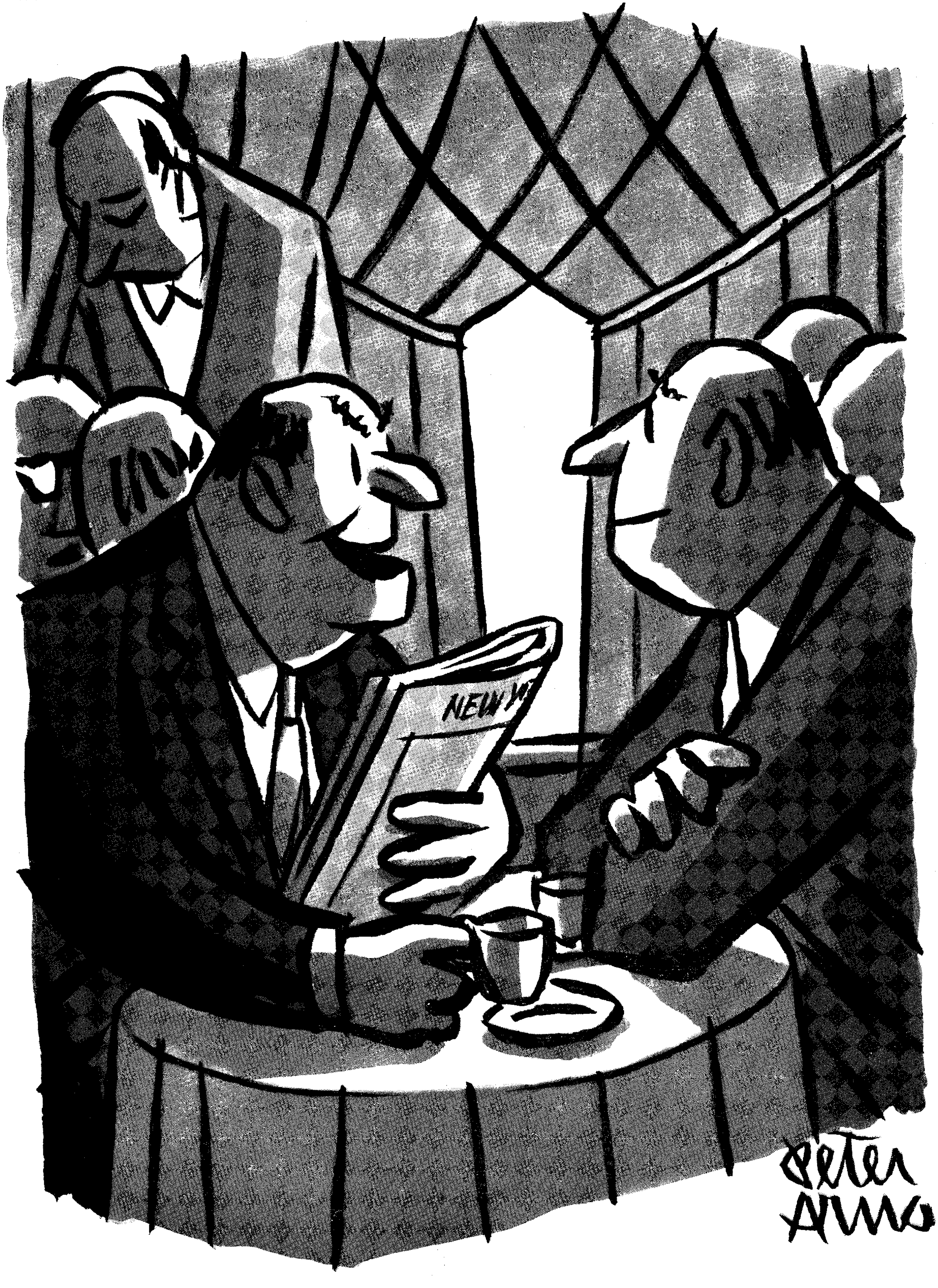
Curriculum

WHAT amounts to a complete characterization of a dog's life was outlined to us recently by five-year-old twins named Louise and Nancy, whose year-old collie, they said, needed to learn the following:

1. Not hate walking upstairs.
2. Not hate to go in garage.
3. Not hate the porch.
4. Not hate a bath.
5. Not run away.
6. Not run at, bark at, or chase cars.
7. Not jump at fence.
8. Not jump at people.
9. Not bark at cats or rats or mice.
10. Not jump on children.
11. Not break things.
12. Not nip.
13. Not chew furniture.
14. Not jump out of car window.
15. Not step on flowers.
16. Not wake people up unless important.


NEW Y
Peter Arno

"That missile stock of mine went up ten points today. I'd like to see the Russians top that!"

A DAY ON RAGGED

ONE day in late July, 1945, I woke at six, when my grandmother brought my morning cup of black coffee into my bedroom. I sat on the edge of the bed and gulped the bitter coffee. It had been made in an old drip pot on the iron stove, where a kettle was always simmering, and it was nearly as thick as Turkish. The shades in my room were still down, and the morning light showed in a thousand pinpricks through the worn green cloth. I crossed the room and opened the shades and heard a rooster crow in the henyard across the road. A big automobile slurred past, making an early start for the White Mountains. I always looked out to see what kind of day it would be. Rain? A scorcher? It looked fine and sunny today. I walked back toward the bed, where my coffee cup sat on the table, between my typewriter and a vase of flowers that my grandmother had picked. I sat on the bright quilt and finished the coffee. Usually I would get another cup of coffee after I had dressed, and sit at my brown table and work at poems. But this morning was the start of a day we had planned since I had arrived from Connecticut in mid-June to spend the summer, as I always did, at my grandparents' farm in New Hampshire. In years past, before I was born, my grandfather had made an annual excursion to pick blueberries. I had heard about those days in many of the stories my grandfather told me. I was sixteen that summer, and able to help him with the haying and the daily chores more than in previous years. As we worked together, I sometimes imagined that I was living in my grandfather's old stories, just as I was in fact living in the farmhouse where my grandmother had been born and where a gallery of ancient relatives stared down at me from photographs and daguerreotypes on the parlor wall. The blueberries my grandfather talked about were the low, wild kind, and they grew among the ledges of blue rock at the top of Ragged Mountain. They were a three-mile walk from the farmhouse, and the walk was mostly up. When my grandfather was younger, he and a hired man would pick for one long day, and my grandmother and her daughters, one of whom was my mother, would wash, sort, and can them for two days. A shelf of cold-packed quarts of blueberries would wait in the cellar for the piecrusts of winter. It was one of the many ways a farmer compensated for his lack of money—like the eggs from the laying season stored in waterglass, and like the salted meat from the slaughtering.

My grandfather had talked about the blueberry-picking so often that it seemed as much a part of his past as the two-hour sermons he had endured as a boy, and the lyceums at which he had recited set pieces and comic poems. But a few weeks earlier this past had strangely seemed present to us. A neighbor named Paul Whittier had been chasing a bear that had tramped down his peas, and had followed it all the way to the top of Ragged. (It was not only a lust for revenge that drove him; the bounty on bears was five dollars.) He had lost his bear among the rocks on the other side of the mountain, but among the blue ledges of the top he had found the blueberries thicker than ever. They were green then, he said, or he would have been up there eating them still.

No one, as far as my grandfather knew, had picked there for twenty years. The berries were higher up than the forests that had been cut of their softwood years before, or the lumberjacks would have stripped them. No one else in the neighborhood cared to make the climb. The thought of all those blueberry pies growing, maturing, and dropping every year, unappreciated except by the birds, troubled my grandfather's sense of propriety. We decided we would go blueberry-picking.

My grandmother fretted a little. It was a long trip; the rocks were hard to climb; the blueberries would be too heavy for us to carry; my grandfather was seventy-two years old. But the thought of her rows of canned blueberries, cold-packed in their quart jars, overcame her opposition. She made us promise to stop and rest when we were tired, and my grandfather fixed the time when he thought the blueberries would be ripe.

This morning, I took my second cup of coffee in the kitchen and ate breakfast in the old chair beside the window, under the caged canary named Christopher. I was impatient to be started. I heard a strange noise outside—a high-pitched hoot from behind the sheep barn, where railroad tracks of the Boston & Maine cut through the soft dirt. It was the time for the morning Peanut, the train—actually named, as I recall, the Penult—that went up to White River Junction in the evening and came back in the morning. But the whistle of the Peanut was the long, throaty lament of the steam engine. I stared at the gap in the ensilage corn, through which I would be able to see the train flash. When it came, it looked like a trolley car, short and self-propelled, and again it hooted its ridiculous horn. "I suppose that's one of those funny new trains," my grandmother said. "Somebody said they'd seen one this summer."

When I had finished my eggs, I walked up to the tieup, where the cows stood, morning and evening, to be milked. The cows were moving out to pasture now, and behind them my grandfather was clapping his hands and shouting. In the spring, they would gallop out like young horses, but by this time of year they acted like cows again, and my grandfather was in a hurry to shut the gates behind them. I went into the tieup to start cleaning it. With the edge of a hoe, I lifted up the hinged floorboard over the manure pit and pushed the cow flops onto their cousins below.

My grandfather came in. "How did you like the new whistle?" he said.

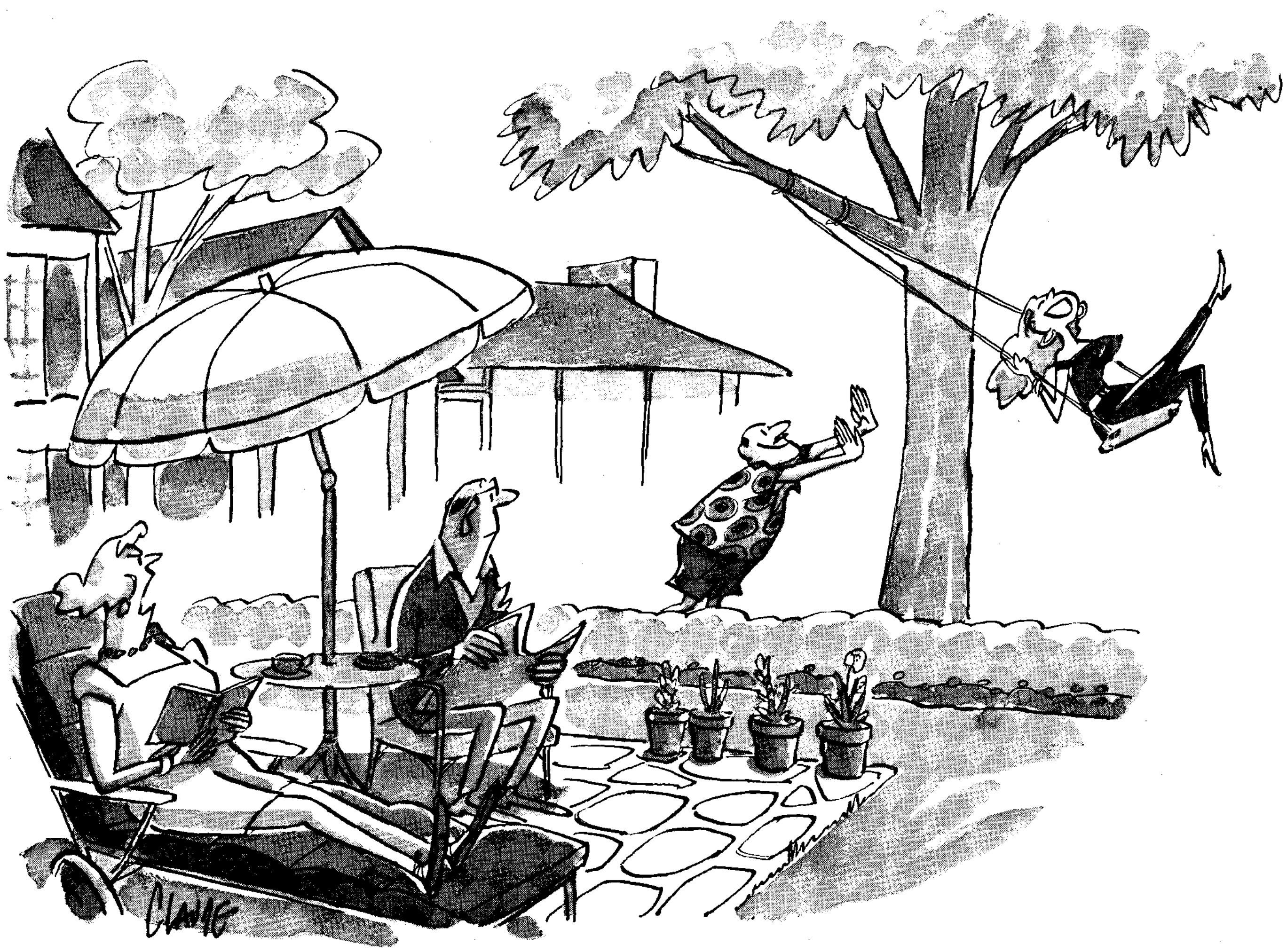
"Not so much," I told him. "I like the old kind."

"I suppose there's a reason for it," he said. He picked up the other hoe and scraped along with me. "You should be resting for what's ahead of you," he said. He sang one of his tuneless songs and seemed as excited as I was.

When we walked into the kitchen, my grandmother was packing pie and sandwiches into an enormous paper bag. "You'll need your strength, Wesley," she said to my grandfather. "Now, you eat a good breakfast."

He ate his oatmeal and bread and coffee, sitting at one of the set tubs, which was covered with oilcloth. My grandmother finished packing the paper bag and disappeared into the shed. A moment later, I heard her pumping at the deep well in the back, and I followed her out to relieve her. I pumped, and we filled three milk bottles with cold well water, and she put cardboard tops on the bottles.

We left them inside the shed and brought the paper bag out with us when my grandfather had finished



"They're both emotionally immature!"

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eating. Two huge pails, shaped wider at the bottom than at the top, lay waiting for us. We put the food in one and the water in the other. Then my grandfather found a wooden yoke, which he placed over the back of his neck and from which he hung the two great pails. It was the apparatus he used when he made maple sugar in the winter, pouring the sap from the little buckets at each sugar maple into the big pails. I carried two sap buckets, into which we would pick the berries, and we started off.

It was seven o'clock. The air was cool and the grass was soaking wet under our feet. Low light from the east came through the trees, which were full and dark green. My grandmother called after us from the end of the porch, warning us to be careful. We turned into New Canada Road and started to climb. "It'll be harder coming back," said my grandfather, "but at least it will be downhill." He paused, the pails swinging easily from the ends of the yoke. Then he laughed. "The only man I ever knew who could walk all day and not be tired," he said, "was your Great-Grampa Keneston. He must have touched every inch of this mountain. Days when he couldn't do much else, he would walk around his pasture looking at the fencing. My, he was sprightly! You heard your mother tell about how, the day before he died, he walked clear down to West Andover to buy some Canada Mints. He was eighty-seven then. When he had his seventieth birthday, he stood up on the horse's back and galloped up the hill to the barn. Bethuel Peasley told how when he was seventy-five or so he set off on a walk with a two-year-old dog following him and he came back four hours later with the dog slung along the back of his neck like a lamb. All tired out."

In the shade of the gray birches and of the maples that met over New Canada Road, it was almost cold that morning, but I was already sweating because of the climb. I took off the sweater that my grandmother had asked me to wear and tied it around my waist. "That's the last you'll use your sweater today," my grandfather said.

After a mile of New Canada Road, we climbed over some bars into a pasture. I thought I felt ruts underneath the old leaves where we were walking. "Is this a lumber road?" I asked.

"Yes," said my grandfather. "It's Paul Whittier's pasture, though he only keeps a few head now. He took the lumber off about ten years ago."

The only old trees were twisted ones that the lumberers had scorned. Young fir was growing thickly everywhere but in the road, which the spring waters had eroded into cliffs and islands of rock. I stumbled once and scraped my knee. We climbed most of the time, but the road avoided the steepest parts. Sometimes we passed through a clearing, full of squashed bushes and flatter than the rest of the land, which the cows patronized.

A LITTLE after eight, we paused in one of the clearings and sat on rocks to catch our breath. My grandfather's shirt was wet through. I already felt as tired as if I had hayed for a whole afternoon. We said nothing for a while. Then I said, "I'm thirsty."

My grandfather shook his head.

“You’ll be thirstier,” he said. “It’s thirsty work. You’ll do better to wait.”

In a moment, we set out again. The road failed us and we climbed a stone wall out of Paul Whittier’s pasture. “I reckon this is part of our land you’ve never seen,” said my grandfather. “Took the timber off nearly twenty years ago.” Pine grew tall around us. “It won’t be long before we take it off again.”

We walked parallel to the stone wall until we came to a dry creek bed, and we used it as our road up the mountain. It was very rocky. I fitted one bucket inside the other and used my free hand to climb with. “How will we get down when we’re carrying blueberries?” I asked.

“There’s another way,” said my grandfather. We stood still for a moment in order to talk. “Or there used to be. It’s steeper than most of this, but it’s steadier. Not that this creek used to be so dug out. I suppose you can’t know what you will find.” We both wiped our faces with our handkerchiefs. I looked at my watch; it was only eight-thirty. “We’d better move on,” my grandfather said.

After fifteen minutes of climbing, we left the creek and came to more level land. A surprising plain of heavy grass made easy walking for a moment. “Too bad we can’t get the hayrack up here,” I said. My grandfather nodded and smiled. He was looking ahead at the fringe of trees on the edge of the clearing. When we came up to them, he motioned to me to go first. I stepped through and stopped still. The land in front of me sloped slightly, and I saw that it rose again two hundred yards ahead, making a little saucer of a valley high up on the mountain. In the bowl, flat down and rust red, lay a forest of dead trees, all pointing in the same direction. It could not have been larger than five acres, but it seemed vast as I looked at it, like a crater of the dead. Desolation made it look immense. There seemed to be no growth under the dead branches of the huge trees. The soil had fallen away from the exposed roots, and the roots looked like bunches of dead nerves. We were so high, beyond paths and people, that it seemed as if we were the first to know. I felt as if I had been walking on the shore and found a drowned submarine rolled up by the tide.

My grandfather was looking over my shoulder. “The hurricane?” I asked. I meant the storm of September, 1938.

“Yes,” said my grandfather. “Do you know what kind of trees they were?”

I shook my head.

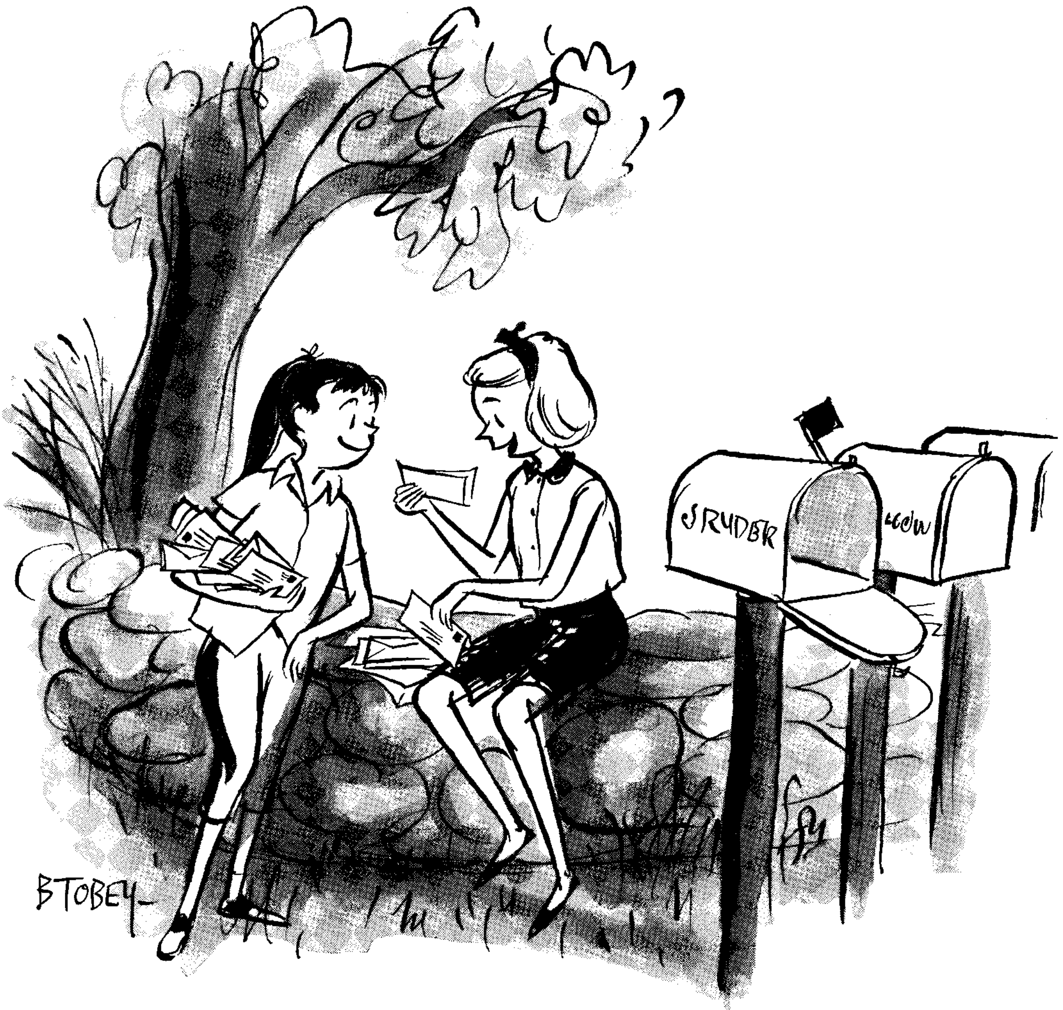
“This was the stand of rock maple,” he said. “It must have taken them a hundred and fifty years to grow so big. They would have been worth hauling from here, being rock maple.” The chopping block in the woodshed was rock maple, I knew. It was about the hardest wood that grew in New England. “We were planning to sell them in 1940, but after everything blew down, nobody would come up here for them. They were too busy with the trees low down.”

I had nothing to say. I just stared. It was so huge and so wasted.

“Dead but not buried,” my grandfather went on. “I haven’t seen it since the time I climbed up here after the hurricane. Pine a few rods away wasn’t touched. The roots aren’t deep enough here, for there’s ledge down a few feet under the soil. That’s why I feared and climbed up. It looked different then. You couldn’t see the trunks for all the leaves, and of course you couldn’t walk through it. I could see that everything was pointing the same way. A lumberman from the government told me one gust probably did it.”

A moment later, my grandfather stepped past me and we began to pick our way through the dead trees. The branches made a continual dry hedge that snapped at our touch and scratched our faces and arms. My watch was nearly torn from my wrist. I put it in my pocket. We climbed over and under the great trunks and weaved back and forth as if we were lost in a maze. Finally, we rose at the other side of the lot and looked back again. “We won’t be coming through here on the way back,” said my grandfather. “Lucky thing.” He took one last look at the trees and then turned up the hill.

We were beginning to climb the blue ledges that made the top of Ragged. It was only four hundred yards to the blueberries, but they were hard going. “I



“Here’s double our money back on the instant coffee and the detergent. That leaves only the noodle-soup mix to hear from.”

can see the bushes," said my grandfather. My feet felt lighter and I climbed more rapidly. Only my throat remained tight and dry, and I looked forward to water as much as to sitting down. Soon the dome of Ragged flattened out, and the rocks, which had seemed to lie close together, turned into islands in a sea of blueberries. The bushes were as low as grass, hardly taller than the flat rock they surrounded. The blue of the berries seemed more prominent than the green of the leaves, so that the earth looked blue everywhere, from blue stone to blue fruit. Only the texture varied. The berries were ripe and full. Some of them had burst and oozed a blue liquid. Most of them were small and as sweet as I had ever tasted.

We squatted on a rock. My grandfather delved into his pails. "Now's when the work starts," he said, "so I reckon you'll want some strength." He opened the paper bag and handed me a sandwich. I looked at my watch and saw it was nine o'clock. "Have yourself some water," he said.

The milk bottle of well water was already warm. I pried the top off and tilted my head back and swallowed luxuriously. When I took it away, I had drunk nearly half the bottle. My grandfather looked over. "Careful," he said. "It's a hot day and a long way to water."

I nodded, but I didn't really care. I took another sip before I put the bottle back. Then I ate my egg sandwich while the sun rose higher and warmed the back of my neck. There was no wind this morning, or we would have been open to it. I realized that we had left trees behind at the level of the dead forest. I looked down at it now, a red-brown patch among the green. Elsewhere, as far as I could see, there was only the green of the trees and the blue silver of small lakes. Here and there in the distance I saw the white of a farmhouse. Suddenly something occurred to me. "I should think that rock maple might catch on fire," I said.

My grandfather nodded. "Lightning might do it," he said. "Of course, nobody walks up here to throw a cigarette away. I've thought of it. It would blaze down the whole mountain if it started, and we're on the mountain."

I stood up and walked a little way toward the other side of Ragged. I felt as solitary as an explorer. Low clouds cut off the tops of other peaks a mile or two off, and in between I saw the same green and the same white specks of the farms.

I heard my grandfather call "Want any more to eat now?" He was packing up the lunch.

"I guess not," I said, and walked back to him.

He put the bag and the bottles in a crack in the rock and stood up. "All set?" he said. He picked up one of the sap buckets. The two big pails were standing on a flat piece of rock. "These berries are mighty low," he said. "You may prefer to sit on the rock and pick them. A sore back is a sore back."

We took our buckets and set out in different directions. I had never picked low-bush berries before, and there were tricks I didn't know. When I tried to scoop off a whole handful, I crushed some of the berries and pulled a leaf or a bit of stem along with them. My bucket was soon full of foreign matter, which would make for a lot of picking over back at the farm. Yet when I tried to be careful I went so slowly that it would have taken all morning to pick one bucketful. The trouble with sitting was that I had to slide myself over the bumpy rock, and I began to feel paralyzed where I sat. The heaviest stems of berries were always slightly out of reach. I tried kneeling, but my knees gave out. I tried standing, and it felt all right until I unbent, when I thought I would crack apart. Finally, I sat again, as the least evil.

My grandfather stood and bent. Whenever he straightened up, he grimaced. "Why don't *you* sit down?" I asked.

"I'd never stand up again!" he said. He pointed to the calves of his legs without breaking the rhythm of his fast picking. "Cramps," he said. "From climbing up here."

I picked and picked. I switched from the right hand to the left and back again, and picked two-handed, and still my bucket was only a quarter full. I realized that even when I had filled it, the berries would barely cover the bottom of one of the big pails. I thought we would never fill even one of them. Then I heard my grandfather grunt as he straightened up, and saw him empty his full bucket into one of the big pails. "There's one," he said.

"Look at all I've done," I said, lifting my bucket to show it to him.

"You don't know how to pick them yet." He walked over to me and leaned down. He took hold of a stem heavy with blueberries and stripped it clean between his index and middle fingers without crushing a berry or tearing off a leaf. "Do you see?" he said. "You have to be gentle and let your hand feel them coming. You'll learn it."

IN the whole morning I only filled my bucket twice, while his bucket emptied itself five times into our storage bins on the flat rock. My hands felt twisted out of shape and nervous with their continual darting. My back felt welded in a leaning curve. Worst of all, my throat parched with thirst, and parched more and more as the sun rose in the sky and the sweat dried on my body. A hundred times I almost complained, or almost rose to have a drink of the water without saying anything, but each time the sight of my grandfather, picking steadily and humming to himself, and seventy-two years old, shamed me into silence. He worked with utter delight in the growing pile of berries. He talked of the number of blueberry pies we had already gathered, and all I could think of was the dampness of them. When I ate a handful of blueberries, my mouth felt better for a moment but then felt unutterably worse—so thick that my cheeks clung to my teeth and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. I knew that we would break for lunch, but I had put my watch in my pocket. I kept squinting up at the sun to guess the time. Finally, when I didn't even know I was going to say it, I heard my dry voice squeaking, "I think I'll have a drink."

My grandfather pulled his gold watch from the pocket of his trousers. "My, my," he said. "It's past lunchtime. Twelve-fifteen." He put his watch away and stretched carefully. "I guess we'd better do some eating."

I rose gratefully and walked toward our cache of food and water. I lifted the bottle I had started before and, though I knew I was foolish, drained it dry. A minute after I had set it back on the rock, my thirst returned. I reached for a second quart, which stood propped in the crack of rock, and when I lifted it out my stiff fingers slipped and the bottle fell and rolled from me, and the water poured out over the blue rocks and drained among the blueberry plants.

"Look!" I said. I was exhausted and angry to the point of tears. I could say nothing more.

My grandfather shook his head and smiled at me. "I suspect you'll wish you had that quart of water," he said.

I dipped my finger in a small puddle in the rock and sucked it. The third quart had to do for both of us now, and my grandfather hadn't drunk anything yet. "You handle the other quart," I said.

"We'll be careful with that one," my grandfather said.

As I ate, I felt a little better. The custard pie, the pickles, and the butter in the chicken sandwiches were all damp. I ate as slowly as I could, pushing away the moment when the picking would begin again. When we had finished the whole bag, my grandfather tucked it tidily—waxed paper and hard-boiled-egg shells inside—into a crevice of the stone.

"Now let's have a bit of that water," said my grandfather. He lifted the remaining bottle and took a mouthful, keeping it in his mouth a long time and letting it go down in slow sips, scrupulously. "That's good," he said, and handed it to me.

I tried to do the same trick, and choked.

He stood up and stretched again. "I could relish a few minutes on the sofa just now," he said. "Don't see any sofas hereabouts." He walked to where he had left his bucket and began to pick again.

I looked at my watch. It was nearly one. On the way to my bucket, I looked in the big pails. One was nearly full, and the other was barely covered with berries on the bottom. When I sat down on the hard rock again, my old bruises of the morning felt worse than before.

During the afternoon, I filled my bucket more rapidly, and every time I emptied it I took a sip of water. It was my reward for being quick. I saw my grandfather wet his lips once and stand staring across the valley below us at the hills on the other side. I stood up and watched with him, and for a moment forgot blueberries and sore backs, fatigue and thirst. But in a moment my throat contracted with its drought again, and I raced to fill up another bucket.

My grandfather seemed to pick more slowly than he had picked in the morning, and when he stood up now to carry the bucket to the big pail, he usually paused for a minute before walking. In the middle of the afternoon, I calculated that two more bucketfuls would fill the last big pail, and I raced to fill my bucket and be done. My grandfather and I met at the big pails at the same time and poured our blueberries to the very top. I took another sip of water, unable to speak for the dryness of my throat. About an inch was left in the bottom of the bottle. I was already thinking of the well water at home, after our walk down the mountain. But then I saw my grandfather walk back to the berries.

"What are you doing?" I said. "We filled the pails."

"Not these," he said, waving his sap bucket. "Are you tired?" He set the bucket down and walked back to where I was standing. "I didn't think of that."

"No," I said.

"We could go home," he said. "We have plenty of berries."

"No, no," I said. "I don't want to."

I would have been ecstatic if he had overruled me, but he didn't. He said, "You really sure?," and when I nodded, he walked back to his berries. When he turned away, I was filled with anger and frustration, and I lifted the milk bottle and drained the last of the water.

We filled our buckets. My grandfather was finished a moment before me, and he gathered a few handfuls to top off mine. We carried the sap buckets to the high rock where the two big pails stood. We looked all around us once more. It was only three-thirty, but a wind was rising and I began to feel a little cool. My grandfather put the milk bottles in the pockets of his overalls. He fastened the ends of the wooden yoke to the two big pails and lifted them. His face looked red, and veins stood out on his temples.

"It must be very heavy," I said. I lifted the sap buckets and they were heavy enough to suit me.

"They're tolerably heavy," he said, and started along the stones.

"Let me carry them," I said rather feebly. I didn't even hear his answer, and he kept walking straight on.

As I walked, my thirst seemed to grow and grow, until I found it utterly intolerable. We were going down a steep grassy slope. If there had been a cliff handy, I would have been tempted to jump from it. I felt as if my throat were being stung by red ants. My lips felt as if they were cracking open, and my tongue felt swollen and as dry as old newspaper. "Is there any water on the way?" I asked when I came abreast of my grandfather.

We had been walking for ten minutes. When my grandfather turned to me, his face was dead white. I was shocked. He knelt until the pails touched the ground, and then shrugged from under the yoke. He sat on the ground, and I thought he was going to be sick. “Might be,” he said.

“Are you all right?” I asked.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “Don’t worry.” His face gradually relaxed and color returned to his cheeks.

“It’s my turn to carry the yoke,” I said. “My hands hurt from carrying the wire handles of these buckets, and, anyway, I want to learn how to carry the yoke.”

He looked at me. “It’s a longer walk if we go by water. Are you that thirsty?”

“I am thirsty, but I want to carry.”

“All right,” he said, “you young bull.” I didn’t feel much like a bull. “I guess I shouldn’t be surprised. See how you like it.”

For a while, the novelty of the yoke took my mind off my thirst. When I crouched under it and stood up, I nearly lost my balance. I swayed, with the pails dangling clumsily at my sides. Then I hunched forward and they settled. My grandfather picked up the sap buckets and looked at me. “All right?” he said.

“I guess so,” I said. “Go slowly.”

We doubled back a few yards and then started to walk north on the same level, moving at first in a direction away from home. At first, I had to walk very cautiously, because the rhythm of the swinging pails threatened my balance, but soon I learned to use the swing of the weight to help me keep moving, and I shrugged until the yoke felt comfortable on the back of my neck. When I felt secure in the walking, the thirst came back upon me.

After a few minutes, my grandfather felt able to talk again. I realized that today had been the most silent day we had ever spent together, and I decided that he must have been more tired all along than I had suspected. “I had that pain in my side which comes when I run sometimes,” he said. “I’d rather you didn’t say much about it back home.”

I said I wouldn’t.

“I’m glad to show you the pool where we’ll find the water, if it’s still there,” he said. “It was there six years ago. No, eight years. It was there about eighty years ago, for that matter. But on the way I’m going to show you something else. I don’t know if I ever told you about it.”

“What is it?”

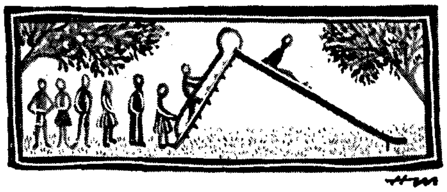
“You wait,” he said. “Seeing will be good enough for you.” Then he snorted and remembered an anecdote about a man from Concord who was curious about how Lucas Blount had lost his leg, and how Lucas Blount left him more curious than ever. He seemed himself again.

WE had passed the forest of dead rock maples, going slightly below it, and then we had followed a steep path downhill for several hundred yards. Now we came onto a part of Ragged that was entirely new to me. It seemed to be a high plain, quite level and thick with fir trees. Then we descended a few feet into what looked like a narrow, flat road. I saw that banks rose on either side of it, perhaps twelve feet apart. It was too level for one of the makeshift lumber roads. Branches leaned together over it, but only goldenrod and small bushes were growing in its narrow path. “What’s this?” I asked.

“Look,” said my grandfather and pointed to the ground. First, I was aware that the path seemed made of ridges going from side to side, like a corduroy road, except that the ridges were a foot apart. Then I saw what looked like long streaks of orange, running parallel along the outer ends of the ridges.

“It’s a railroad!” I said.

“It used to be,” he said. “I remember when they closed it down. It’s narrow-gauge, see? One of your Foster cousins was a brakeman here. It was just a little branch line, built for hauling timber to the freight depots. They took the mail, and some passengers, too, when there were any, when there were more people here.”



We walked on the rotted ties. Except for the fact that we had to duck overhanging branches, it was the easiest walking of the day. Here and there, one of the banks had caved in and dirt had fallen onto the old track, but most of it seemed nearly intact. It was like Pompeii, and the close foliage of the heavy trees around us closed us in, as if we were sealed off in an alley separate from the world of strange modern trains.

“Where did it go?” I asked.

“It stopped just back there, at no place. They called it Ragged Station. Nothing’s there now, but I’ll show you where it was sometime. Washington Woodward used the wood from the old station when he built his lean-to. Up here is where your Great-Grampa Keneston came from, you know.”

I had the pails working well now and took giant steps, two ties at a time. We walked in silence for a way. I was watching the ties as I walked, and seldom looked up. To slip and fall would have meant blueberry-picking all over again, and the very thought of it made the fire in my throat hotter. Then I heard my grandfather say “Hold on there, boy. Look ahead.”

He stood out of my way. Ahead was

SWIMMING BY NIGHT

A light going out in the forehead
Of the house by the ocean,
Into warm black its feints of diamond fade.
Without clothes, without caution

Plunging past gravity—
Wait! Where before
Had been floating nothing, is a gradual body
Half remembered, astral with phosphor,

Yours, risen from its tomb
In your own mind,
Haunting dexterity, glimmerings a random
Spell had woken. So that, illumined

By this weak lamp
The evening’s alcohol will feed
Until the genie chilling bids you limp
Heavily over stones to bed,

You wear your master’s robe
One last time, the far break
Of waves, their length and sparkle, the spinning globe
You wear, and the star running down his cheek.

—JAMES MERRILL

• •

"You're sweet, Sammy. Most men, when they go on the bum, want to get away from their wives."

something dark and covered with vines. It obstructed the track bed we walked on. I set down the blueberries and the yoke and walked past my grandfather. It was a coal car. Under its wooden hulk, red wheels fitted the red tracks. I could see fungi growing on the rotten sides, where the vines were thinnest. Then I looked beyond the coal car to the red pitted hulk of a locomotive. As I started to edge my way toward it, I looked back and saw my grandfather follow, grinning in his delight at my excitement.

Branches leaned into the cab, where the throttle, corroded with rust, stood out from the rusted instruments. A coal shovel lay in the bottom of the cab, and though leaves had drifted everywhere, I could see that there was still a heap of coal in the coal car. I walked around the engine. It was intact, down to the chain that led to the bell dangling in front. The smokestack was tall, and the unbroken glass of the headlight covered an oil lamp. The apparatus of wheels and pistons was fixed in a red trance, yet it looked as if it had just moved to a stop. Nothing had come loose or fallen. I had a momentary vision that my grandfather and I would clean the boiler, carry water, light a fire, heap on coal, blow the whistle, and gradually pull the throttle toward us; I saw the old pistons groan and start to move, flecks of rust fall like red snow from the whole machine, and the wheels turn on the red tracks as we plunged ahead on the dead railway, going nowhere on an errand among the farms of the past.

"Why did they leave it here?" I said.

"Nobody ever said. I suppose because of the gauge. It would be hard work moving it anywhere anybody could use it, even for scrap." He was grinning at me. "Now I bet you feel like an explorer," he said.

I didn't want to tell him what I had been thinking. I came back to the cab with the idea of getting up into it, but when I set my foot on the rung outside, it broke off.

"I wonder how long it will stay here," I said.

"Shouldn't wonder if it kept up a hundred years," he said. "It's been here for fifty now."

We walked back along the coal car. I knocked off some of the fungi and saw the black paint blistered underneath. My grandfather walked ahead of me and lifted the yoke and straightened his shoulders under it. "You ready?" he said. "You've got more to see before you're home again."

"You let me do that," I said.

"I'll carry it to the water," he said. "You fetch the buckets." He started off. I walked after him, edging past the locomotive, and my neck began to straighten itself from the posture it had learned under the yoke. But as soon as we were well past the engine, my thirst returned.

We continued on the track for only two hundred yards. Then my grandfather turned and squatted so that the big pails rested on the ground and relieved him of their weight. "Here's where we go off," he said. "First, you walk up ahead fifty yards and take a look. Leave your buckets. Be careful when you get up there."

My thirst had returned so strongly that any delay was agony, but I did what he said. The foliage leaned over the track thickly, and I couldn't see far ahead. Then suddenly the foliage thinned and I saw the track go on ahead of me in midair. Below was a ravine, cut by a tiny stream I could see at the bottom. It was crossed by a rotting trestle, which had mostly fallen away but across which the red rails still made a tottery passage. I took one long look. This was where my grandfather and I would have driven the train. Then I turned and trotted back to my grandfather.

When he saw me coming, he rose up under the yoke again. I saw the veins swell out at his temples. I picked up my buckets. "Is it standing?" he said.

I told him it was.

"When they built it," he said, "they said it would last. Wash helped to keep it up, when he was a young man."

We turned from the track into the forest and immediately started to go downhill. The growth was thick, and my grandfather moved slowly with the yoke.

"Are you all right, carrying that?" I asked.

"We're pretty close," he said.

Soon we came into a pine forest. The trees were tall and as straight as the masts of ships. It was like walking underwater, the way the light came through the needles way above us. Only a few low branches bothered our walking, and they snapped off when we brushed at them. The needles felt as soft as air underneath my hot feet. I would have enjoyed it if the thirst had not throbbed in my mouth and throat. I wanted to talk just to forget the pain. "Is this virgin pine?" I asked. The moment I asked it, I knew it was a stupid question.

My grandfather laughed. He started to say something, but he was out of breath. "I'll tell you later," he said in gasps.

IN a few minutes, we left the pine and entered a clearing where I could see only a few ancient maples and some bushes. He set the pails on the ground and ducked out of the yoke. I could see by his face that he had the pain again. I set my buckets beside the pails. "It's my turn now," I said.

He gestured down a slope at one side of the clearing. "Water down there," he said.

I jogged down the slope and found a pool at the bottom. I dropped to my knees and cupped the water in my hands and splashed it into my mouth. The first water seemed painful, because there was so little of it. I brought more and more up to my mouth and covered my shirt with the drips from my fingers. Finally I sat back, panting, to wait for a second wind. Then my grandfather came walking down the slope to where I was and took a quart bottle from his pocket and filled it and drank from it.

I borrowed it for my second round of drinking, and in a few minutes stood up, my stomach cramped full of water. My grandfather filled the bottle again and put the cardboard stopper on it. "For the trip home," he said. He looked better now.

I looked at the pool for the first time. It was small and perfectly round. It looked utterly still, yet the water was clear and cool, with no scum on top and only a few lily pads to vary the surface.

My grandfather saw me looking at it. "God's Pool," he said. "Uncle Luther used to walk here from Sabine, summers when he took a vacation from Connecticut, back when he was young enough, back before he retired. I believe he used to read books here, or write sermons maybe. I was afraid it might not be here any more. You never can be sure. A stream can shift underground. It comes from that stream which you saw under the trestle, and it goes out beneath that tree. I suppose it's one of the streams which fills up our lake down below."

"It's good water," I said. "I remember Uncle Luther telling me about God's Pool."

"In the old days, before they had a well, lots of your ancestors drew all their water here. Come back up and I'll show you something."

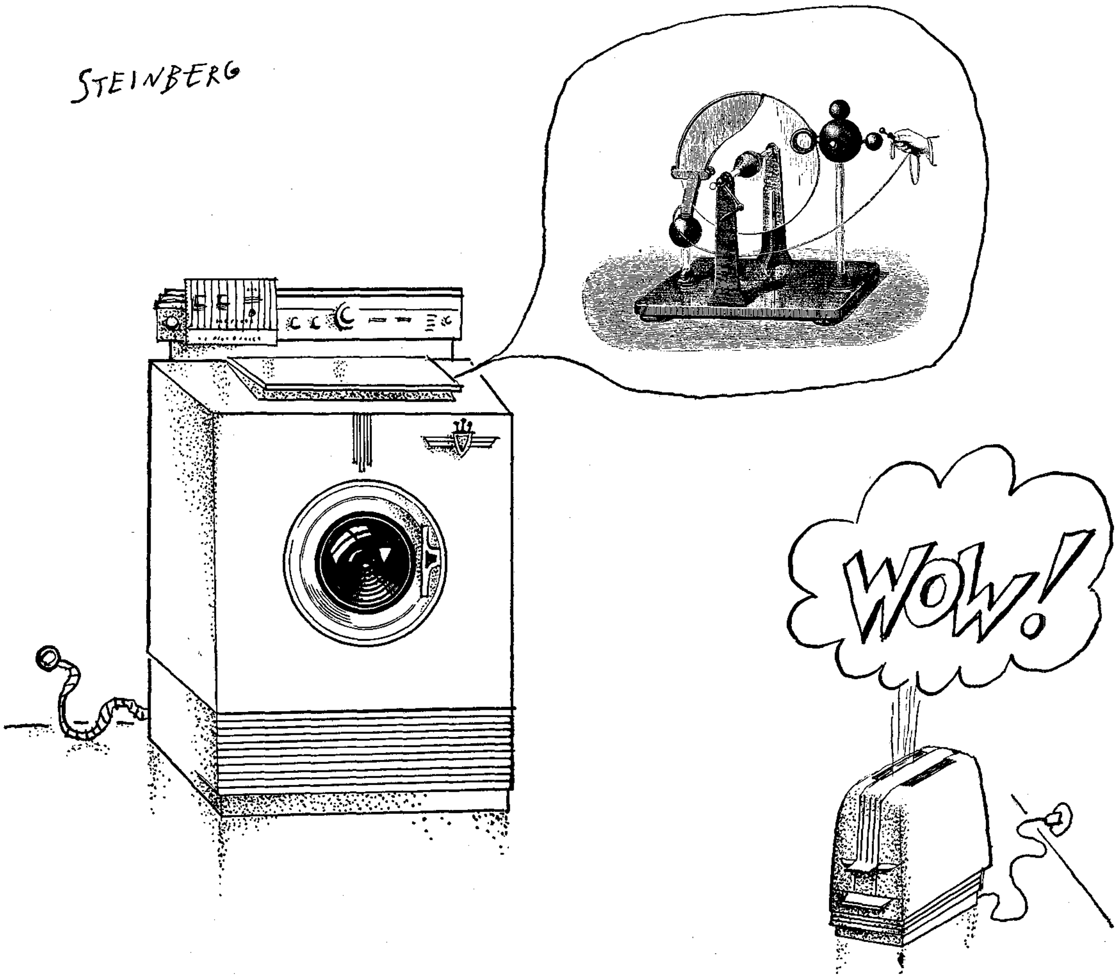
"How do you feel?" I asked.

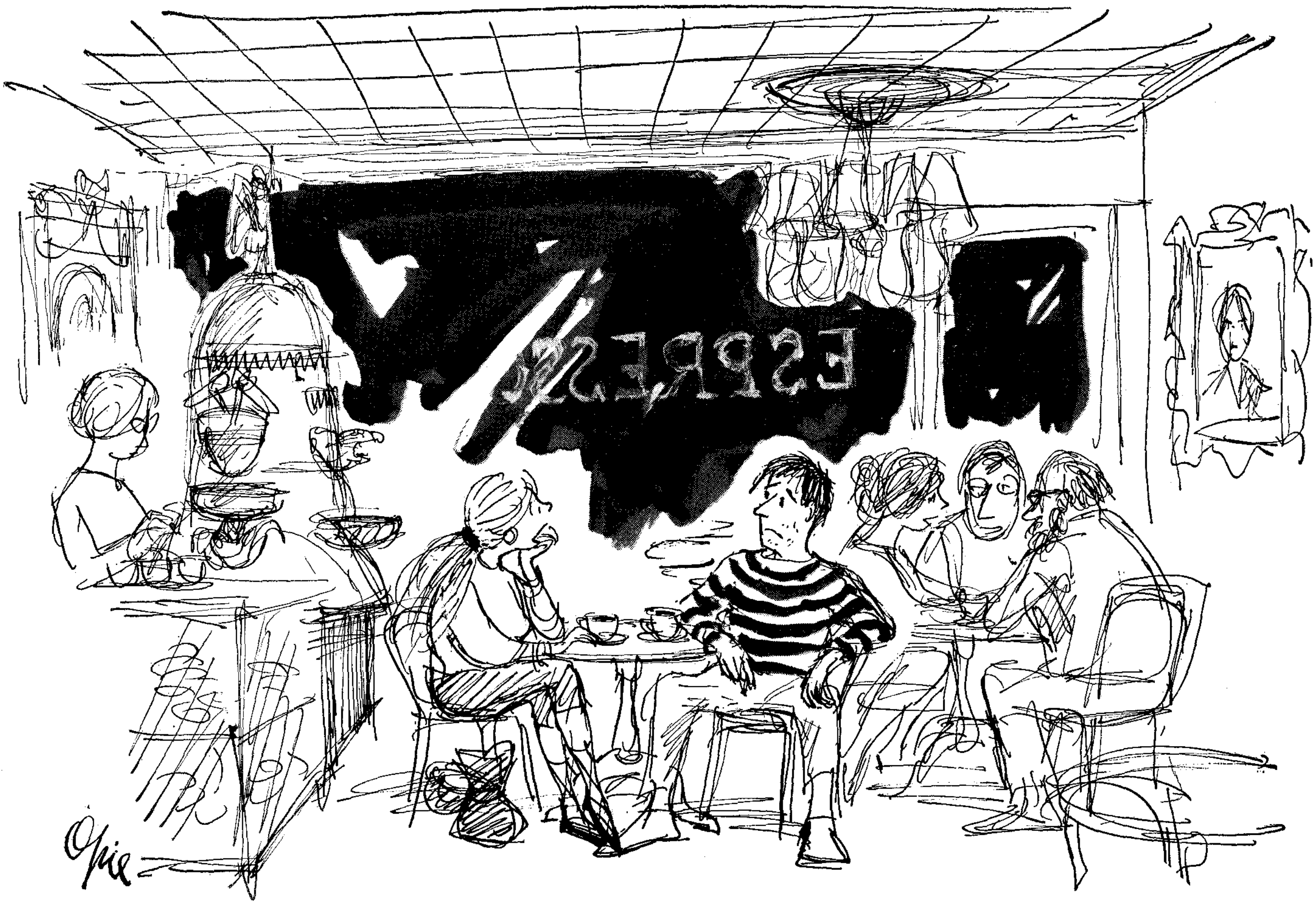
"Better," he said. "Come along."

I followed him back to the clearing with the maples. He pointed with his foot to a flat stone. "Many people of your blood stepped on that stone," he said. "That's the doorstep, and there's the cellar hole."

I looked behind the stone and saw the depression in the ground—a small cellar hole walled with dry stone, where the potatoes and apples and carrots and turnips and cabbages and parsnips and salted meat and fish had been stored for decades of winters. "Is this—?" I began.

"The Kenestons'," he said. "Uncle Luther grew





"I just can't believe it, Gerald! You in the Ready Reserve?"

• •

up here, and your Great-Grampa Benjamin, and the others before him. The well they dug is over that way, so mind your feet when you look around. They tapped the stream that flowed from the pool when they got tired of hauling it up that slope in buckets."

I wandered in the old dooryard. A maple above me stretched out a great branch that must have suspended a swing for the children. I stubbed my toe on an old piece of metal that stuck up through the ground. It looked like the wheel of a cultivator.

My grandfather sat on the doorstep. "I'm sorry to stop," he said. "I know you'd like some coffee and pie. I didn't reckon I'd get so tired." He paused a moment, looking at his hands. "You know when you asked if it was virgin pine?" he said. "Your great-grandfather cut the virgin timber there, in the fifties, before the war. He stumped it with oxen and planted it with potatoes and hired a crew to dig them in the fall, and he hauled them to the old railroad and sold them to a man who took them clear down to Boston, to sell them in the big vegetable market down there. But when the war came he couldn't hire a crew, and the fields grew up with bush, and after the war he just couldn't get started again. He lived so long he sold the pine twice from the land he cleared and stumped himself. I reckon to sell it the third time, come next spring."

I wandered to the other side of the clearing, into a bushy meadow that slanted steeply downward. Under my feet I felt the earth wave like the sea, and I suddenly realized that I was walking on land that retained the ridges my great-grandfather had plowed into it. I came back to my grandfather. He was examining his hands again and did not hear me coming. I saw how old his hands looked. Then he looked over at the yoke. "Do you really feel like carrying that?" he asked.

"Sure I do," I said. I took a swallow of water and then lifted the yoke again and settled it where I liked it on my neck. My grandfather lifted the sap buckets and led the way. We descended the bushy meadow into a strip of forest and then climbed an old stone wall to a road.

My grandfather laughed. "You know where we are?" he said.

"New Canada?" I said hopefully.

"Almost," he said. "Twenty rods down we come to New Canada. This is what they called New Road, and the town keeps it up, though I don't know as anybody's living on it now."

We turned into New Canada and walked downhill all the way home. It was four miles, and my back was sore, but my strength revived when I imagined coffee and pie waiting on the set tubs in the kitchen. We walked quietly past Washington Woodward's camp, for fear he could discover us and want to chat for an hour or more.

At last we turned onto the macadam of the main road, and in a moment I saw the white smoke of our chimney. "Well," I said with sudden gaiety, "we've brought the berries."

"Yes," said my grandfather, "and I don't know when we'll make the trip again. I'm glad I could show you some things to remember."—DONALD HALL

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LONDON (Canadian Press)—Adrian Grigg, 25-year-old interior decorator, has been commissioned to design a bedroom for a sheik's daughter in Kuwait, Arabia. It will have a glass floor with goldfish swimming underneath and the walls will be covered with fur. "I'm keeping it plain and simple," says Mr. Grigg.—*The Times.*

Watch out it doesn't get stark.

MY HEART IS BROKEN

"WHEN that Jean Harlow died," Mrs. Thompson said to Jeannie, "I was on the 83 streetcar with a big, heavy paper parcel in my arms. I hadn't been married for very long, and when I used to visit my mother she'd give me a lot of canned stuff and preserves. I was standing up in the streetcar because nobody'd given me a seat. All the men were unemployed in those days, and they just sat down wherever they happened to be. You wouldn't remember what Montreal was like then. *You* weren't even on earth. To resume what I was saying to you, one of these men sitting down had an American paper—the *Daily News*, I guess it was—and I was sort of leaning over him, and I saw in big print 'JEAN HARLOW DEAD.' You can believe me or not, just as you want to, but that was the most terrible shock I ever had in my life. I never got over it."

Jeannie had nothing to say to that. She lay flat on her back across the bed, with her head toward Mrs. Thompson and her heels just touching the crate that did as a bedside table. Balanced on her flat stomach was an open bottle of coral-pink Cutex nail polish. She held her hands up over her head and with some difficulty applied the brush to the nails of her right hand. Her legs were brown and thin. She wore nothing but shorts and one of her husband's shirts. Her feet were bare.

Mrs. Thompson was the wife of the paymaster in a road-construction camp in northern Quebec. Jeannie's husband was an engineer working on the same project. The road was being pushed through country where nothing had existed until now except rocks and lakes and muskeg. The camp was established between a wild lake and the line of raw dirt that was the road. There were no towns between the camp and the railway spur, sixty miles distant.

Mrs. Thompson, a good deal older than Jeannie, had become her best friend. She was a nice, plain, fat, consoling sort of person, with varicosed legs, shoes unlaced and slit for comfort, blue flannel dressing gown worn at all hours, pudding-bowl haircut, and coarse gray hair. She might have been Jeannie's own mother, or her Auntie Pearl. She rocked her fat self in the rocking chair and went on with what she had to say: "What I was starting off to tell you is you remind me of her, of Jean Harlow. You've got the same teeny mouth, Jeannie, and I think your hair was a whole lot prettier before you started fooling around with it. That peroxide's no good. It splits the ends. I know you're going to tell me it isn't peroxide but something more modern, but the result is the same."

Vern's shirt was spotted with coral-pink that had dropped off the brush. Vern wouldn't mind; at least, he wouldn't say that he minded. If he hadn't objected to anything Jeannie did until now, he wouldn't start off by complaining about a shirt. The campsite outside the uncurtained window was silent and dark. The waning moon would not appear until dawn. A passage of thought made Mrs. Thompson say, "Winter soon."

Jeannie moved sharply and caught the bottle of polish before it spilled. Mrs. Thompson was crazy; it wasn't even September.

"Pretty soon," Mrs. Thompson admitted. "Pretty soon. That's a long season up here, but I'm one person doesn't complain. I've been up here or around here every winter of my married life, except for that one winter Pops was occupying Germany."

"I've been up here seventy-two days," said Jeannie, in her soft voice. "Tomorrow makes seventy-three."

"Is that right?" said Mrs. Thompson, jerking the rocker forward, suddenly snappish. "Is that a fact? Well, who asked you to come up here? Who asked you to come here and start counting days like you was in some kind of jail? When you got married to Vern, you must of known where he'd be taking you. He told you, didn't he, that he liked road jobs, construction jobs, and that? Did he tell you, or didn't he?"

"Oh, he told me," said Jeannie.

"You know what, Jeannie?" said Mrs. Thompson. "If you'd of just listened to me, none of this would have happened. I told you that first day, the day you arrived here in your high-heeled shoes, I said, 'I know this cabin doesn't look much, but all the married men have the same sort of place.' You remember I said that? I said, 'You just get some curtains up and some carpets down and it'll be home.' I took you over and showed you my place, and you said you'd never seen anything so lovely."

"I meant it," said Jeannie. "Your cabin is just lovely. I don't know why, but I never managed to make this place look like yours."

Mrs. Thompson said, "That's plain enough." She looked at the cold grease spattered behind the stove, and the rag of towel over by the sink. "It's partly the experience," she said kindly. She and her husband knew exactly what to take with them when they went on a job, they had been doing it for so many years. They brought boxes for artificial flowers, a brass door knocker, a portable bar decorated with sea shells, a cardboard fireplace that looked real, and an electric fire that sent waves of light rippling over the ceiling and walls. A concealed gramophone played the records they loved and cherished—the good old tunes. They had comic records that dated back to the year 1, and sad soprano records about shipwrecks and broken promises and babies' graves. The first time Jeannie heard one of the funny records, she was scared to death. She was paying a formal call, sitting straight in her chair, with her skirt pulled around her knees. Vern and Pops Thompson were talking about the Army.

"I wish to God I was back," said old Pops.

"Don't I?" said Vern. He was fifteen years older than Jeannie and had been through a lot.

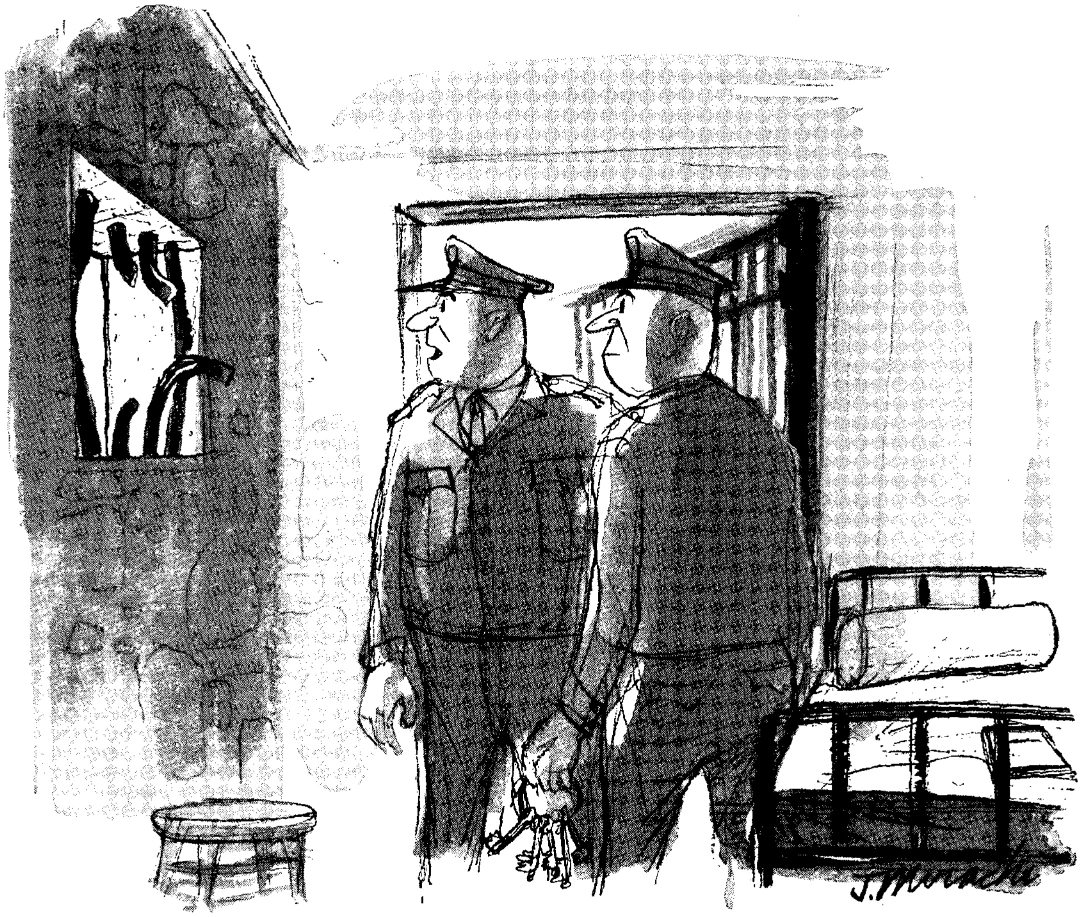
At first there were only scratching and whispering noises, and then a mosquito orchestra started to play, and a dwarf's voice came into the room. "Little Johnnie Green, little Sallie Brown," squealed the dwarf, higher and faster than any human ever could. "Spooning in the park with the grass all around."

"Where is he?" Jeannie cried, while the Thompsons screamed with laughter and Vern smiled. The dwarf sang on: "And each little bird in the treetop high/Sang 'Oh you kid!' and winked his eye."

It was a record that had belonged to Pops Thompson's mother. He had been laughing at it all his life. The Thompsons loved living up north and didn't miss cities or company. Their cabin smelled of cocoa and toast. Over their beds were oval photographs of each other as children, and they had some Teddy bears and about a dozen dolls.

JEANNIE capped the bottle of polish, taking care not to press it against her wet nails. She sat up with a single movement and set the bottle down on the bedside crate. Then she turned to face Mrs. Thompson. She sat cross-legged, with her hands outspread before her. Her face was serene.

"Not an ounce of fat on you," said Mrs. Thompson. "You know something? I'm sorry you're going. I really am. Tomorrow you'll be gone. You know that, don't you? You've been counting days, but you won't have to any more. I guess Vern'll take you back to Montreal. What do you think?"



"You know, it's a funny thing. Just the other day, he said to me, 'Iron bars do not a prison make.'"

Jeannie dropped her gaze, and began smoothing wrinkles on the bedspread. She muttered something Mrs. Thompson could not understand.

"Tomorrow you'll be gone," Mrs. Thompson continued. "I know it for a fact. Vern is at this moment getting his pay, and borrowing a jeep from Mr. Sherman, and a Polack driver to take you to the train. He sure is loyal to *you*. You know what I heard Mr. Sherman say? He said to Vern, 'If you want to send her off, Vern, you can always stay,' and Vern said, 'I can't very well do that, Mr. Sherman.' And Mr. Sherman said, 'This is the second time you've had to leave a job on account of her, isn't it?,' and then Mr. Sherman said, 'In my opinion, no man by his own self can rape a girl, so there were either two men or else she's invented the whole story.' Then he said, 'Vern, you're either a saint or a damn fool.' That was all I heard. I came straight over here, Jeannie, because I thought you might be needing me." Mrs. Thompson waited to hear she was needed. She stopped rocking and sat with her feet flat and wide apart. She struck her knees with her open palms and cried, "I *told* you to keep away from the men. I told you it would make trouble, all that being cute and dancing around. I said to you, I remember saying it, I said nothing makes trouble faster in a place like this than a grown woman behaving like a little girl. Don't you remember?"

"I only went out for a walk," said Jeannie. "Nobody'll believe me, but that's all. I went down the road for a walk."

"In high heels?" said Mrs. Thompson. "With a purse on your arm, and a hat on your head? You don't go taking a walk in the bush that way. There's no place to walk *to*. Where'd you think you were going? I could smell Evening in Paris a quarter mile away."

"There's no place to go," said Jeannie, "but what else is there to do? I just felt like dressing up and going out."

"You could have cleaned up your home a bit," said Mrs. Thompson. "There was always that to do. Just look at that sink. That basket of ironing's been under the bed since July. I know it gets boring around here, but you had the best of it. You had the summer. In winter it gets dark around three o'clock. Then the wives have a right to go crazy. I knew one used to sleep the clock around. When her Nembutal ran out, she took about a hundred aspirin. I knew another learned to distill her own liquor, just to kill time. Sometimes the men get so's they don't like the life, and that's death for the wives. But here you had a nice summer, and Vern liked the life."

"He likes it better than anything," said Jeannie. "He liked the Army, but this was his favorite life after that."

"There," said Mrs. Thompson. "You had every reason to be happy. What'd you do if he sent you off alone, now, like Mr. Sherman advised? You'd be alone and you'd have to work. Women don't know when they're well off. Here you've got a good, sensible husband working for you and you don't appreciate it. You have to go and do a terrible thing."

"I only went for a walk," said Jeannie. "That's all I did."

"It's possible," said Mrs. Thompson, "but it's a terrible thing. It's about the worst thing that's ever happened around here. I don't know why you let it happen. A woman can always defend what's precious, even if she's attacked. I hope you remembered to think about bacteria."

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean Javelle, or something."

Jeannie looked uncomprehending and then shook her head.

"I wonder what it must be like," said Mrs. Thompson after a time, looking at the dark window. "I mean, think of Berlin and them Russians and all. Think of some disgusting fellow you don't know. Never said hello to, even. Some girls ask for it, though. You can't always blame the man. The man loses his job, his wife if he's got one, everything, all because of a silly girl."

Jeannie frowned, absently. She pressed her nails together, testing the polish. She licked her lips and said, "I was more beaten up, Mrs. Thompson. It wasn't exactly what you think. It was only afterwards I thought to myself, Why, I was raped and everything."

Mrs. Thompson gasped, hearing the word from Jeannie. She said, "Have you got any marks?"

"On my arms. That's why I'm wearing this shirt. The first thing I did was change my clothes."

Mrs. Thompson thought this over, and went on to another thing: "Do you ever think about your mother?"

"Sure."

"Do you pray? If this goes on at nineteen—"

"I'm twenty."

"—what'll you be by the time you're thirty? You've already got a terrible, terrible memory to haunt you all your life."

"I already can't remember it," said Jeannie. "Afterwards I started walking back to camp, but I was walking the wrong way. I met Mr. Sherman. The back of his car was full of coffee, flour, all that. I guess he'd been picking up supplies. He said, 'Well, get in.' He didn't ask any questions at first. I couldn't talk anyway."

"Shock," said Mrs. Thompson wisely.

"You know, I'd have to see it happening to know what happened. All I remember is that first we were only talking . . ."

"You and Mr. Sherman?"

"No, no, before. When I was taking my walk."

"Don't say who it was," said Mrs. Thompson. "We don't any of us need to know."

"We were just talking, and he got sore all of a sudden and grabbed my arm."

"Don't say the name!" Mrs. Thompson cried.

"Like when I was little, there was this Lana Turner movie. She had two twins. She was just there and then a nurse brought her in the two twins. I hadn't been married or anything, and I didn't know anything, and I used to think if I just kept on seeing the movie I'd know how she got the two twins, you know, and I went, oh, I must have seen it six times, the movie, but in the end I never knew any more. They just brought her the two twins."

Mrs. Thompson sat quite still, trying to make sense of this. "Taking advantage of a woman is a criminal offense," she observed. "I heard Mr. Sherman say another thing, Jeannie. He said, 'If your wife wants to press a charge and talk to some lawyer, let me tell you,' he said, 'you'll never work again anywhere,' he said. Vern said, 'I know that, Mr. Sherman.' And Mr. Sherman said, 'Let me tell you, if any reporters or any investigators start coming around here, they'll get their . . . they'll never . . .' Oh, he was mad. And Vern said, 'I came over to tell you I was quitting, Mr. Sherman.' " Mrs. Thompson had been acting this with spirit, using a quiet voice when she spoke for Vern and a blustering tone for Mr. Sherman. In her own voice, she said, "If you're wondering how I came to hear all this, I was strolling by Mr. Sherman's office window—his bungalow, that is. I had Maureen out in her pram." Maureen was the Thompsons' youngest doll.

Jeannie might not have been listening. She started to tell something else: "You know, where we were before, on Vern's last job, we weren't in a camp. He was away a lot, and he left me in Amos, in a hotel. I liked it. Amos isn't all that big, but it's better than here. There was this German in the hotel. He was selling cars. He'd drive me around if I wanted to go to a movie or anything. Vern didn't like him, so we left. It wasn't anybody's fault."

"So he's given up two jobs," said Mrs. Thompson. "One because he couldn't leave you alone, and now this one. Two jobs, and you haven't been married five months. Why should another man be thrown out of work? We don't need to know a thing. I'll be sorry if it was Jimmy Quinn," she went on, slowly. "I like that boy. Don't say the name, dear. There's Evans. Susini. Palmer. But it might have been anybody, because you had them all on the boil. So it might have been Jimmy Quinn—let's say—and it could have been anyone else, too. Well, now let's hope they can get their minds back on the job."

"I thought they all liked me," said Jeannie sadly. "I get along with people. Vern never fights with me."

"Vern never fights with anyone. But he ought to have thrashed *you*."

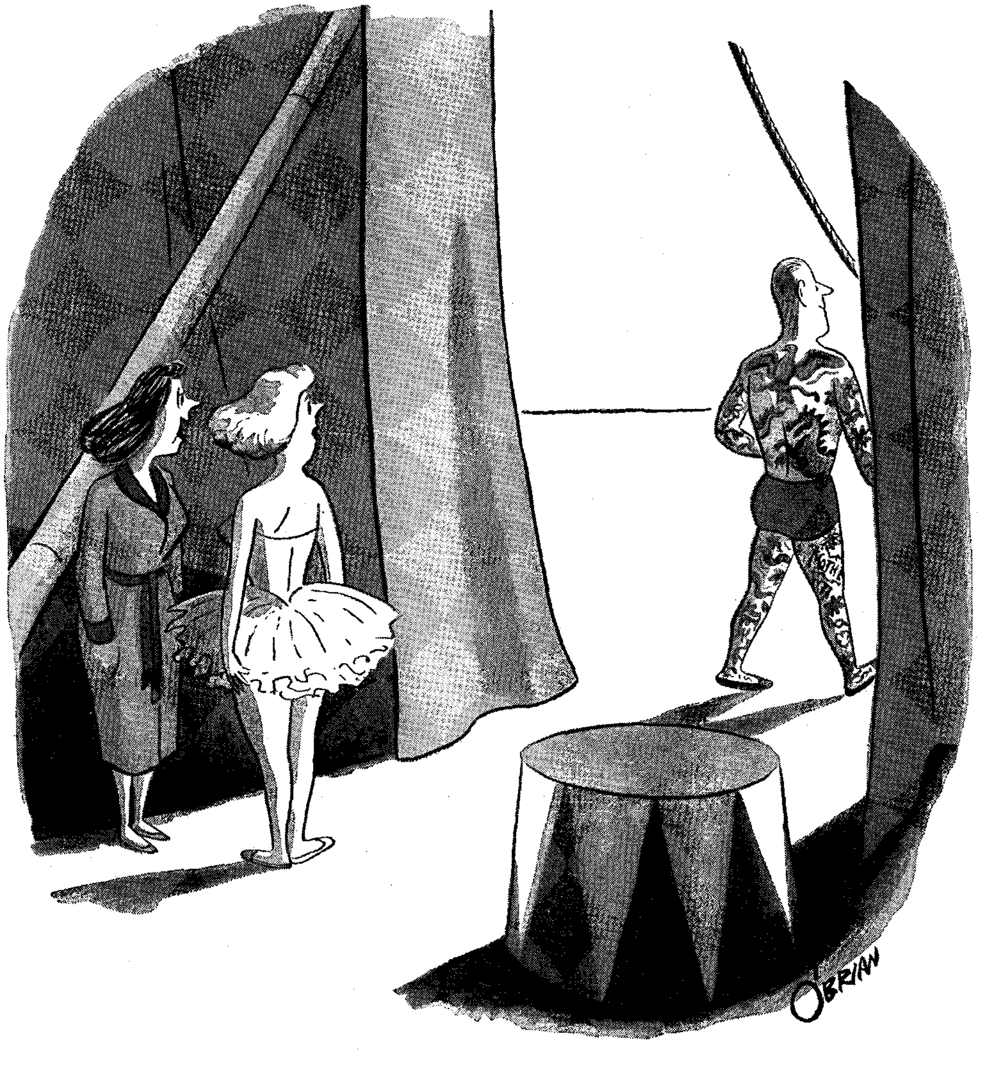
"If he . . . you know. I won't say the name. If he'd liked me, I wouldn't have minded. If he'd been friendly. I really mean that. I wouldn't have gone wandering up the road, making all this fuss."

"Jeannie," said Mrs. Thompson, "you don't even know what you're saying."

"He could at least have liked me," said Jeannie. "He wasn't even friendly. It's the first time in my life somebody hasn't liked me. My heart is broken, Mrs. Thompson. My heart is just broken."

She has to cry, Mrs. Thompson thought. She has to have it out. She rocked slowly, tapping her foot, trying to remember how she'd felt about things when she was twenty, wondering if her heart had ever been broken, too.

—MAVIS GALLANT



"What do you think of him otherwise?"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LAST WILDERNESS

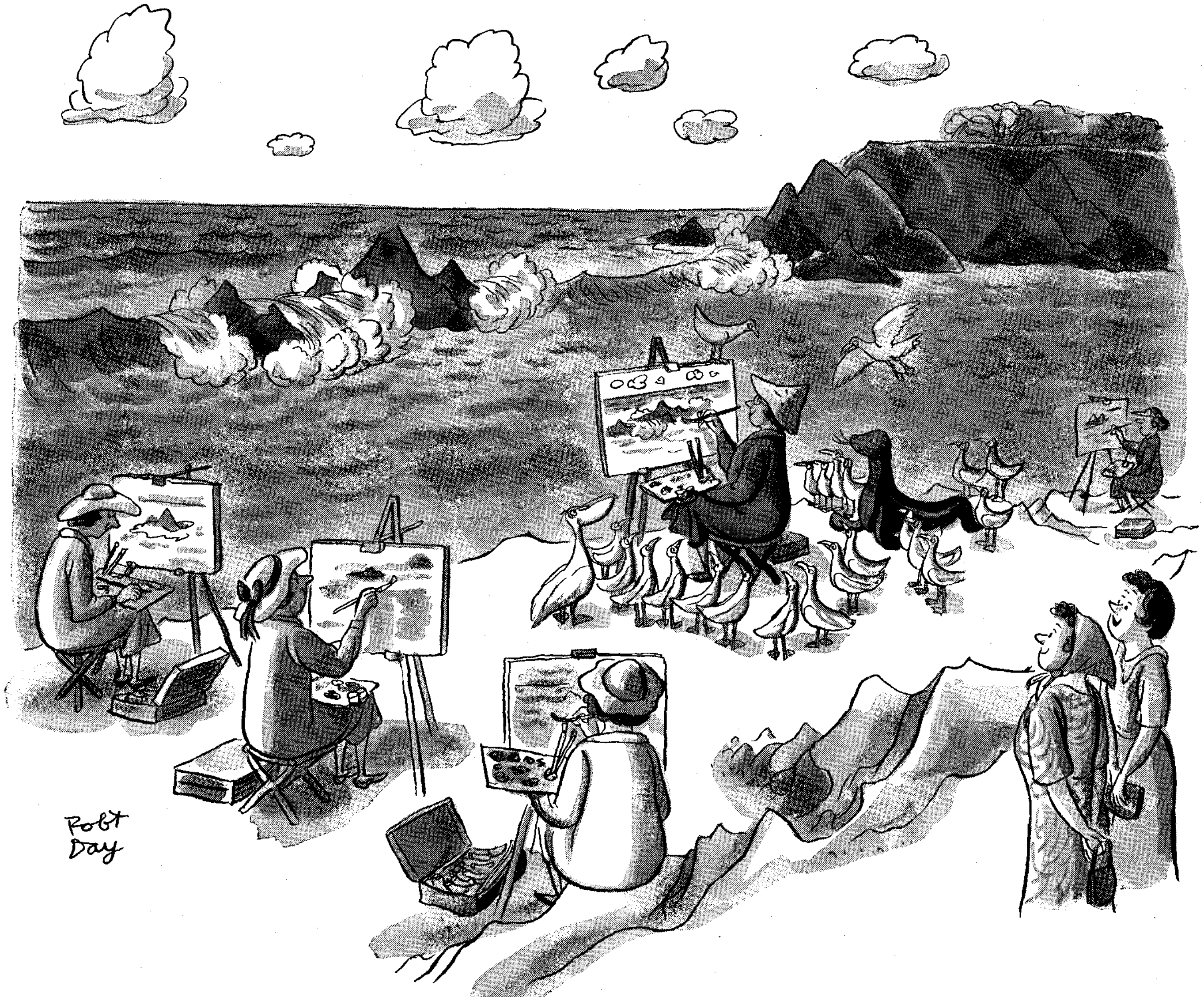
BRAZILIAN CHRONICLE

OF all things in nature, the one that most abhors a vacuum is a cartographer, and the most dread vacuums in all mapdom are the interiors of Australia, Siberia, and Os Estados Unidos do Brazil. Brazil's interior, which I travelled through not long ago with the ultimate objective of observing the Indians and wildlife of its more obscure corners, is adorned on the map with a sizable number of communities whose importance, to judge by the print used in identifying them, is about equal to that of Beirut or Baltimore. But, as I discovered, even the metropolises of the area—such places as Manaus, Cuiabá, and Goiânia—can turn out to be less imposing in size or population than an American suburb like Greenwich, Connecticut. And this is true even though the interior of Brazil is so enormous that it might almost be called the interior of South America. The area may be taken to include four of the large inland states—Goiás and Mato Grosso, lying on the southern side of the Amazon Basin, and Pará and Amazonas, which lie athwart the continent's greatest river. Only southeastern Goiás could remotely be called settled, and even this is a phenomenon of the last three years; new villages have sprung up and old villages have become towns, as a result of the decision to transfer the nation's capital from Rio de Janeiro to Brasília, on the barren Goiás plateau. The nearest city to Brasília is Goiânia, a hundred miles away, and the new road between the two, which I covered by bus after flying from Rio to Brasília, is the first leg of a much-publicized highway that will someday slice through sixteen hundred miles of jungle to the port of Belém, at the mouth of the Amazon. (Goiânia is southwest of Brasília, and Belém lies to the north; why the highway should go from Belém to Goiânia and then turn around like the curve of a fishhook and start north again to Brasília is the kind of logical question one soon learns to avoid asking in South America, for fear of the added confusion the answer will bring on both sides.) From Brasília, the road starts off past a billboard advertising Mercedes-Benz—the first in an assortment of signs that soon will block the new city from view—and continues on across impoverished plateaus cut by ravines. The grassy land, grown up in varying densities with shrubs and tree scrub, is rather lifeless in appearance, and there is a marked absence of birds and animals, with only a rare kestrel or a caracara—a hawk of vulturish habits—on a low treetop. The most notable features of the landscape, once Brasília has been left behind, are huge anthills—irregular reddish cones, some of them about the size of fifty-gallon oil drums. There are also ants' nests hanging from the limbs of the scrub trees, some of which are bent by this huge fruit.

The road descends gradually from Brasília's plateau, and near Anápolis, seventy-five miles southwest of the new capital, the land rapidly improves in appearance. There are sloping fields of upland palms, ipé trees with bright yellow flowers, lumber trees called perobas, and jacarandas. The ravines and roadsides are a lustrous green, and flop-eared Brahman cattle wander through the brush. Then, in a valley, Anápolis is a pattern of baked red clay roofs. An hour beyond Anápolis is Goiânia, the capital of Goiás. The state is steeped in frontier tradition, and in the central plaza of the city stands a statue of a *bandéirante*, or pioneer.

IN Orizona, a village some hours east of Goiânia, lives Clayton Templeton, of the New Tribes Mission, an organization supported by various American Protestant sects. I had met Templeton a few months earlier on a freighter from New York to Brazil, and he had asked me to visit him. The morning after my arrival in Goiânia, I left for Orizona on the 5 A.M. bus. (The 5 A.M. bus is the only bus.) Dawn came eventually as we lurched down the dirt road toward Orizona. Against a black-silver sky, the silhouettes of exotic trees stood stark and unfamiliar. Here and there swayed a tall, solitary palm; such a tree, leaning against an early sky, is the loneliest tree imaginable. Then it was day, and everything was unmysterious and plain. The road trailed on across dull country, a brushy, open cattle range. We passed lone huts, and once a herd of cattle, with *vaquéiros* on sheepskin saddles. Peering darkly from beneath broad felt sombreros, these cowboys, in low boots and homespun clothes, mustachioed, with thin, dirty beards, look like what is conceived of in the United States as the essence of Latin banditry, lacking only cartridge belts slung across their chests, and villainous smiles. Occasionally, our bus crashed through an adobe village, the driver leaning on his horn, while chickens and aged, low-slung dogs looked bored, when they bothered to look at all. Pedestrians in the provinces of South America, both animal and human, are apt to be more sophisticated than drivers; the latter, because vehicles are still relatively uncommon, consider themselves a race apart, and are determined to draw attention to themselves, whatever the risk.

Four hours out of Goiânia, the bus humped to a halt in the town of Vianópolis, where it was necessary to change vehicles. As I was in the process of doing so, I encountered Templeton, who hadn't known I was on my way, and who was headed for Anápolis to do some errands. There was nothing for me to do but return with him to Goiânia; from there, we went on to Anápolis for the night, finally reaching Orizona the following evening. During the trip, as I was telling Templeton of a violent argument I had got into a few days before in a nearby town, he inquired whether I carried a revolver. "If not," he said, "you're the only man in the country-



"I like hers the best, too."

• •

side—outside of the very old, the very poor, and Clayton Templeton—who doesn't." He went on to say that he had never seen a fist fight or heard of one in his ten years in Goiás. All disputes, even the smallest, are settled with knife or pistol, and not uncommonly both. He recommended that I obtain a gun and carry it at all times, and while at first I thought he must be exaggerating the hazards of local existence, because of his own uneasy position as a Protestant preacher in a fanatical Catholic backwoods (his life has been threatened more than once; two weeks before my visit, I learned, three men had stopped him in the street and he had come away from the encounter with three red marks on his belly where a stiletto had been pressed against his skin to emphasize their hostility), I subsequently realized—although I didn't take his advice about buying a gun—that he was not.

In Goiás, one is speedily arrested for carrying a weapon where others can see it and beware of it, but a concealed weapon is considered inoffensive. Every man ordinarily carries a long knife beneath his shirt, and, if possible, a revolver as well. Foreign guns, less apt than the homemade variety to explode in the bearer's face, are very much in demand, and the favorite is the American Smith & Wesson .32, called the Smitch. (The word "*smitch*" has acquired a local connotation of superior quality, and is sometimes used as a general adjective; a thing is either *smitch* or it is not.) The frontier law being the flexible thing it is, both knife and pistol are used on opponents without the smallest hesitation, especially when an assailant is under the influence of the local white lightning, a cane-sugar alcohol called *pinga* or *cachaça*. Listening to Templeton, I recalled the advice I'd received in Belém, three months before, from a man well travelled in the back areas of Brazil. "Brazilians are all right most of the time," he said. "But they can't handle their own *pinga*, and when they're on it, stay the hell away from them—they've all got knives."

Murders are common, and usually go practically unpunished, unless the bereaved take the law into their own hands; customarily, after a few weeks' cooling-off period in jail the murderer is shown the door. If he has money, he may be home for dinner on the day of his arrest, and if he has a *lot* of money, the chances are that he won't be arrested at all—assuming, of course, that he is not a skinflint. I don't mean to single out Brazil in this regard. Money has its way throughout South America to a degree startling even to a mind hardened to the spectacular graft and corruption in the United States. One is at times surprised that the Communist Party hasn't made more progress, Catholic Church or no Catholic Church.

The only murderer Templeton knew of who had been punished by the community was the husband of a woman

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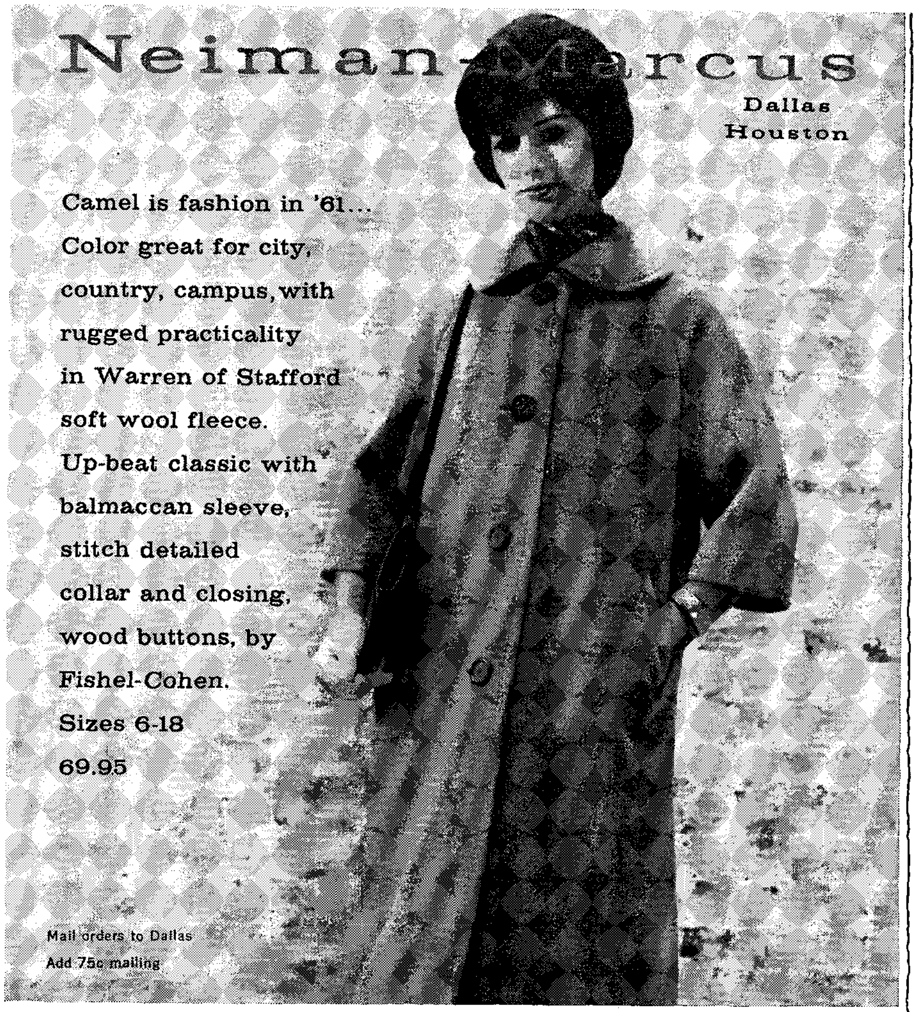
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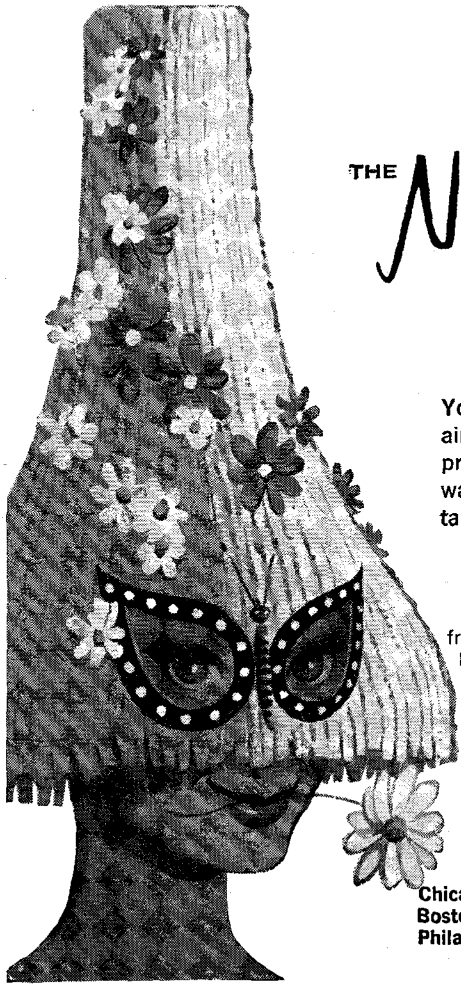
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we talked with at the Anápolis bus station. This man, having killed his eighteenth victim, was adjudged by a committee of fellow-townsmen to have gone too far, and was hunted down in the woods and killed. Two weeks before, near Orizona, a man had killed the killer of his son, and was now temporarily in jail; Templeton had seen the body of the son, which, he told me, contained four bullets and bore fifteen stab wounds. However, the story I, as a writer, found most affecting concerned a journalist in a Goiás town who had written in his paper that an official of the local electric works had had the power especially turned on during a shortage, in order that dental work might be performed on his own mouth. The charge was true, but the official felt affronted, and shortly thereafter the journalist was seized in a café, dragged into the street, and executed. No one preferred charges, nor did the dead man's own newspaper consider the incident worth mentioning. As in the Wild West, which is much admired (I've heard the term used as a single word—"*wildowest*," an adjective, meaning "authentically Western;" e.g., "a very *wildowest* holster"), the man with power, political or otherwise, is the law, and the policemen are philosophers.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton live just off the main street of Orizona, with four of their children (a fifth is studying in the United States), in a large former store, one room of which has been turned into a simple chapel. The place remains somewhat in a state of siege, since communicants of the enemy faith keep threatening to tear it down; at least, they threaten to attack the roof, from the top of which, at appointed hours, two loudspeakers carry music and evangelical messages to the Catholic townspeople. The latter, in their thin-walled dwellings, are defenseless against exposure to the Word, and this infringement of what we would think of as their rights may annoy them as much as the outlandish Northern dogma. Apparently, however, they enjoy the musical fare, which includes hymns like "*Brilhando, brilhando* . . ." ("A sunbeam, a sunbeam, Jesus wants me for a sunbeam. . ."). Furthermore, some aspects of the evangelical message, in combination with the pronounced kindness of both Templetons, have made converts of forty-eight Orizonans in the two years of the mission's existence, despite the opposing social and ecclesiastical pressures. For the first three months, Templeton preached to a room occupied only by his family. There then came to hear him a solitary prostitute—a beauti-

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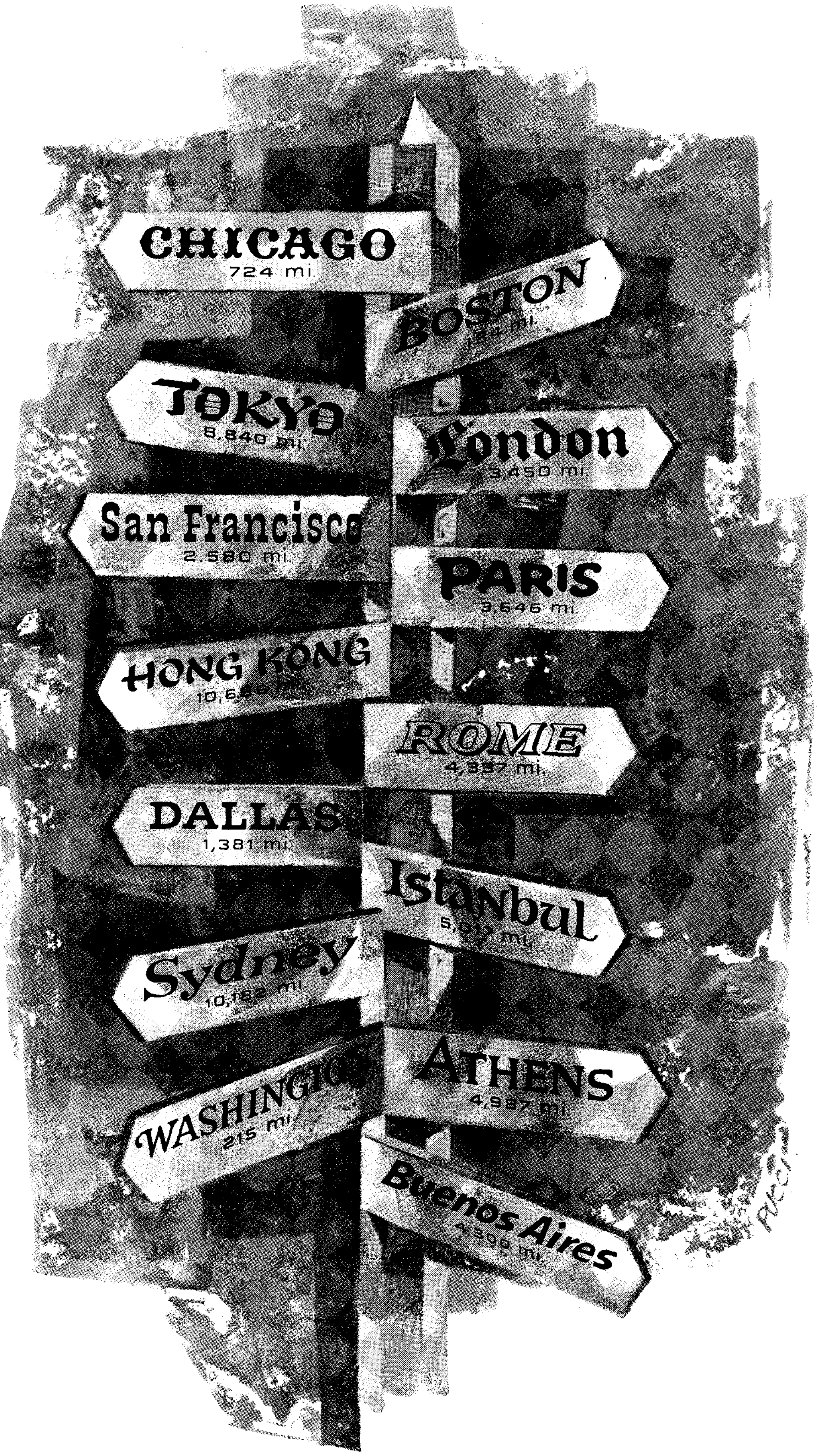
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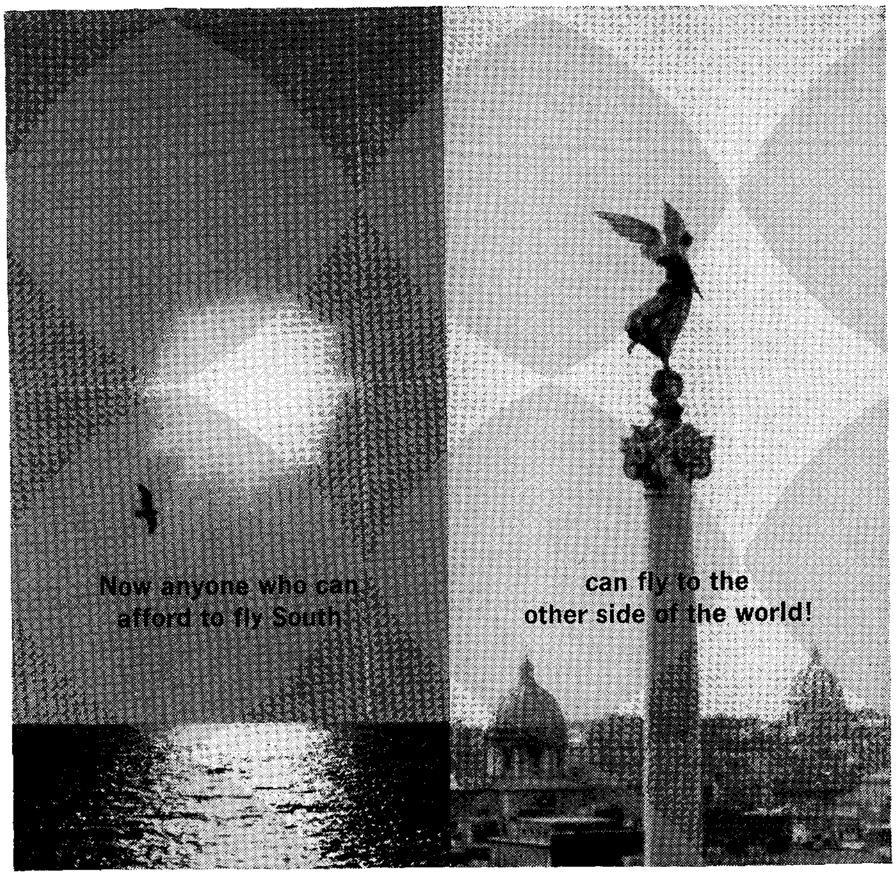
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY ful woman, he says—although her interest would have had to be classified as ambiguous, inasmuch as she committed suicide a month afterward. A start like that would have defeated most men, but Templeton kept going, and people came to him one by one. At first, they fled every time the Protestant Bible was read; children were told by the priests to avoid the Templeton house at peril to their souls, because it was inhabited by demons. Now, as I walked around the village with Templeton, it was obvious that the great majority of his neighbors liked him, however leery they may have been of what he stood for.

Orizona is a typical provincial red-tile-and-adobe village, with a full complement of dejected dogs, thin chickens, roving hogs, and vultures, all competing for existence under the hot sun with human beings less indolent than worm-ridden, less unambitious than without hope; their contentment is resignation. Change is suspect, and everything is taken at face value. The first Saturday I was in Orizona, a team of twelve great oxen screeched into town ("screeched" is used here to denote not excessive speed but, rather, the actual noise made by a wooden axle turning against a cart bed; the local belief is that this hair-raising noise keeps flighty oxen calm), pulling a ridiculous little cart full of logs. The twelve oxen were hitched up primarily to impress people who did not have twelve oxen, and the people were quite sincerely impressed, as they would be by the twelve oxen again the following Saturday. These same people, resigned for centuries to the status quo, have always built their tiny houses with the shutters swinging in, thus, when the shutters are open, cramping their small interiors, and insuring rain on the floor when there is rain. Templeton's efforts to discourage this structural aberration have been met with the stiffest sort of resistance, though one man who finally tried one window with the shutters swinging out is now ecstatic over the newfangled arrangement, and wants to convert even his doors.

One afternoon, Templeton's young son Vance took me on a walk into the countryside. We were joined by a missionary I shall call Harry Croft, who had formerly worked among Indians on the Tocantins River, a tributary of the Amazon, but had had to give up the work because of chronic dysentery. He is a quiet, gentle man, still young, but there is a terrible air of defeat about him, and a dazed, suspicious glance from his bent head, as if he thought that at any moment someone might crucify him. He watched with a strange intentness—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even relish—as a big, drunken, unshaven *vaquéiro* in a floppy sombrero pitched out of the roadside brush, dragging and kicking at a bleeding steer, which had been ringed cruelly through the nose. When the steer refused to go farther, the man drew a pistol from a green embroidered holster at his belt and shot the creature neatly in its tracks. We went on, up a marvellously eroded road, like a deep trench in the red clay; on both sides were canyons of erosion, in the clefts of which tall century plants bloomed like huge asparagus. The banks of these canyons are full of burrows, and these are inhabited by small parrots, which, at our approach, tumbled out and went squalling away down the canyon. From the crest of a hill, we looked back on Orizona, nestled in the broad fronds of its banana trees, under its yellow adobe church spires. Around it and beyond lay the green, rolling open range of Goiás.

After supper one night, we walked down the village street to talk with a farmhand and his wife; in kerosene light, the family sat on the doorsill of their hut, still and neat as a row of birds, their feet bare on the clean-swept earth of the floor. They talked shyly, with soft, vague gestures. The woman seemed twice her husband's age, as women do here; on a man's salary of forty cents a day, there isn't much to eat, and most of what there is is given to him, to preserve his strength. Many of the women in the village have goiters, owing, apparently, to a lack of iodine in their diet. The only women who eat quite well are the prostitutes, who are numerous even in Orizona; poverty and a surplus of marriageable women give them little choice among lines of work, even if they seek a choice.

At another hut, the following day, I watched an old woman carding cotton and twisting it into string—a soothing process, and endlessly amazing. In the hut, a simple grace prevailed—in the postures of children waiting for nothing in the doorway, a young girl breast-feeding her baby, an old man in the corner with hands folded in his lap—the grace of people who have never gone anywhere, and will never go. Only grief is ungraceful here, as perhaps grief should be. The villagers crowded and gawked around a dead baby done up in a little pink casket, its tiny, purple-gray fingers twisted together in the clasp of prayer, and wild flowers stuffed in around it. All must have seen dead babies a hundred times before, and would see them a hundred times again—this was one of two who had died in Orizona on the same day—and still they

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gawked. For some reason, I associated the dead baby with a little boy I had seen earlier, on the far side of the village, at the Templetons' Bible class. This boy wore striped shorts cut from an old pair of pajamas, and his head had been shaved bald to rid him of vermin, and his older brother, who was next to him, rested his arm on the bald head to hold the hymnal from which they sang. They were singing a song about trains and God that involved saying "toot, toot" in a kind of chorus, and the bald boy's "toot, toot" was said with great eagerness, so that his head would pop out from beneath his brother's arm, but it was always a second or two behind the others, and very wistful. It may well be that I was in a vulnerable frame of mind, but in any case I found him heartbreaking. Every time he said "toot, toot," he would glance wide-eyed around with his sharp little face, like a nervous weasel, and on one of these occasions he caught me smiling at him. I have never in all my life seen a smile like the one that appeared on that ugly little face—he was beside himself with excitement. He just knew I liked him, that was all; and that was plenty, to judge from the reaction. And it was the implications of this need of his that upset me, that caused me to make the arbitrary association between this child and the dead baby, as if their fates were identical in the end.

That evening, under the bare, weak electric bulb in the whitewashed room where Templeton conducts his meetings, I thought about the advantage held by the Catholic Church here, if only in the pomp and trappings of its services; all that ruby-and-gold and candlelight and satin must seem exalted after the bareness of a thatched hut—just as, to one sated by the glut of American *things*, the austerity of Templeton's fundamentalist service seems preferable. He uses only a bare table—there is no symbol anywhere in sight, not even a cross—and accompanies hymns on a small harp not unlike a zither, pausing now and again to speak or let one of the congregation read a prayer. On this particular evening, Margaret Powell, a missionary on leave from her duties among the Carajo Indians, gave an interesting talk on mission work with that tribe. I sat in the rear, observing the congregation. Most of the people were women, and there were also some uneasy young people, a number of children, an idiot, and a few dogs. It was hard to know what to make of the whole business, except that the Templetons took the villagers and their

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poverty seriously, and the villagers knew it.

AFTER three days in Orizona, I left for Anápolis with Templeton and his son Vance, preparatory to a plane trip we were making from there to an Indian settlement on the island of Bananal, along the Araguaia River far to the northwest in Goiás. First, we travelled by bus to a railroad station at a village not far from Orizona. There we were to catch a train for Anápolis. Along the roadside we saw two small rheas, or ostriches, about the size of thin turkeys. Later, from the train, I glimpsed a bird that I felt certain was a white-tailed kite, a lovely pale hawk that I had seen only once before, in California. Shortly thereafter, the train came to a halt, because a freight ahead of it had jumped the track. This is not regarded as a serious mishap on this line; the trains do it as regularly as toys, and for very similar reasons. It does, however, involve bringing up a repair crew from somewhere or other and going to work with big jacks and rerailers. After a few hours in our stationary coach, the Templetons and I walked down the line and observed the work (we incidentally observed that, where the wheels had left the track, no one had bothered to spike the rails to the crossties; the rails had simply splayed under the weight), enjoying the cool night air and the smell of cigarettes and damp earth and smudge pots. Nobody was in a hurry, and we finally completed the hundred miles from Orizona to Anápolis at 2 A.M., about twelve hours after we had started off. Templeton said this was slightly worse than average, because in addition to the repair crew there had been two train crews—ours and that of the derailed freight—to botch up the rerailing; ordinarily, it is the train one is on that jumps the track.

At the airstrip in Anápolis early the next morning, George Glass, an American missionary pilot, asked me to lead him and the Templetons in the prayer usually offered before a flight over the wilderness. I refused, rather too abruptly, saying I did not feel qualified, and afterward felt a sudden sense of being cut off from the others. How serene these people are, as if religion were a state of shock—deep, peaceful shock that good men like these are driven into by the spectacle of reality. Or is it that we who are on the far side of the same abyss do not wish to relinquish our tiny identities to a higher power? At least, I don't, and I'm just as aware as the next man that temporal ambitions

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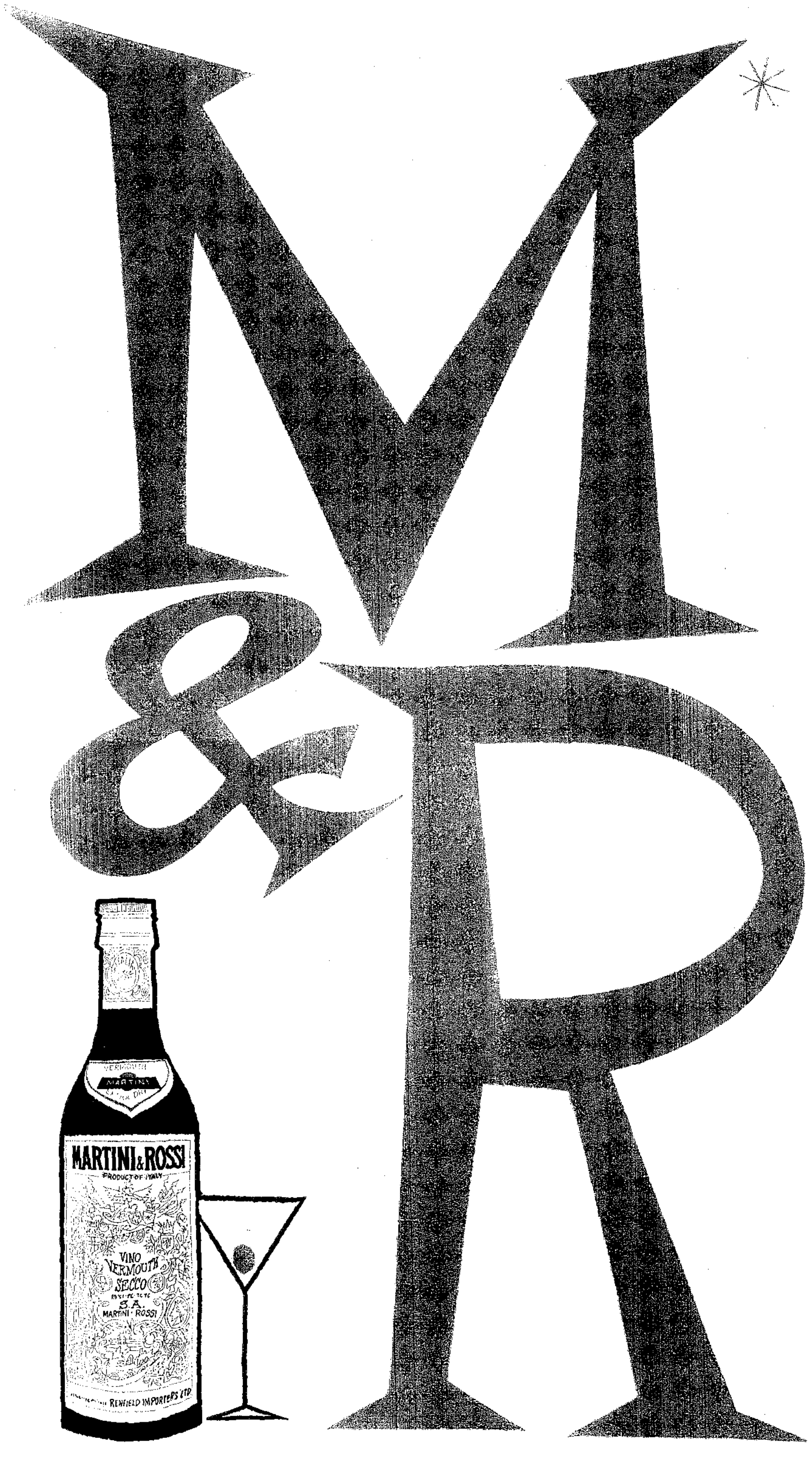

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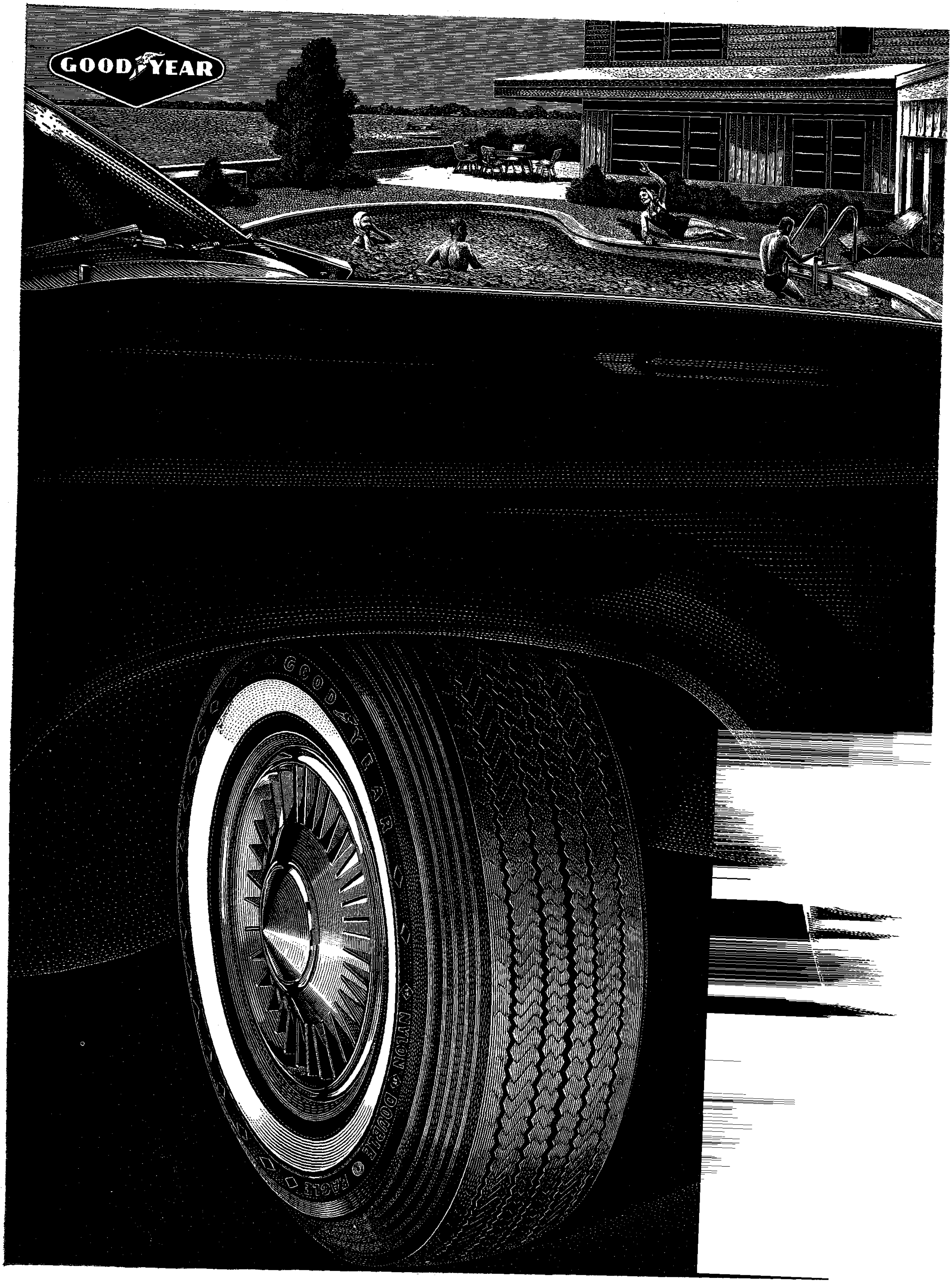
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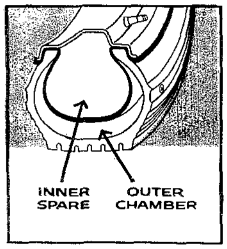

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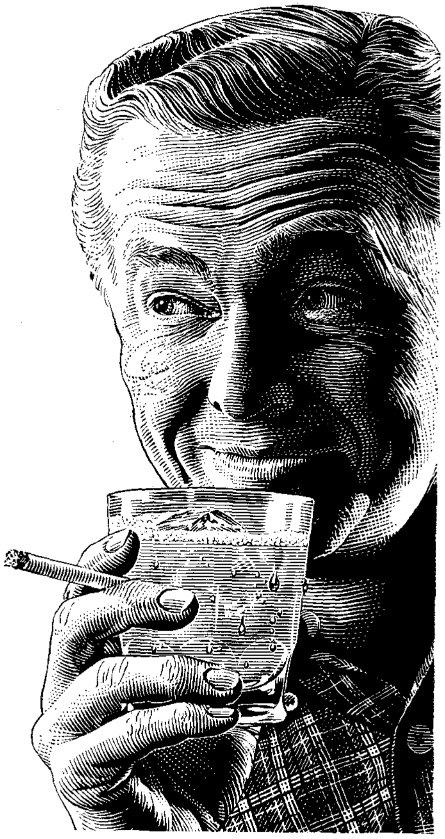
are insane—not because we are immortal but because we are so mortal, and because our ambitions will amount at best to a hill of beans.

As we took off, a ground fog was spread out below, fluffy as carded cotton (my amazement at carded cotton was still with me), and the ridges of the *planalto* jutted out of it almost angrily under the early sun. The shadow of our Cessna on these clouds was ringed like a bull's-eye by an extraordinary round rainbow; we were travelling in a halo, but, to my relief, nobody remarked on any implications of this. Slowly, the fog began burning off; on slopes below rose some large coffee plantations. There were miles and miles of them, and, in an intervening valley, the Rio das Almas—River of Souls—ran, almost subterranean in the valley fogs. Then the terrain grew gradually wetter. Here and there was a lonely hut and yard (what possesses a man to trek out here so far, when so much wild land lies so much closer to the roads?), and an occasional small band of cattle. The stream courses were jungly and palm-strewn. In time, the land changed to open swamp (it was the rainy season, and the rivers were in flood), gleaming below in the stagnant places with all the turgid browns and purples that one sees on an oil slick. From the southwest, the Araguaia River wandered toward us, unassertive in this world of water. We crossed its eastern fork, and moved out over Bananal Island. The sun's reflection crossed with us, and knifed through the forest; because the ground was so wet, the sun appeared to illumine the forest from below. On a rise at the river's edge stood the hut of a Javahé Indian, and a corral. This tribe is semi-civilized—that is to say, in peaceful contact with its white brethren.

George Glass dropped the plane low over the jungle, and we careered across the treetops, over creeks and swamp and tangled, evil sloughs. Then there appeared a broad flooded savanna, spotted with low trees and squat dwarf palms, and an occasional pair of large white storks with black heads and cleaver bills—the jabiru. There were also egrets and caracaras, and a flock of dark ducks—they looked long-legged and long-necked, like tree ducks. A pair of deer—fat, copper-colored deer, the buck beautifully antlered—stood half submerged in a shallow pool, like moose. Glass swung the plane across the Araguaia, and we flew awhile on the western, Mato Grosso, side of the river before crossing again to Bananal and dropping into the rough jungle airstrip at Macaúba, our destination on the is-



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land (which is formed by two branches of the Araguaia that rejoin each other not far north of Macaúba, some two hundred and ten miles north of where they parted).

The Indians of Bananal are the Carajás and their subtribes, the Javahés and the Ixãbiowa, and their villages, or *aldeas*, are scattered along hundreds of miles of the Araguaia. One of the largest of the *aldeas* is at Macaúba, where there are about eighty Indians, some of whom ran out through the jungle to greet our plane. The Carajás, like most members of the jungle tribes, are short; they are handsome and friendly, and are readily distinguished from Indians of all other tribes by the tattooed circles under their eyes—exact round black tracings the diameter of quarters. Some wear other facial marks, such as red and black stripes, but the tattoos are disappearing among the young as the Carajás grow civilized. All but the small children—in this missionary village, at least—were clothed; most of the men wore shirts and brief shorts, and the women were draped in calico. The Indians also own elaborate, if scanty, costumes of bark cloth and feathers, but these are now saved for ceremonial occasions. Some of the children we saw were clad in necklace bibs of beads; both children and unmarried boys customarily wear thongs at the ankle and below the knee, and a large bracelet, or gauntlet, at the wrist. Otto Austel, a young American missionary who came out to the airstrip to meet us, was dressed in a blue sports shirt, brown trousers, checked socks, and black shoes. Everyone was delighted to see George Glass, who was the hero of the hour simply because his plane brought a rare moment of distraction to Macaúba.

We were led to the riverbank, where the Indian *aldea* is split in two by the small white buildings of the missionaries; out on the river, a Carajá in the dark, rakish log canoe of the Amazon Basin slid past with the current. The Indian huts are made of palm fronds draped on a pole framework; the fronds come from the babassu palm, which supplies material for weaving, as well as the edible palm heart and a nut whose oil is used for cooking and for anointing the skin and hair. The earthen floors of the huts are loosely covered with palm mats; fires, pots, piles of fruit, baskets, squash and manioc, fish, mortars and pestles, chickens, dogs, and babies make up the greater part of an organized litter; on roof poles hang clothing, more baskets, bows and arrows, occasional aged rifles, and usually one or more parrots or araras. The rare hyacinthine spe-

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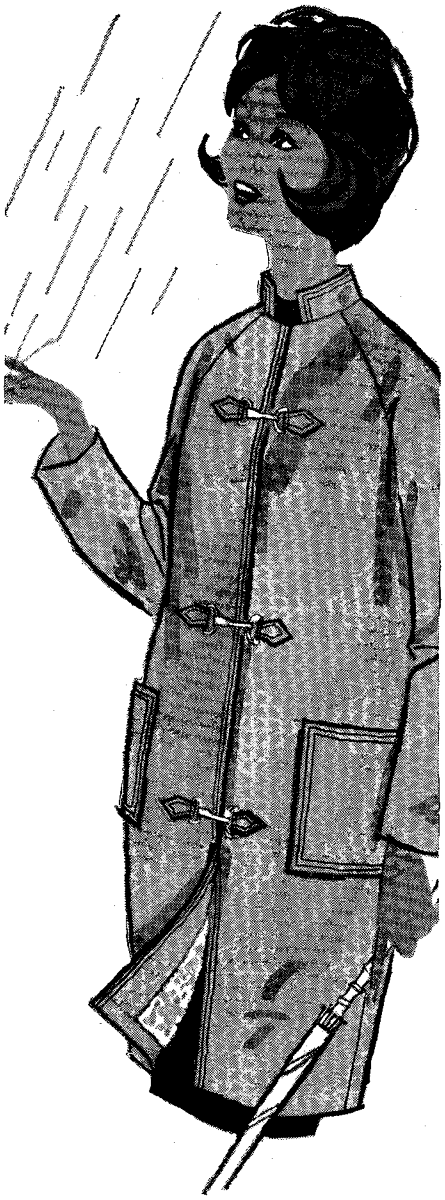

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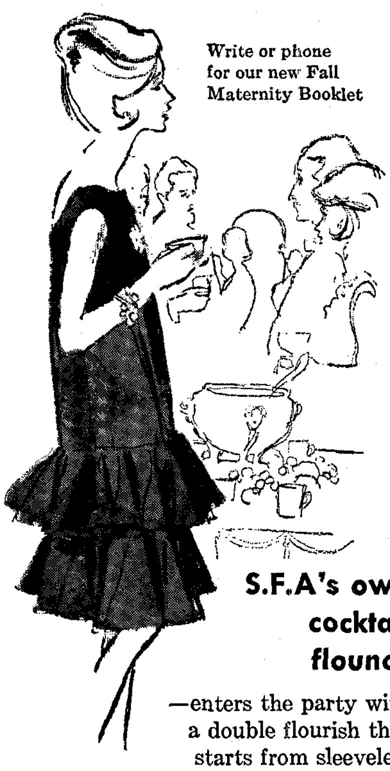
cies, the scarlet species, and the blue-and-yellow species of this great, noisy, long-tailed macaw are all found here, usually moth-eaten in appearance. The arara, a symbol of Carajá wealth, is taken from the nest at an early age, and its feathers are systematically plucked for use in arrows, earrings, caps, and female loincloths and male wrestling belts, and for supplementary decoration of bows, lances, gourd rattles, dolls, and war clubs, as well as for striking sunray headdresses. Arara feathers are used lavishly on the costumes and artifacts of the Carajás' long annual festival, or *ijaso*. Upriver, other, tamer Carajás, whose workmanship is inferior, have started a thriving souvenir-export trade, and already the airport shop at Goiânia is littered with feathered trash, some of it no more authentic than a feather duster. The Carajás are considered the most colorful tribe in Brazil; before long their feathered handiwork will probably be as popular with tourists in Brazil as Navajo blankets are in the United States—unless the poor birds give out, which some of the rarer species show every sign of doing.

Tattered ceremonial headdresses were still visible in some of the huts, but the *ijaso*, lasting about three months, and honoring a fish called the *aruanã*, which figures prominently in Carajá mythology, had recently come to an end. Now the village was rent by the wails of mourners. "My child is dead, is dead by witchcraft"—this is the ritual chant, vented for hours at a time, usually by an old woman facing a wall in one corner of the hut, whether or not the family is mourning a child, or even a death. Witchcraft and medicine men are very important in the life of the Carajás, and constitute the chief obstacle that the missionaries must deal with. If anybody is equipped for this work, however, it is Otto Austel, who has spent a number of years with these people, has studied them with the close eye of an anthropologist (he has a complex file on Carajá mores and customs), and speaks their glottal tongue probably as well as any white man who ever lived. Austel sadly conceded to me that the exposure of a primitive tribe to missionaries, however successful it may be (owing to the care, generosity, and devotion of the missionaries, the tribe is almost always benefited at the outset), is followed more often than not by the tribe's extinction, through the subsequent exploitation, mixed breeding, alcohol, and disease that arrive, not with the advent of the Word but with the advent of civilization. Austel was trying to persuade his parent mission organization to



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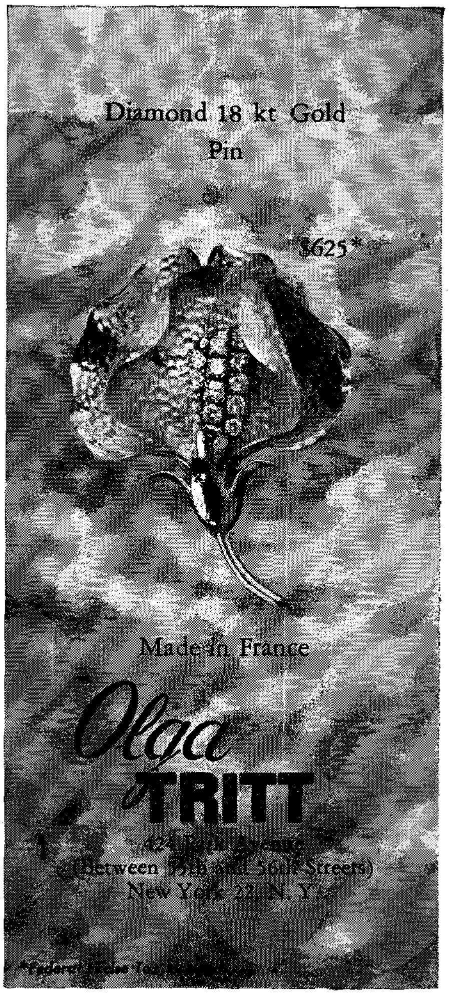

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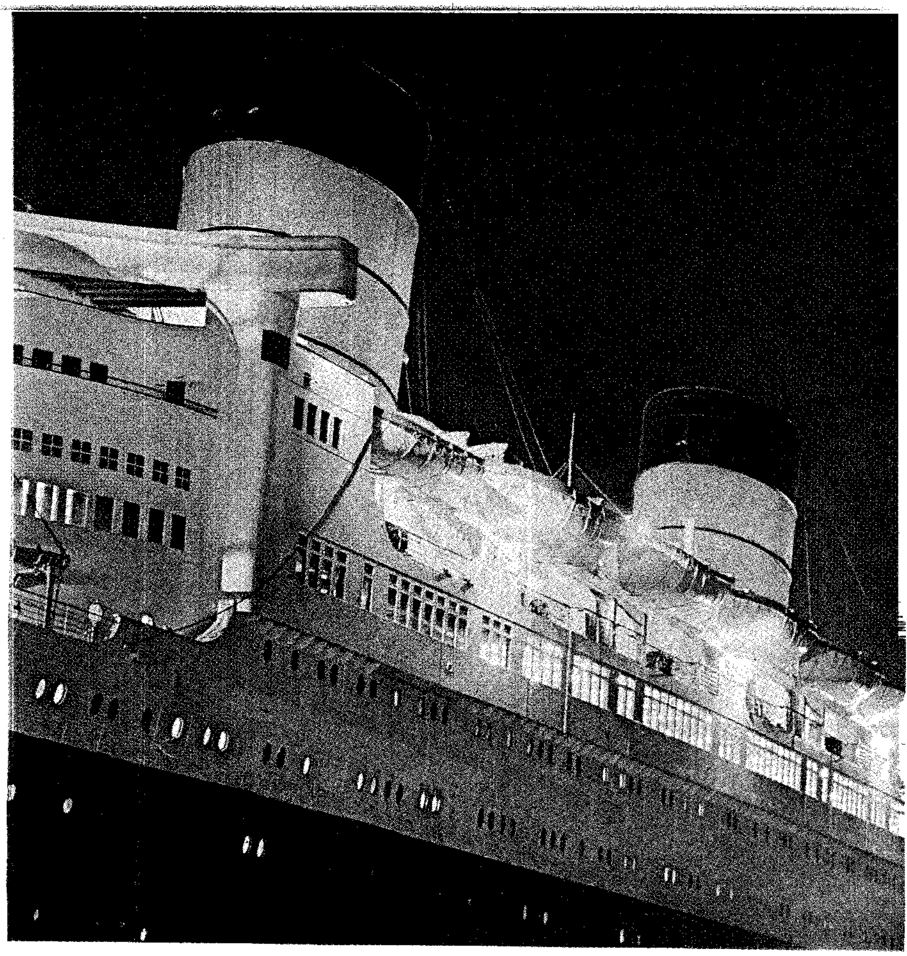

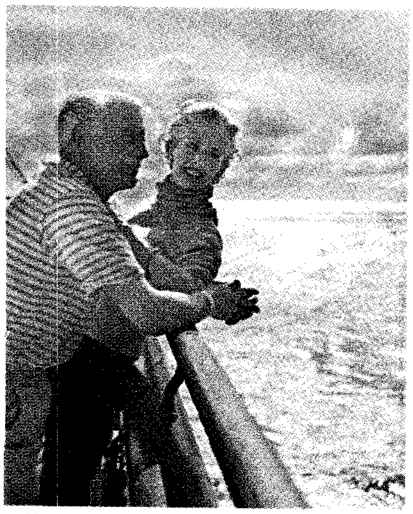

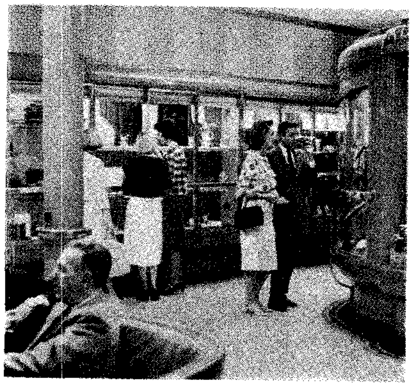

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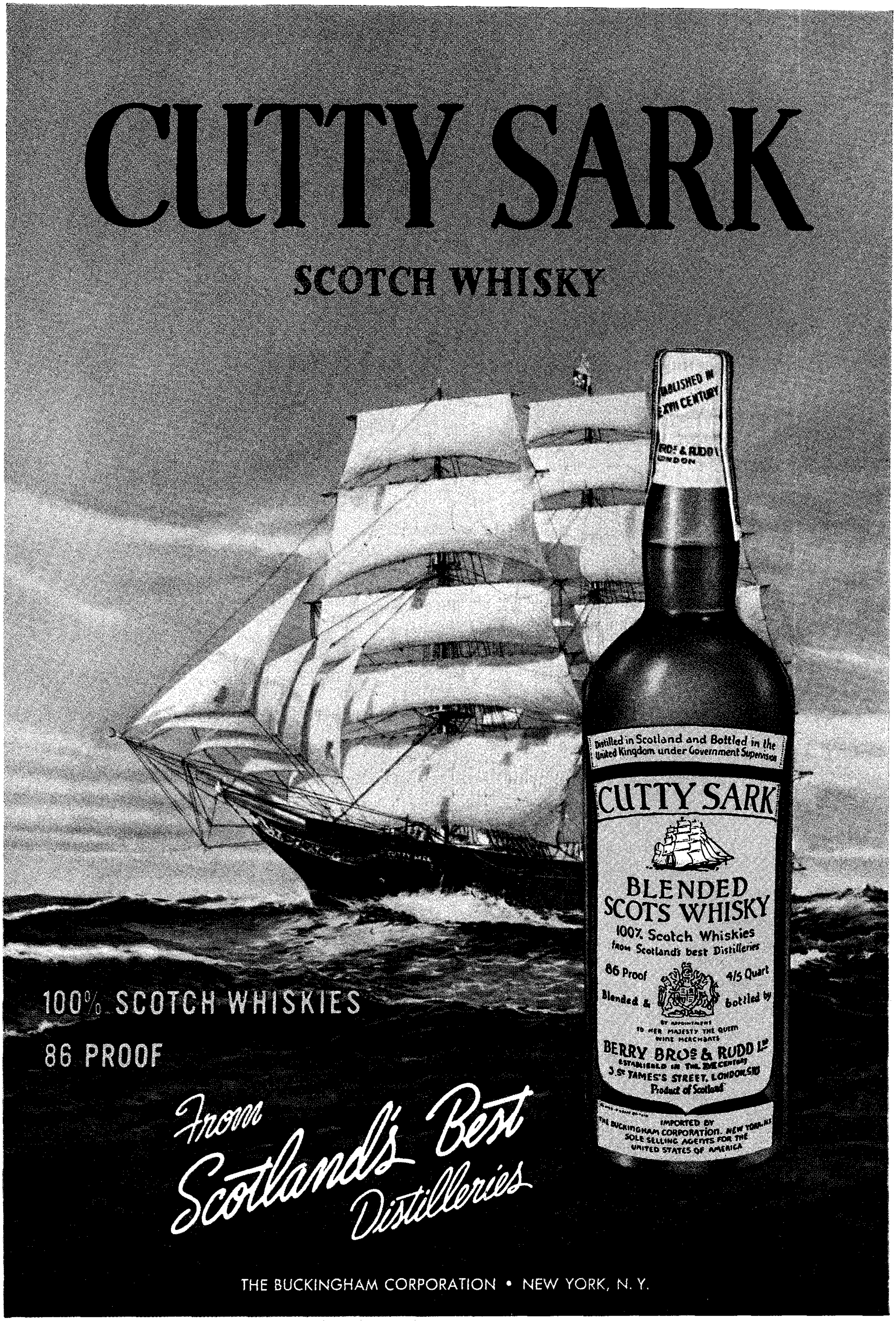
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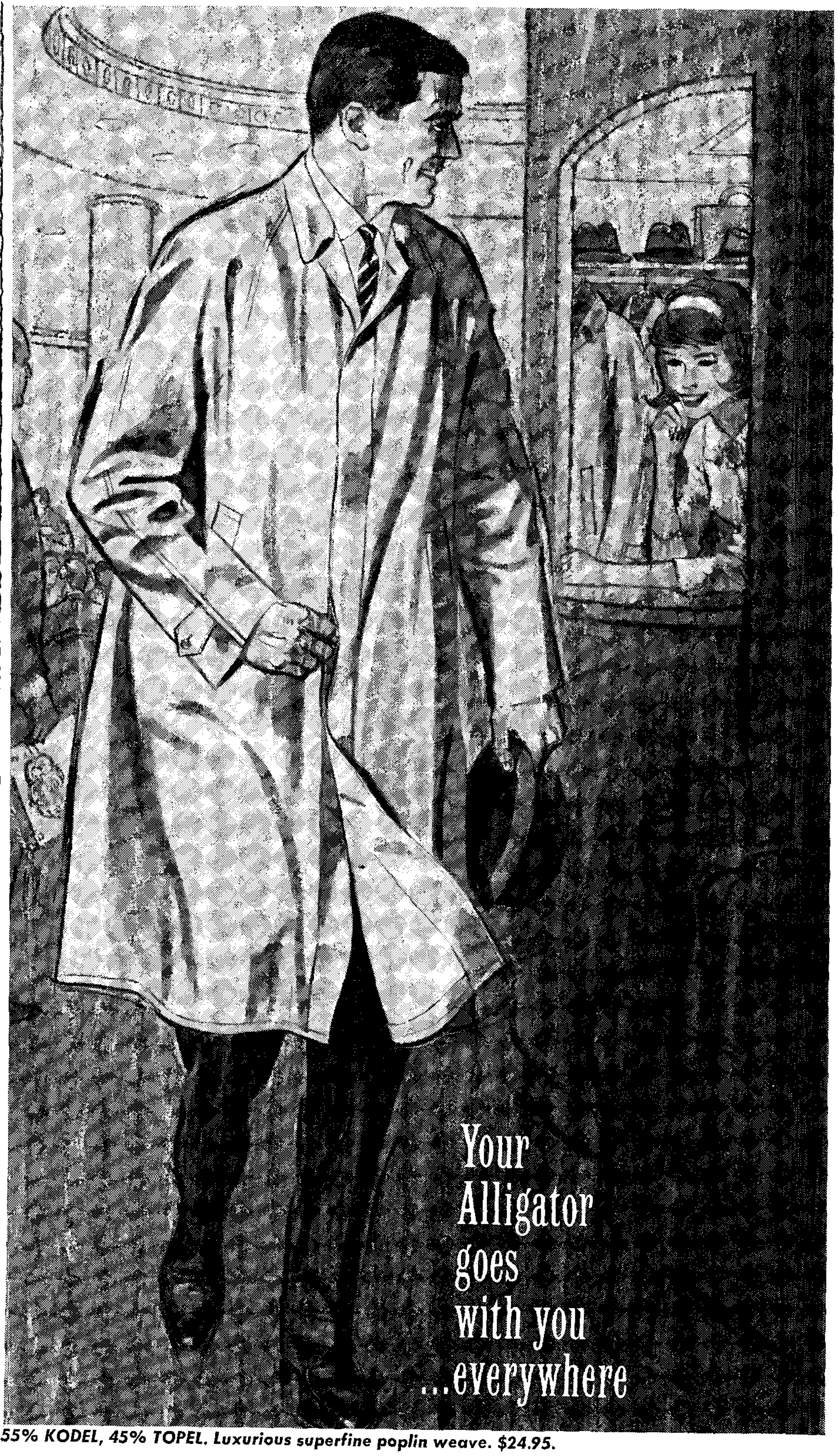
work with tribes already exposed to civilization, who actually need help more than the isolated ones. Help is naturally regarded by the clergy as secondary to the salvation of souls, and in most cases the missionaries eventually yield to the urge to move on to more dramatic work, leaving a now vulnerable tribe to the mercies of traders and settlers. How long the Indian soul stays "saved," under the circumstances, is a question difficult to answer, but a missionary I talked with elsewhere told me of a tribe on the Tocantins River that, over the years, has had such a succession of proselytizers, both Catholic and Protestant, squabbling over its souls that it can no longer tell one faith from another; as a result, it has become cynical and indifferent to the lot, assuming that the missionary of the moment will in the end forsake it, like all the rest. In any case, for whatever reasons, the Indians of South America (the large agricultural civilizations of the Andes excepted) continue to decline in number. In 1845, there were believed to be a hundred thousand Carajás, but half a century later these had been reduced to about ten thousand, and today there are at most two thousand. This is probably about the average rate of decline for the jungle tribes of South America, many of which are already extinct.

At present, however, according to Austel, the Carajás are holding their own, and even perhaps increasing. Formerly, they were nomadic river families and groups, depending almost exclusively on fish, which they shot with arrows, harpooned (in the case of the huge *pirarucú*), or poisoned with a highly toxic powder made from a jungle vine; they also hunted wild pig, turtles, and birds. The missionaries have encouraged the Carajás to start vegetable plantations, and the Indians grow their own manioc, squash, corn, sweet potatoes, and bananas, all of which are supplemented by the fruit of such wild trees as the *cajá* and the *jatobá;* they have made a beginning at raising their own cattle—the scrubby Brahman cross that does well in the jungle lowlands.

My first afternoon at Macaúba, I went to see the Indian plantations and the jungle. The forest of Goiás and Mato Grosso is not true rain forest, for the trees here are not enormous, nor do they form a solid canopy above; they are woods. ("Mato Grosso" means "thick woods," but even this isn't always correct, since much of that state, like much of Goiás, is wild, grassy range country, supporting scattered shrubs and bushes.) A hundred miles to the north of



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Bananal, in the state of Pará, the trees on the riverbanks are taller, spreading gradually to unbroken rain forest. Nevertheless, the forest at Macaúba is impressive. There is a variety of palms, including one called the *macaúba;* there are also the lumber tree known as cedar (actually Spanish mahogany); the *landi*, which is hollowed out to make canoes; and the rare brazilwood tree, whose nuts were formerly used to produce red dye and for which the country was originally named. On the ground, in open places where rocks of volcanic aspect protrude through the thin soil, there is a pretty weed with small purple flowers, like clover; though the plant is not an insect-eating one, nor is it otherwise endowed with strange attributes, its leaves are sensitive to the slightest touch, which causes the whole thing to fold in upon itself and swoon dead away. It comes around again in a little while, but the most delicate passage of a cat would leave a clear wake of bent brown stems among the green vegetation.

The bird life on Bananal Island, as on the Amazon to the north of it, is complex and colorful, and the air is never empty of bird sound, interweaving in a kind of counterpoint with the chant of tree frogs and cicadas. The call of a black bird with a bright reddish beak had a sudden, strange melodic ring, and I noticed especially a dark, striking blue-and-green parrot; a dark flycatcher, white-bellied and scissor-tailed; another dark flycatcher with a white head stuck onto its body like a ping-pong ball; and an emerald-backed and rufous-bellied bird, white-chinned and long-beaked, luminescent as a hummingbird. This bird, I believe, is one of the motmots.

But the remarkable thing on Bananal is the variety of biting insects, especially ants. There are large flat-headed black ants, and large black ants with both pincers and tail sting (these are apparently cannibalistic, and can be seen on all the trails, sometimes in threes, in silent, murderous struggle), and leaf-cutting ants, and small black ants, red ants, and white ants. The red ants include the fire ants, a few of which, at the suggestion of my missionary companion, I placed experimentally on my hand. Immediately, with a rare unison of ill temper, little bodies all doubled up with the effort, they drove their stings into my skin, producing the sensation that gives them their name. Later, we kicked open a large termite mound that was under attack by fire ants; the latter roamed up and down the exposed tunnels, seizing and making off with the large bodies of their pale relatives. A

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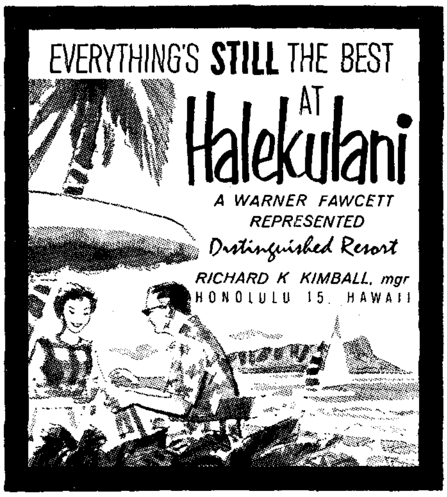
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final kick or two we delivered at the base of the mound brought the fire ants out in awesome swarms; they resembled a red foam, tumbling over one another and pouring down and around the sides of the mound in search of their tormentors. As they fanned out into the grass, we retreated. There were also an imposing blue hornet, some bees and ticks, and the remorseless mosquitoes and *borrachudos*—tiny black flies that leave dark pinpoints of blood on the surface of the skin.

Of poisonous snakes the island has very few, but the *onça*, or jaguar, is common here (Tom Pope, who is Austel's missionary partner at Macaúba, had seen one on the riverbank a few days before we arrived), as are deer, capybara, and peccary. A common fish, in its black, white, and red-throated varieties, is the piranha, and my experience at Macaúba strongly supports the prevailing theory that this creature almost never attacks except when the water contains blood or other evidence of a wound. The whites and Indians swim freely in the river and later catch piranha in the same place they have swum. I caught a pugnacious, toothy specimen of about two pounds in the exact spot where I had dived five minutes before, and a moment later I caught a second, smaller one. The following afternoon, we went swimming there again. Austel's younger son remained in the water with the other children after the grownups had come out. Suddenly we heard him scream. There had been a cut, nearly healed, on one of his thumbs; he was now rushed from the water with that thumb severely bitten by a piranha.

THERE are two other Carajá *aldeas* near Macaúba, and we visited these one afternoon in the mission launch, a long outboard-powered craft built by the Indians. One village, consisting of three huts, lies on a high sand beach on one of the river islands, and the other, slightly larger, lies on the far shore of the Araguaia; behind the second, low mountains rise out of the wet savanna. This village exists under the protection of the Brazilians in a nearby Mato Grosso frontier settlement, because the region is dominated by the fierce Cayapós, of whom the Carajás are terrified, and who fight both with the Brazilians and with another people of the area—the notorious Xavantes. (This "x" is pronounced "ch," and so is the "t;" hence, "Chavanchees.") The Cayapós and the Xavantes are alike in that both were driven out of eastern Brazil (just as the Delawares, in North

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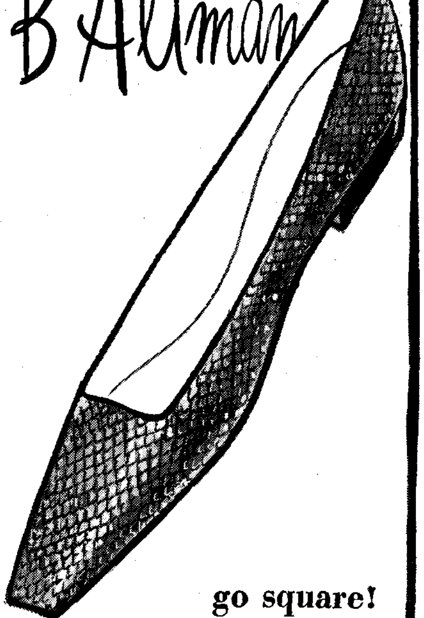

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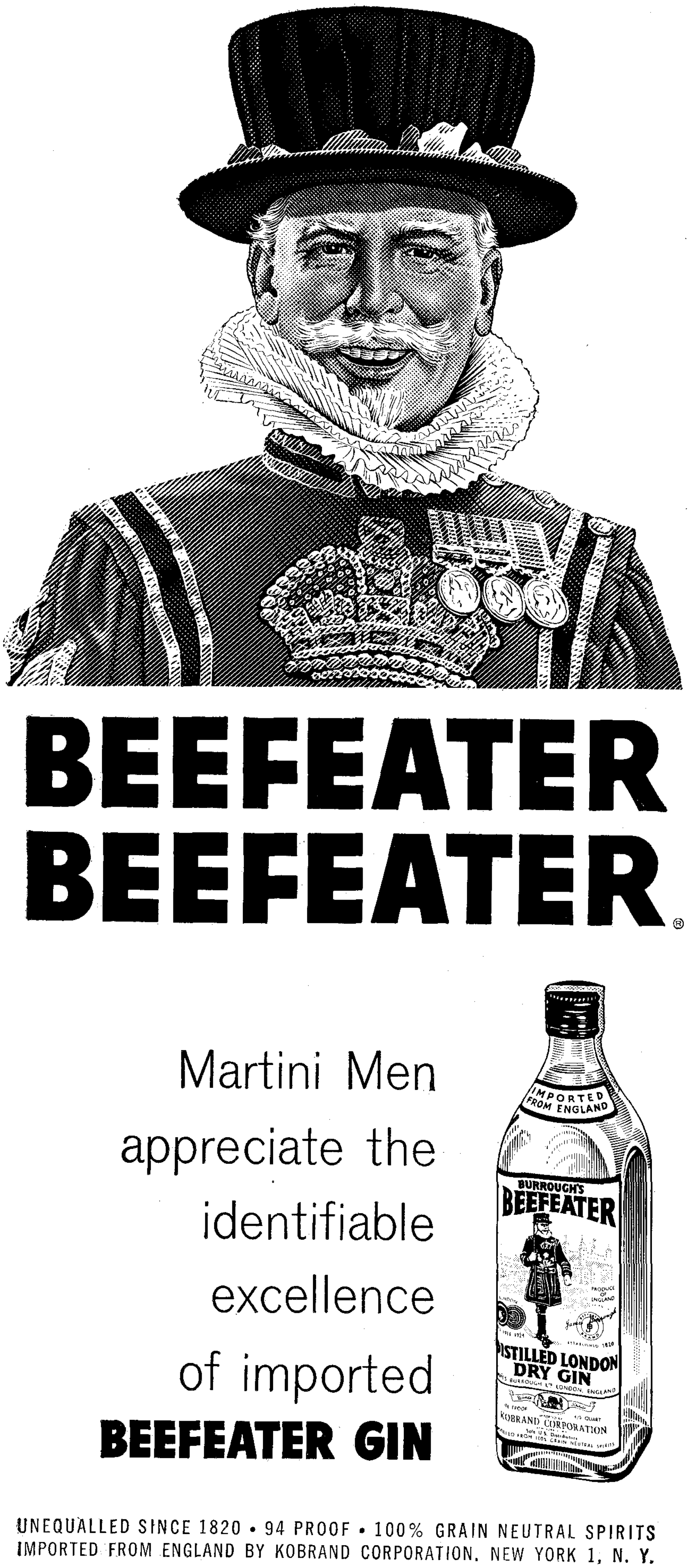
America, were driven west of the Mississippi, where they became horsemen of the plains). The two tribes are also alike in that they are shot down frequently by the local frontiersmen, not altogether without cause; only a few years ago, an Indian raiding party wiped out an entire family of settlers who had been friendly to them, and skirmishes continue. The fine Brazilian law prohibiting the killing of Indians for any reason (I say "fine" because it is precocious for South America, where the majority of governments, officially or otherwise, still exterminate Indians who become a nuisance) is generally disregarded, despite the fact that the crime of killing an Indian is far more serious than the crime of killing a Brazilian.

Otto Austel, who is devoted to the Indians, is also sympathetic to the settlers. They are the pioneers, the *bandéirantes*, of Brazil, yet apparently they receive little or no coöperation from the government, being treated as squatters and even outlaws—which, of course, many of them are. One morning on the trail, we talked with a handsome, booted Brazilian who freely admitted to being a wanted killer (though it must be remembered that the term "killer" in these parts describes a fair percentage of the male population). In any case, the settlers move civilization forward at great risk and hardship, only to be ousted later by legal owners of the land, who take it over when it has been cleared and developed. The previous settlers then move farther into northern Mato Grosso, which is still all but uninhabited.

Inevitably, the frontier settlement in Mato Grosso across the river from Macaúba, with its traders and its alcohol, is rather troublesome to the American missionaries. The Carajás have the traditionally low tolerance of their race for alcohol, and wander readily from the paths of righteousness. On most occasions, though, trouble in the *aldea* is caused by Indians who don't live there. One night while we were standing on the bank, an Indian appeared in a canoe from across the river and announced his intention of killing his wife, who had fled to her family on the Macaúba side and whom he wanted back, dead or alive. Being badly outnumbered by the men of the *aldea*, he lay smiling oddly in the stern of the canoe, his rifle in front of him, until such time as he was invited, or became drunk enough—he had a bottle of *pinga* in his hand—to venture ashore. By custom, the senior female of a household is obliged to invite a visitor ashore, to carry his rifle for him, and to lead the way for him. It was



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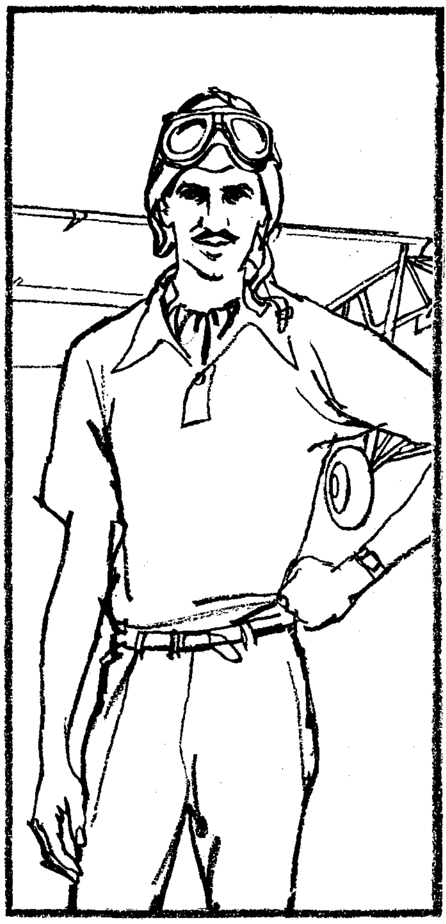

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plain that the man meant to come ashore sooner or later, and the *aldea* was very uneasy. It was decided to invite him, and an old woman approached the canoe and took up his rifle. At this point, Austel and Pope—although they let the Indians settle their own affairs whenever possible—decided to intervene. Austel, who knew the interloper from previous encounters, approached him as he came ashore. Hugging and cajoling him, Austel confiscated a stiletto and—after a brief struggle by the Indian, who managed to down a hasty last snort—the bottle. Then Austel took the rifle from the woman, promising to return it and the man's other possessions whenever he decided to leave. At this point, Pope placed a very large arm, both comforting and restraining, on the Indian's shoulders. He stayed with the visitor until later in the evening, when the Indian sobered and was persuaded to depart.

The village is much more upset by even the faintest prospect of attack by the Cayapós; according to the Carajás' own accounts of famous Cayapó-Carajá battles, the Carajás invariably lose, and they see no reason why things should ever be any different. Actually, a skirmish these days would be most unlikely; though there are periodic alarms, probably baseless, there has not been a battle for years. The Cayapós do not use canoes, and would have to swim across from the Mato Grosso side of the river to Bananal fully armed, eluding the vigilance of the numerous and noisy araras and dogs. Should they have to retreat, they would be wiped out in the water by Carajá weapons. On the other hand, the Cayapós fight to gain prestige, and they welcome a disadvantage; they rarely attack when they have the upper hand, and they prefer open combat, declared in advance.

One night, George Glass showed the Indians color slides, including several shots of themselves. The latter they took in their stride, giggling a little, after which they gazed admiringly, for the first time in their lives, at pictures of cities, of the sea, and of an ocean liner, all identified for them by Otto Austel. But, curiously, they were affected most by pictures of wild animals and birds—the egrets, ocelots, and monkeys with which they were familiar. Several men jumped up and pantomimed drawing the bow and arrow, aiming at the screen, and the rest softly called their strange cry, which can be heard great distances through the forest—*coo-ee-ee*—or hooted their rich, infectious laughter.

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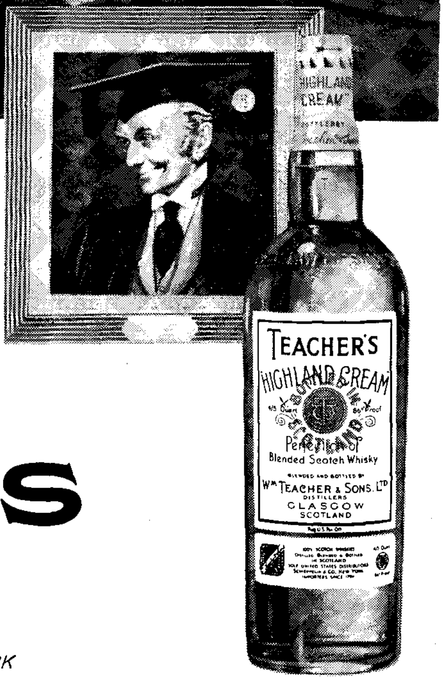
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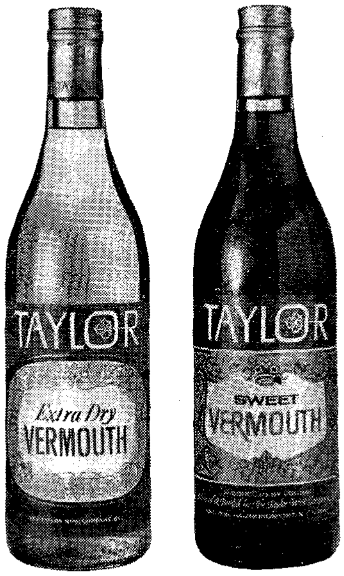

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moon, two Indian men demonstrated their festival dances. They wore costumes of straw surmounted by very tall, eyeless masks worn like hats, so that their figures seemed huge and faceless, blind. Straw scraping and bare feet slapping on the bare mud, gourd rattles in their hands, they tottered and heaved in time with each other, up and down, up and down, bumping and shuffling and uttering unearthly groans, the steps changing with several changes of costume. They represented spirits, both beneficent and malign, and the huge apparitions were intended to frighten the women of the tribe and keep them in their place. While few Indians still take the spirits as seriously as they once did, the men are as foolish about their lodge and its rituals as are our American joiners. Their taboos, however, are more severe; women who venture near the costume lodge are punished by multiple rape, and a dancer who lets his human identity be known may be put to death, though he is let off if his sister will offer herself to all the medicine men.

The dancers this evening were both converts to Christianity, and while Austel said that the tribe now sometimes jokes about the whole medicine-man business, one had to wonder. If the odd, fervid groaning and shuffling of the straw giants in the jungle clearing, against a dim palm hut and black wall of trees, stirred a certain primordial dread and exaltation in a hard-eyed modern like myself, what must they do to people who, until quite recently, lived in the world of darkness and inarticulate fears that these figures represented? The Indians' superstitions, after all—and I hope my missionary friends at Macaúba will forgive me—may not be any more incredible than the miracles the Indians are asked to accept instead, though the airplane and penicillin have made the evangelists the greatest medicine men who ever lived.

NEXT morning, George Glass, the Templetons, and I took off for the return trip to Goiânia. We crossed the northern half of Bananal Island, glimpsing a few whirring bands of parrots, the tireless urubus, and the sharp white outlines of egrets and storks. The mainland terrain here was similar to that of the island—a great meadow with soft woods and streams, very peaceful in appearance from four thousand feet. But when Glass slid the plane down to give me a better look, a chaotic tangle could be seen in the vines and trees, and the meadow became marshes and morose bogs. This is the country of the savage Canueiras, who are said to

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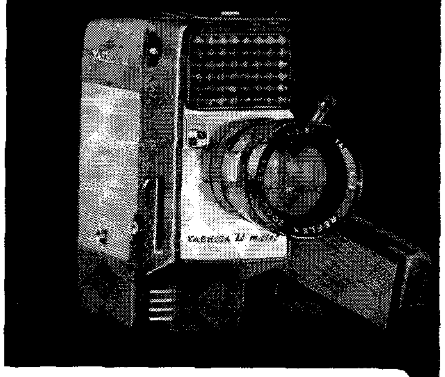

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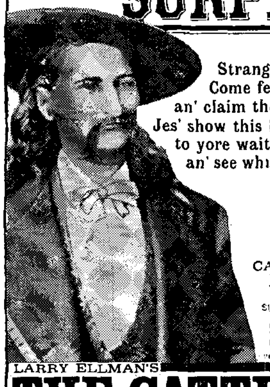

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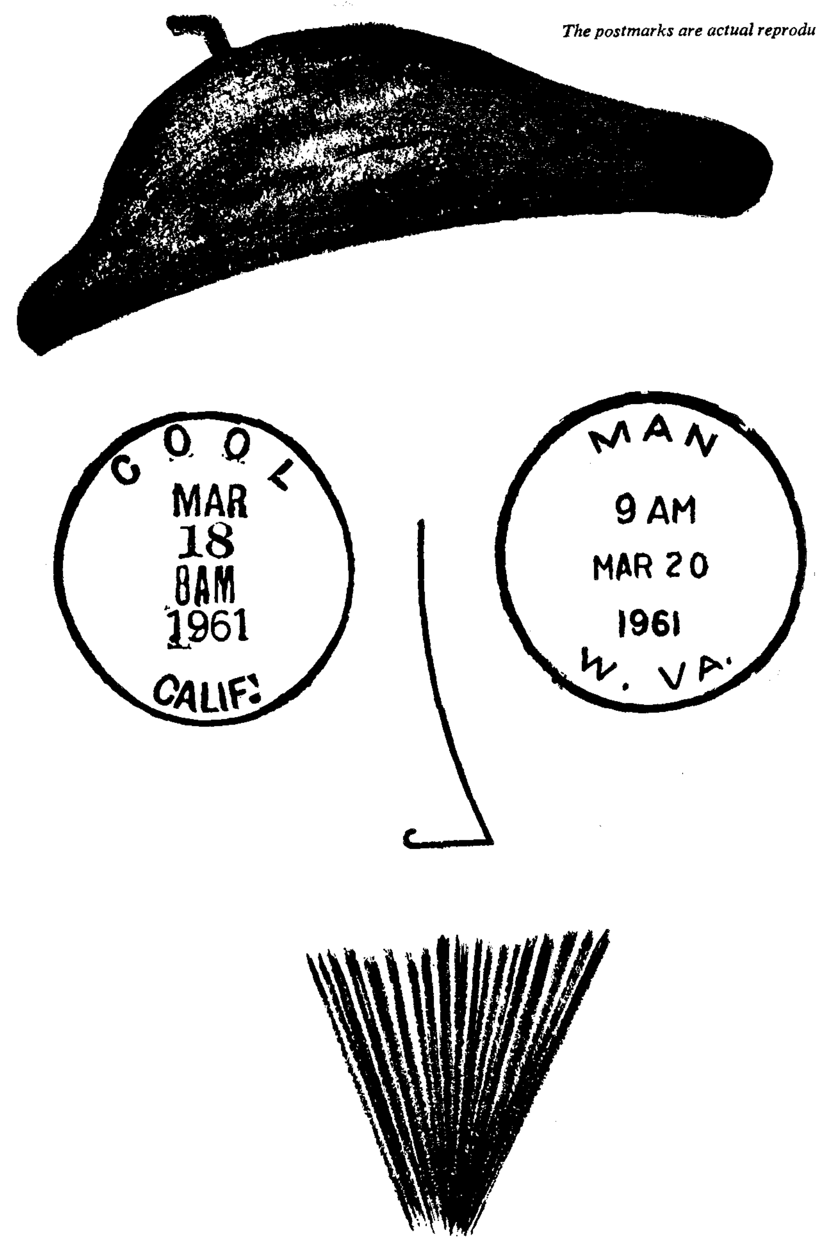
kill whites and strange Indians on sight. Though Glass had flown this route before, he had never seen a trace of these Indians, and we watched avidly for a clearing, a hut, or a trace of smoke. And then we saw something—a crude plantation hacked out of the jungle at the edge of a slough. Behind it, deep in the trees, a large hut stood, almost hidden, and, at the plantation's edge, two ragged shelters. The hut was well thatched, and obviously inhabited. Several times, Glass buzzed it closely, but nothing moved. This lifelessness, indicating the flight of the inhabitants into the trees, together with the hut's location and the absence of visible trails, strongly suggested Canueiras; a lone Brazilian settler would be adventurous indeed to invade Canueira territory, and certainly he—or his family, if he were absent—would come out and wave at a low plane. But there was nothing, only a breathless stillness, silence, above the dry hum of the airplane, as if the jungle here were petrified. And it occurred to me that the dread Canueiras, terrifying to the Javahés, kill on sight not because they are warlike, as are the Cayapós, but because they are terrified themselves. Nevertheless, I kept an attentive ear on the plane's engine, not being eager to terrify them further by a forced landing.

"Wait until I tell Otto Austel and Tom Pope about this," Glass said. He went on to say that Pope in particular wanted to try to get in touch with the Canueiras, and I could not help thinking how similar Pope seemed to the five American missionaries who had been killed by the Aucas a few years before, in Ecuador. I had read an account of that episode by one of the dead missionaries' wives; how moving, and yet how exasperating, that account was, as it described the faith which carried the missionaries far beyond the limits of courage and adventurousness, which made them, in the most literal sense, damned fools.

We landed at a small airfield to take on gasoline, and a breakfast of coffee and bananas, and then we flew south, climbing up beyond the lowlands and striking a violent rainstorm, whose squalls stood like pillars of pale marble across a ruined landscape. The squalls surrounded the plane quite suddenly, and a clatter of hail seemed to beat it toward the earth. But the plane fought clear after detouring to the westward; now we were over the rough cattle ranges of Goiás. An ostrich, looking large as a deer from above, passed between two trees. Yellow bellflowers of the ipé tree speckled the harmonies of green, and tall buriti palms, with



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their short fronds, stalked down the grassy watercourses. But the marks of this country are huge smooth black boulders that spring from the earth, some flat in the grass, others looming out above the trees in the small woods like the backs of wet elephants. Ahead, the low mountains of the *planalto* formed in the clouds. Glass gave me the controls of the plane, and I steered her south uncertainly toward Goiânia, unable to get that one hut in the Canueira country out of my mind.

THE next day, it was raining across Goiás. At Goiânia, I said goodbye to Glass and the Templetons and prepared to head westward on the first leg of a trip to Bolivia. I boarded a small Brazilian transport, which rode roughly over fields of clouds, sinking down again into the swirl just east of the Araguaia. The plateau here was broken by remarkable ponds, a series of them identically shaped like tears, and then the Araguaia, narrow and turgid, wound off northward through the rain toward Bananal, the Amazon, and the sea. This plateau is the Serra das Divisões, which forms a sort of east-west continental divide; the headwaters of its many streams are often but a few miles apart, yet those on the north side end in the Amazon, those to the south in the Paraná and the Paraguay and, eventually, the River Plate. Soon the plane dropped down onto a tiny airstrip, the first scenic attraction of which, visible just as our wheels touched the mud runway, was the wreck of another plane very similar to our own. A minute later, we were waved into place before a humble terminal by a barefoot ground-crew man. The next airstrip, in Mato Grosso, had no ground crew at all, and its terminal building was a hut of daub and wattle. My memories of this place are two—a pair of small owls looking like quail, which I startled from a bush by the runway, and the takeoff procedure of our Brazilian pilot, a gay sort of fellow who kept the two-engined plane less than fifty feet from the ground, buzzing and swerving for several miles across the roughest kind of upland country. Terror was general among the passengers, but as I speak practically no Portuguese and the rest were country-people, already bewildered by their trip, no one dared say a thing.

We were now well into Mato Grosso, and the nondescript mountains of Goiás were changing rapidly to buttes and tablelands, pinnacles and escarpments—formations of the sort that one expects to be bleak and rocky but that here were wooded. After landing at

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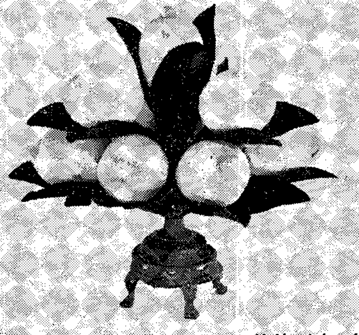

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Cuiabá, the capital of Mato Grosso, we flew on to the village of Cáceres, on the Paraguay River. From there, the plane headed due south to its final destination at Corumbá, on the Bolivian border. (In Spanish, the names of all these three last-mentioned places would be accented on the second syllable, but in Portuguese two are accented on the last syllable and one is accented on the first; this is one of the least important reasons why Spanish and Portuguese, quite similar when read, are actually so difficult to reconcile. If one's Spanish is precarious, which mine is, one should not risk losing it altogether by attempting to speak Portuguese. With the solitary exception of saying *obrigado*, meaning "thank you," the thing to do in Brazil is to go right on speaking your wretched Spanish as if you imagined it was the native tongue, thus keeping your opponent on the defensive. With a little sign language to help him out, the Brazilian will get enough of what you say to help you keep from starving to death, and his gargled responses—the intonations sounded to me like those of a person angered while eating macaroons—will be a total loss in any case.)

South of Cáceres, the *planalto* dies in a series of steep ridges, narrow at the base, like man-made walls. These, in turn, sink into the Pantanál, a great marsh, which, surrounding the upper Paraguay, extends from three to four hundred miles north and south and nearly two hundred east and west; while most of it lies in Brazil, it overflows into eastern Bolivia and northeastern Paraguay as well. This would seem to make it the greatest fresh-water marsh in all the world. In any case, it is a remarkable place, so remarkable that its lack of fame seems astonishing. A tourist bureau, I suppose, might hesitate to recommend a swamp, and especially a swamp that lies a considerable distance from the beaten track. Nevertheless, it is worth going out of one's way to see, for it is a natural phenomenon quite as beautiful as high mountains or rocky seacoast. Or at least it is beautiful in the rainy season, when the waters are high enough to create the swamp but not so high as to make an inland sea. Because the Pantanál absorbs a hundred streams, the water is kept moving; it is clear, a gleaming black, free of stagnant algae and miasmic slimes. The grasses of the savannas are a fierce, fresh green, as are the beds of floating plants, looking from the air like dense water hyacinth. The stretches of grass are broken by shady islets of pretty trees, neat canals running among the water plants, ponds that open into lakes, and, rising out of

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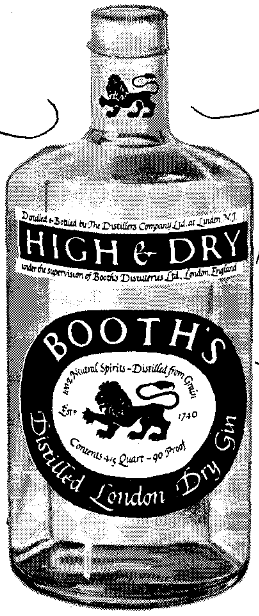

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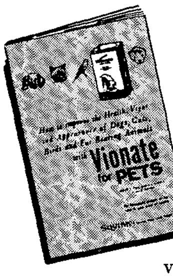

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the lakes, farther to the south, the blue hills of low ridges—everything in harmony and in place, without the usual swamp clutter and decay, under the bright sun of the central continent. The Pantanál is trim as a deer park, and looks infinitely hospitable, though it is not; it is trackless and fiercely hot, and it abounds in insects, piranhas, and large caymans. Its high ground, in the dry season, supports cattle (the region produces quantities of the South American dried beef called *charque*), but otherwise the area is inhabited most notably by jaguars.

As the plane passed over a village, pinched between water and mountains, on the edge of the Pantanál, the pilot, who was flying low, hurled the inhabitants a roll of newspapers. We were near the Bolivian border, and at one point, as we crossed an outcropping of dense, hilly jungle, I wondered whether any white man had ever come here, and whether the area supported a community of Indians. There is still so much in South America that nobody really knows; a completely unknown tribe was discovered in Brazil only a few years ago, and there may be others.

The Paraguay rolled south in big soft bends, sculpting the marsh inlets and canals. At Corumbá, its low bank rose to a bluff, and the pastel town, its cleanliness and bright demeanor quite as unexpected as the Pantanál, gazed northward across a shining wilderness.

FROM Corumbá, travel westward across the jungles toward the nearest major town in Bolivia, Santa Cruz de la Sierra, is decidedly a sometime thing. Once a week there is a train, but the week I was there it had left the day before I arrived. Most maps of South America, including my own, show a road to Santa Cruz de la Sierra, but in fact no road exists. Why a map should show a nonexistent road is beside the point. One may as well ask why the two competing movie houses in Corumbá were showing the same film during my visit; or why the Bolivian consul there made me pay dearly for a visa stamp in my passport, though his colleague at Guaqui, when I had visited Bolivia only two months before, had required no visa at all; or why I was told that, in order to catch a plane leaving for Santa Cruz at eight in the morning, from an airfield less than four minutes from town, I had to be picked up at the hotel at six. Though I should have known better by this

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time, I questioned the logic of the last, and immediately the whole airline office became extremely excited and upset, as if I were some sort of anarchist. "*Aduana, aduana!*" everyone shouted, rushing forward to the counter. The word (one of the few in Portuguese that I recognize), I knew, meant "customs," but I also knew that checking one's baggage through customs, outward bound, is never more than a five-minute affair in Brazil. Nevertheless, for fear of being stranded longer in Corumbá—the same fear that made me permit the Bolivian consul to pocket my cruzeiros—I rose next morning at five-thirty and stood waiting at the hotel door at six, in need of coffee. By seven, I knew, my bag would have been checked through customs, and I would then wait from two to twenty-four hours for the departure of the plane, which would depend less on the machine's state of repair than on the number of passengers available. Flights in South America are stalled off for hours, and at times cancelled altogether—as this one finally was on this particular day—with the most absurd excuses given, when the airport manager considers the number of passengers insufficient. This protocol is invariable and inflexible throughout the continent, where the punishment of airline passengers is, if possible, even more cruel and unusual than that inflicted in the United States—except that after a while the senselessness of it all is no longer infuriating; one becomes stolid and resigned as a dray horse, aware that any infusion of logic, honesty, or efficiency would create a chaos impossible to imagine. The following morning, the airline, unable to find further excuses for delay, allowed my plane to take off, and soon I was flying over the vast, unbroken green—no visible rivers or streams, no water of any kind in sight—of a jungle desert. This is the edge of the Gran Chaco, a low forest that begins in central Bolivia and marches all the way across Paraguay and then southward hundreds of miles into the Argentine.

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "Possible Worlds," by J. B. S. Haldane, Harper, 1928*]

But unless atomic energy can be tapped, which is wildly unlikely, we know that it will never be possible to box up very much more rapidly available energy in a given place than we can already box up in a high explosive shell. . . . I think therefore that the odds are slightly against such a catastrophic end of civilization.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fun in Love

...EIGHT, nine, ten. I will try to be calm. I will leave unuttered all but the most importunate superlatives. For I am perfectly aware that if I go as far in my praise of a new French film, "The Joker," as "The Joker" deserves, it will be thought that I have gone too far. A touch of the sun, mere midsummer madness, will be said to explain my enthusiasm. Nothing of the kind; the weather plays no part in my admiration for Philippe de Broca, who directed and helped write the screenplay of "The Joker" and who became a hero of mine in the short, dark days of last November, when I saw his marvellous comedy "The Love Game." That enchanting little picture, which I've no doubt will be turning up here and there all over the world for the next thirty or forty years and is well worth keeping an eye out for, was hailed at the time as the first comedy of *la nouvelle vague*, but we can leave waves new or old out of it; enough to call it one of the few truly funny pictures of recent years—a precise, ribald, and apparently effortless study, executed in tearing high spirits, of young people in love, and a celebration of the act of love as the sovereign remedy for all men's ills.

M. de Broca, who is twenty-eight and therefore knows the advantages of being young without the disadvantage of having to look back at them from enemy country, studies the same subject and celebrates the same act in "The Joker" that he did in "The Love Game," but this time has been even more successful in devising a plot and setting worthy of his theme. His hero is, as they used to say in the two-reel comedies of long ago, the Young Man. Since he is very nearly the Young Man of "The Love Game," we are all the more grateful to find him played by the same brilliant actor—Jean-Pierre Cassel, who in body and spirit manages to reflect many of the attributes of both the early Chaplin and the early Keaton, but who remains entirely French and entirely contemporary. His capering Edouard is a daft, idle, tender, selfish, lustful little *mouche* of a man who will come to no good end, and knows it and doesn't

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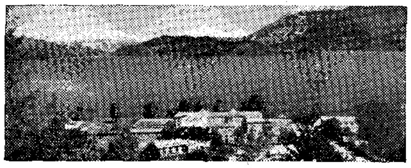

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care. Being already in possession of a handy secret about life—that *everybody* comes to a bad end—he is able to dismiss his distant fate with joy. Deeds of love are the measures of one's aliveness, and Edouard wishes to make love as naturally (and almost as incessantly) as he breathes. This ambition offers difficulties along with its rewards, and M. de Broca depicts them for us with such wit and charm that, from our first glimpse of a dapper figure scampering up through a skylight and over the rooftops of Paris, we become his creatures, helpless in our laughter, and tempted again and again to applaud a screen that can, after all, hear nothing.

The setting of "The Joker" is a bizarre house in Paris, occupied by a family of formidable eccentricity. Its head is Edouard's elderly uncle, who pads about with an Oriental rug on his shoulders and takes no small pleasure in observing, at unabashed close range, his nephew's conquests. Also present are Edouard's irascible brother, who earns a livelihood for the family by selling to newspapers photographs of the supposed last moments of illustrious dead men, like Socrates and Louis XIV; the brother's pretty wife, whom Edouard occasionally mistakes for his own property; a maid who seeks no privacy in her tiny garret; and two infant tokens of Edouard's philoprogenitiveness. Into this household Edouard brings a beautiful and austere woman, who unaccountably resists Edouard's ardor in favor of remaining faithful to a rich, dull husband. Will she eventually change her mind? If so, what will become of her in such surroundings and at the hands of such a lover? These two questions are enough to keep M. de Broca's gilded whirligig in motion and bring it to a graceful, ironic stop, and we take leave of all parties as if of so many new-found friends. We count on seeing them often in future, under equally delightful circumstances. Let's hope that M. de Broca is aware of his responsibilities in this respect and has a veritable Forsyte Saga of amorous dalliances in store for us.

Besides Jean-Pierre Cassel, the cast includes Palau, as Edouard's happily dotty uncle; Georges Wilson, as the hard-pressed brother; Geneviève Cluny, as the brother's wife; and Anouk Aimée, as the beautiful woman who hesitates to fall. My heartfelt compliments to each.

"VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA" isn't à la Jules Verne, as I expected, but à la sci-fi. I fear it isn't very *high* sci-fi, being often preposterous where it intends to be most convincing,

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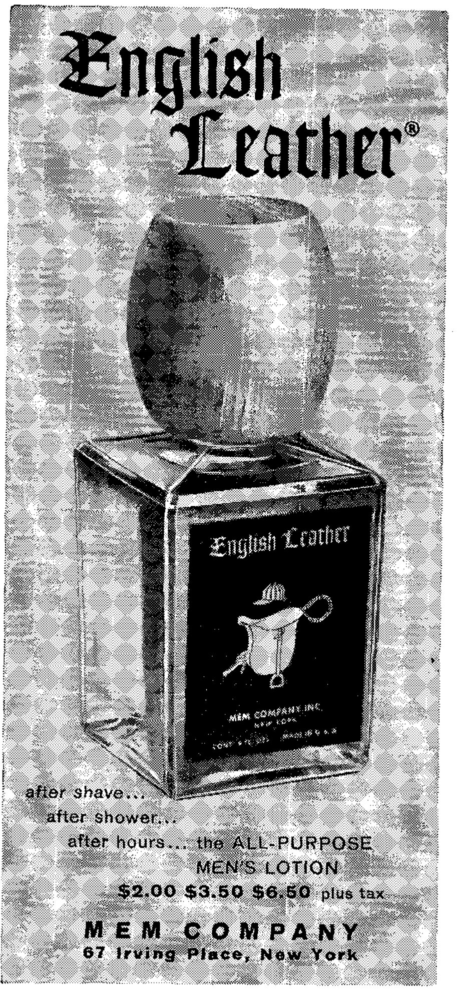

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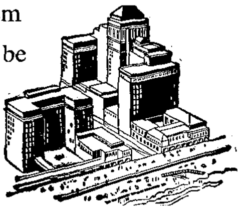

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but, like "Hamlet," it will do to take the children to on a rainy day. The Van Allen radiation belt—surely we all know what that is?—has caught fire and is slowly toasting the world to a crisp; a great scientist, Admiral Nelson, is cruising in an atomic submarine under the North Pole, and at once invents a means of exploding the Van Allen belt outward into space and thus quenching its flames. He must race to a certain point in the South Pacific in order to achieve this feat, and the plot of the movie consists largely of showing the multitude of vexing obstacles that get in his way. Since the Admiral is played by Walter Pidgeon, we know he will not fail. About halfway through "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," I had an uneasy feeling that for the first time in my life I might be watching a movie about life underwater in which a supernaturally gigantic squid didn't attack a ship, but, luckily, I was wrong. The squid came in on cue, attacked the submarine, and had to be disposed of by secret rays, of which, for security reasons, the less said the better. —BRENDAN GILL

•

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But you open the book of our fight for independence, and there he is on every page. You come to the part about the Boston Tea Party, and he's right in the thick of it. Paul Revere's Ride? That's to warn Hancock and his friend Sam Adams that the British are marching to Lexington. The Declaration of Independence? It's his own death warrant if he signs it. But he puts his name down, big and bold.

Then you think about it for a while and it makes good sense.

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Happens that we grew up near a glue factory.

•

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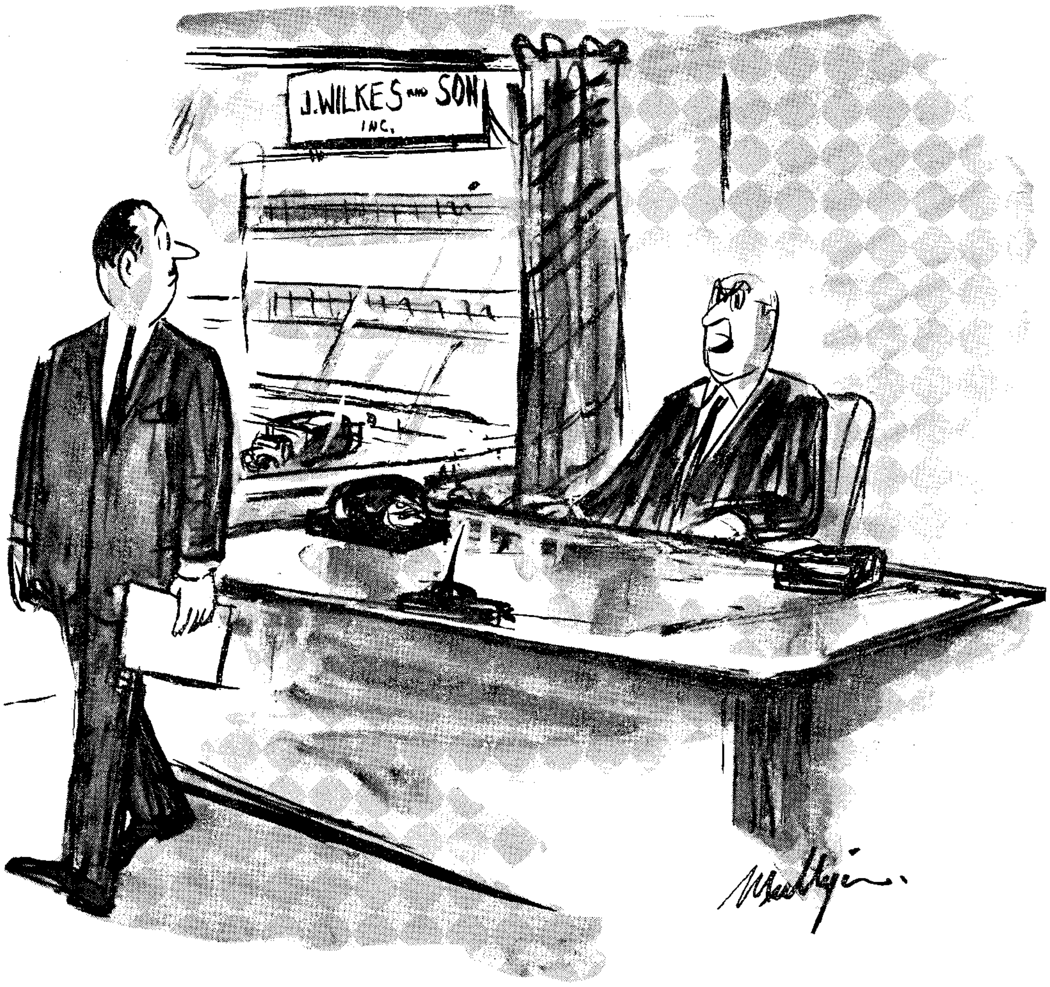
LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 1

THIS has been a week of great historical decision for Britain, though the Government's delivery of the news to Parliament, and Parliament's reception of it, was hardly pitched to inspire anyone. Yesterday, the Prime Minister made his long-expected, fateful announcement that the first steps are about to be taken toward crossing the immeasurable emotional gulf of the English Channel into membership in the European Economic Community of (at present) six mutually trading nations. He made it to a House of Commons divided—like opinion throughout the country—into those who feel that it is swim with Europe or sink in dignified but ineffectual independence offshore, and those who fear that Britain's entering the Common Market may mean the weakening, and possibly even the breakup, of the remarkable loose political arrangement of the British Commonwealth.

Because of the immense importance and controversial nature of the decision that the Prime Minister was going to announce, the flood of applications for every nook and cranny of seating accommodation in the House was the largest, according to harassed officials, since Suez drew the crowds to listen anxiously to the stormy sounds of Parliament in full dissent. From the gallery, where Ambassadors and High Commissioners sit, dark faces and white faces above European lounge suits (or, in one case, a picturesque voluminous blue robe) leaned forward intently as the Prime Minister rose to make what was surely the most supremely important announcement delivered to Parliament and the country since the outbreak of the Second World War. It seemed to be an occasion for ringing words, and it got none. Macmillan sounded and looked to many of us like a company chairman badly in need of a holiday who was putting over with infinite caution the idea of a merger that might or might not come off but would bring a lot of business if it did. This was a moment when a touch of Churchill would have made the whole House—and presumably listening Europe, too—feel conscious of its greatness as well as its perils. Instead, it seemed a halfhearted affair, cautious on all sides except for a forthright welcome from the Liberal Party leader, Mr. Grimond—the only party leader who spoke unmistakably warm words loud enough to be heard in Brussels, Paris, Rome, and the rest—and for one amazing personal outburst against the Prime Minister, which came from his own ranks. The Opposition front bench was carefully tepid in its comments, and so (with one exception) were the backbenchers, on both sides of the House, who have been giving angry advance notice in television debates and the correspondence columns of the *Times* of their strong abhorrence of Britain's going into Europe. Curiously, the extreme left wing of the Labour Party and the extreme right wing of the Conservative Party are, for once, united in this view—an especially odd one, it seems to many people, for the Socialists, who might have been expected to see the workers in Europe as a welcome band of brothers but who, on the contrary, have been stating their reasons for not getting mixed up with the fellows with the testy conservatism of a Briton deciding whether or not to bow to a foreigner staying in the same boarding house. The right-wing-Tory resistance-to-Europe group is concerned with how much national sovereignty Britain will be required to heave overboard if and when she enters the Common Market, and with the possible effects on the Commonwealth, and it may have a good deal of popular support on those lines. It was one of their number—Mr. Fell, the Member for Yarmouth—who made his sudden, astonishing interjection yesterday, visibly shaking with fury as he shouted to Mr. Macmillan that he refused to give way and sit down, and that he thought the Prime Minister was "a national disaster" who was gambling with national sovereignty and nearly seven hundred million Commonwealth souls and could now best serve the country by resigning. After this bellicose contribution—a good deal ruder, incidentally, than anything any of the Labour left-wing rebels ever addressed in public to Mr. Gaitskell at the height of the nuclear-disarmament controversy—



"And for God's sake stop calling me Papa!"

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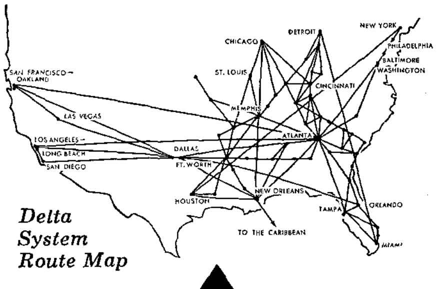

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it was no surprise to anyone this morning to see nestling in the Beaverbrook *Daily Express* an article by Mr. Fell expanding on these views, since Lord Beaverbrook's papers have long been gunning against the Common Market and all its works.

On two days this week, the Commons is to debate the Government motion putting forward its European intentions, and this may produce some speaking that rises more memorably to the historic moment, and may also clarify the issue somewhat for ordinary confused citizens. All that is abundantly clear to everybody now is that the national debate will have plenty of time to thrash up and down the country in the months of negotiations ahead. To many of the Prime Minister's listeners, indeed, the list of the parties who must, he stipulated, be satisfied by the terms of membership before Britain finally edges into the European club sounded formidable and all but impossible to win over, considering the loud protesting noises some of them have made in advance: the Commonwealth countries; the European Free Trade Association, to which Britain now belongs; British horticulture and agriculture, which have long opposed the idea; and, of course, the club committee of the six, who may blackball the application if it seems to carry too many safeguarding strings. Already, as samples of the trials and pressures to come for the Government, there are worried voices from special groups that see themselves or their products threatened by an influx of Continental goods and labor. Many people here seem to feel, however, that yesterday's disappointingly flat proceedings were, anyhow, the opening down-to-earth sentences of what had apparently been long regarded by a succession of British Governments as mere idealistic talk.

THERE is no doubt that the Government's announcement last Tuesday of the country's bad economic fix and of the unpopular measures that citizens must accept in order to right it was immediately seen by the financial experts as the first act of the Common Market drama, with the second act obviously going to follow six days later, when the Prime Minister, in his statement on Europe, would fill in the gaps that Chancellor Selwyn Lloyd pointedly did not cover. In the noisy, embittered debate that followed Mr. Lloyd's presentation of his interim "little budget"—with the House resounding to the mocking, classic invitation "Resign! Resign!" chanted from the Opposition

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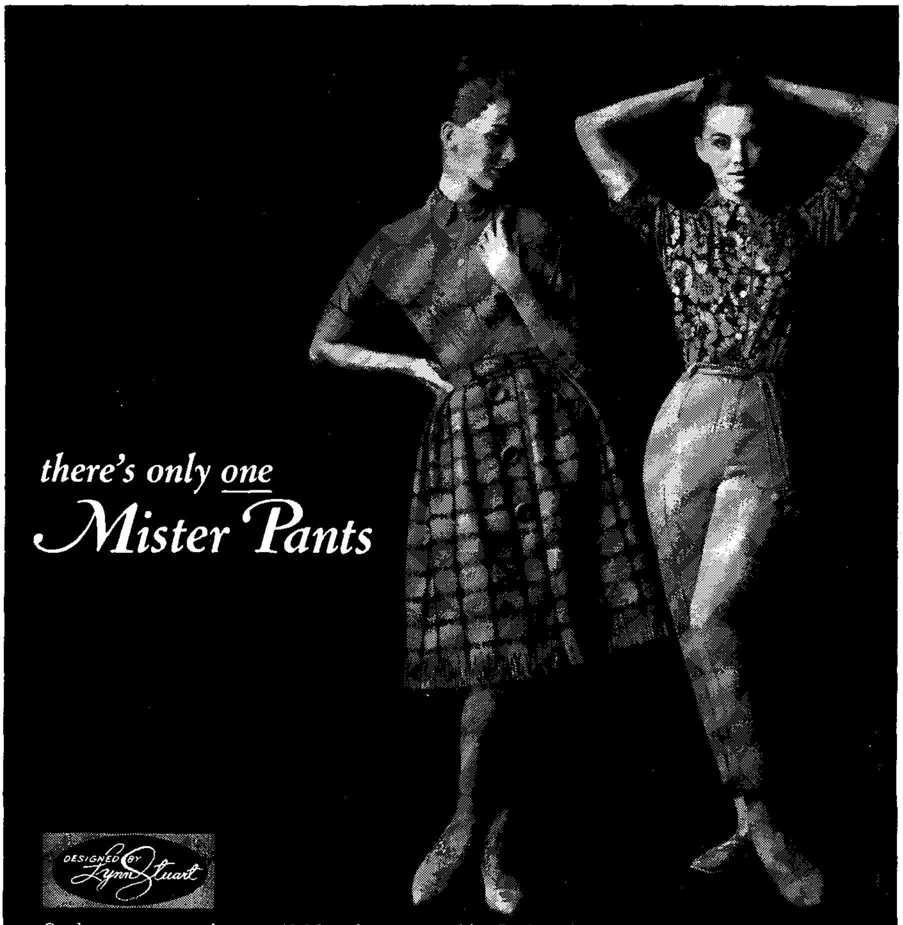
benches—critical M.P.s demanded to know how the Chancellor's program of raising the purchase tax and excise duties and trying to stop the customers' spending was going to help flagging exports, which are the principal reason for the national bad news. While the air rang with the angry complaints of those pinched or about to be pinched by the Chancellor's new squeeze on home spending, his firm raising of the bank rate by two notches—to a thumping seven per cent—immediately had the desired effect of strengthening the pound abroad. It had been raised to that figure in 1957 by the last Chancellor but one, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, who later resigned when his Cabinet colleagues disagreed with his analysis of the harsh economic facts of life facing this country and his means of tackling them. He was back on the front bench last week (he is now Minister of Aviation) to sit poker-faced and listen to Mr. Lloyd proving him right, as very many thoughtful citizens had felt he was four years ago. Far more suitably—having always been a keen European man—he is tipped as the Minister likely to be appointed to put through the British end of the negotiations with the Common Market.

In the economic debate, Labour Members made much ironic play, naturally, with Mr. Macmillan's party slogan, "You've never had it so good," which congratulatory, inelegant statement had hardly prepared the public, as the Socialists cuttingly pointed out, for the present crunch-down on credit, for paying more for a large number of things, including cars, gasoline, drinks, and cigarettes, and for an appeal to workers—which will be disregarded—to accept a voluntary "pause" in wage increases. It is probably fair to say that the economic crisis had hardly impinged on the consciousness of the man in the street before the prescribed correctives hit him smartly in the pocket. Until a few weeks ago, when the Government began to issue warnings that the country had been leading the life of Riley and not earning enough to square the national bookkeeping, most people were complacently unaware that anything was amiss, and the disagreeable truth was a shock. In reply to Mr. Lloyd's asking for a "pause" in the wages battle, the big trade unions did not pause an instant before informing him that raising the cost of living is no way to make men tuck pending wage claims back in their pockets, and that they will go ahead with them as though he had not uttered. A rain of strikes or threats of



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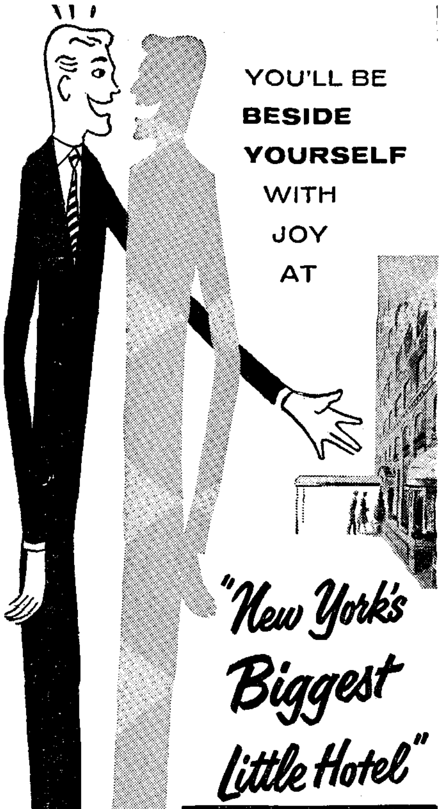

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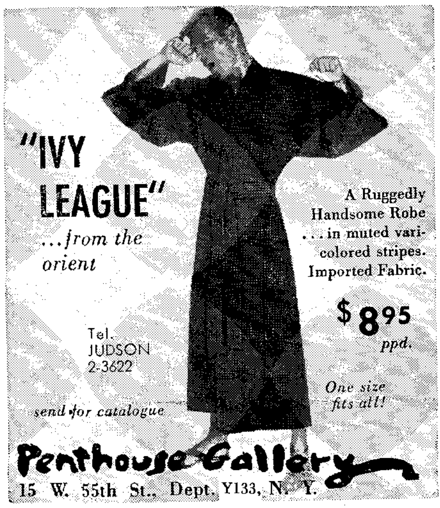

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strikes is thus forecast as this autumn and winter's depressing weather. The Chancellor singled out the teachers as the first of the public employees whose salaries (low anyway, as they and many sympathetic citizens consider) are to be put in the deep freeze as an example. The National Union of Teachers has also declared that it will go right on with salary negotiations that have been taking place and have resulted in some, but not all, of the better money it asked for, and the teachers talk of going out on strike as a final resort. It was probably an unwise choice of economies, angering teachers and parents and pleasing nobody, except possibly schoolchildren, who may get one or two unexpected holidays.

All in all, this was an exceptionally unpopular bunch of fiscal and monetary proposals. What particularly embittered the Opposition was that Mr. Lloyd merely promised to look around for a workable method (presumably to be introduced in his regular budget next spring) of bearing down on hitherto untaxed capital gains and the rich while right away asking the workers in industry to grit their teeth and accept wage restraints and clamping down on any increases in the pay of workers in the government services, who are hardly a section of the community rewarded at a rate that encourages the life of Riley. The concessions to the payers of surtax that the Chancellor handed out in his last budget, only three months ago, are still sticking in many less well-off taxpayers' throats, to judge by acrimonious remarks made in the Commons debate, and later by indignant citizens outside.

It was interesting that most of the Parliamentary uproar and the verbal drubbing last Tuesday was directed not at Mr. Lloyd but at Mr. Macmillan, as being the man who won the last general election by overpainting the handsome Conservative future—though possibly some people recall that Labour's own promises at the time were of materialistic felicity for all, with only sketchy hints of how it would be paid for. The latest newspaper public-opinion poll shows that the Prime Minister's popularity has slipped, along with that of his party, largely as a result of the new economic measures, to which will now be added the disapproval of those who reject the idea of the new step toward Europe. The wear and tear of office and of this anxious summer's events seem to have left marks of strain on Mr. Macmillan, it was noted by journalists who listened to his performance in the House yesterday. The Labour Party has so

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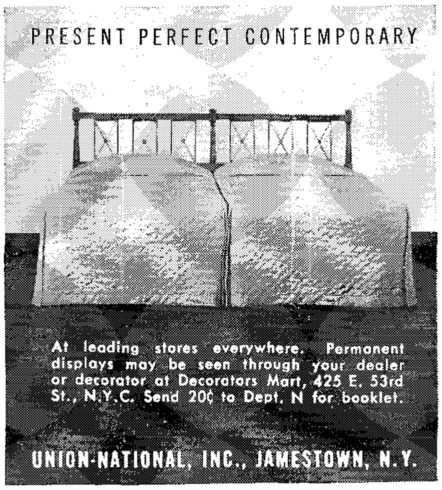

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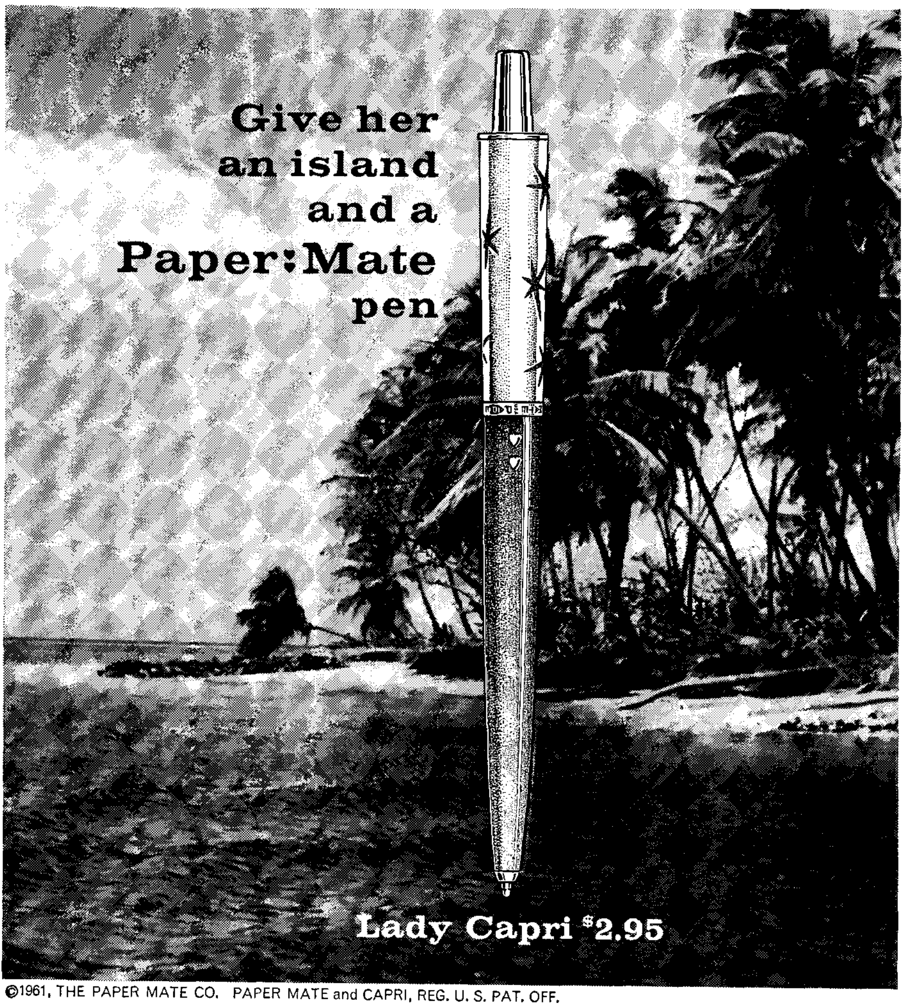
improved its position in the country as to be pretty well unrecognizable, and Mr. Gaitskell has just received a clear indication from the voting at the trade unions' conferences that the neutralists will be defeated at this October's annual Party conference at Blackpool. Some observers feel that if there were a general election now Labour would stand a very good chance of winning it. The most cheerful thing that the Conservatives can consolingly note at the moment is that though many of the Party rank and file may have lost confidence in the Government, they have not gained it overwhelmingly in either of the two other parties.

As an interesting change from its customary offering of Mozart and other classics, admirably produced in its superlatively comfortable little opera house among the Sussex Downs, the Glyndebourne Opera Festival put on a modern world première last month with its production of Hans Werner Henze's "Elegy for Young Lovers." The opera had already been presented on the Continent in a German translation—a through-the-looking-glass proceeding—of its original English libretto, by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, who had earlier collaborated on Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress." Their theme this time concerns the voracious cannibal progress of genius. An elderly Austrian poet, Gregor Mittenhoffer, who is the equal in stature of Rilke, it seems, pays his annual visit to a mountain hotel with a retinue of victim-satellites—a rich and adoring countess, who acts as his secretary and tactfully supplies financial patronage as well as clear carbon copies; a young woman for him to make love to; and his doctor, to give him rejuvenating shots to make him feel ready for lovemaking. The object of Mittenhoffer's yearly visit is to see a crazy old Englishwoman who has lived there ever since her young husband disappeared into a glacier on their honeymoon, and to devour her occasional visionary outbursts as inspiration for his poems. It is the mountains, though, that finally swallow up the young mistress and the doctor's son, who have fallen in love with each other. They perish in a blizzard in order to provide the last horrifying pinnacle of Mittenhoffer's poetic inspiration—the Master having ruthlessly lied to the guide who asks if anyone from the hotel is missing. For this strange but always theatrically exciting theme, developed with poetry and ironic comedy, Henze's score supplies a variety of exotic and exciting sounds, sometimes melodically



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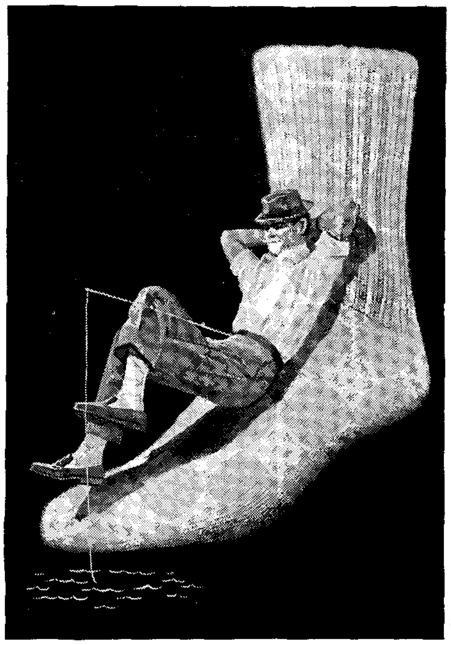

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beautiful, sometimes as weird as echoes among the glaciers, and switching suddenly from tender lyrical scenes into strident jazz (in one duet, the clatter of the secretary's typewriter keeps breaking in like another voice) or light waltzes. It is a fascinating work, and was particularly well sung and acted by Kerstin Meyer, as the secretary—the personification of shiny-nosed devotion and jealousy in a stiff, tailor-made suit of 1910 vintage, which is the opera's period. The set of the Alpine hotel interior, by Lila de Nobili, was a masterpiece of stuffy comfort, dominated, like the music and the libretto, by the range of awful glittering snow peaks beyond its wooden balconies.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

ON THE USES OF IMAGERY

Present-day medical science can perhaps be likened to a gigantic vat containing liquid in which fermentation is actively proceeding; small and large bubbles of gas rise to the surface only to burst and be of no consequence, but all the while the liquid is being enriched by products which on subsequent distillation yield a small quantity of spirit of rare quality.—*Sir Howard Florey in the Yale Alumni Magazine.*

Those bubbles you refer to—what are
they?
Snap diagnoses? Bedside chat? (I hope
Somebody cleared this with the A.M.A.
For my part, I'd have picked another
trope.)

Distillation indeed, sir! Picture Paul
Muni, frock-coated, grave; the sudden
hum
Of consternation sweeping that great
hall
As he announces the bacterium;

The mounting tumult, cheers, triumphal din. . . .
Can one in conscience liken such a scene
To *the first runoff of a batch of gin?*
Shame on you, *Yale Alumni Magazine!*

—C. M. FAIR

•

To present the role of the member, Jack Kleinberg, Raphael Gould and Arthur Simon then spoke. It was the consensus that members are wanted and needed to participate on all levels. It was stated that only when we achieve growth within ourselves by working toward mutual goals are we then able to realize the untapped potential waiting in reserve within us. Such participation can be achieved on several levels, one of the most important being the financial.—*Newsletter of the Ethical Culture Group of Rockland County.*

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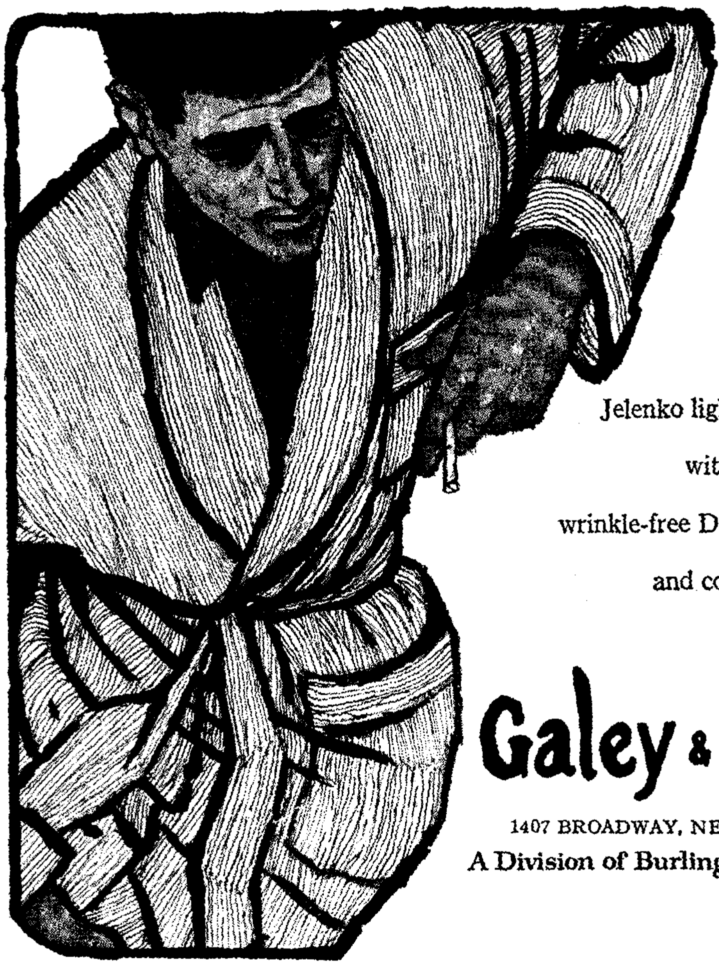
THE RACE TRACK

Extra Special

THERE were big doings last weekend. First, there was Sir Gaylord's great race in the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth, which would have been an event in any season, and, as if this weren't enough, Primonetta won the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga. The ease with which Primonetta beat Mighty Fair, Bowl of Flowers, Counter Call, Oil Royalty, and Victoria Regina substantiated claims that she's the best three-year-old filly of 1961. She not only gave seven pounds to everybody except Bowl of Flowers but withstood repeated challenges while setting the pace and was drawing away by lengths in the last furlong as she ran the mile and a quarter in 2:03 1/5—the fastest time yet for the Alabama. Jim Conway, who trains Primonetta for Darby Dan Farm, deserves plenty of credit for putting her in such a fine state of fitness, and it was by no means easy, since she'd had a couple of setbacks. Last May, she suffered an injury to an ankle—it kept her out of the Acorn Stakes, which I'm sure she would have won, for she was in top form—and a fortnight before the Alabama she lost the Monmouth Oaks by a neck, her only defeat in what now is up to eleven starts. Victory in the Alabama was a fitting reward for Conway's efforts. Shoemaker, who rode Primonetta, did a good job, too. I felt sorry for Bowl of Flowers. Despite the hardest pressure, she barely managed to finish third. Arcaro, her rider, remarked recently that she isn't as good as she was last year, and he should know.

BY any standard—and by my television set—Sir Gaylord's race in the Sapling was a smasher. Green Ticket led in the scamper down the backstretch, doing the first quarter in better than twenty-two seconds, closely followed by I'm for More. Battle Joined, a nice colt, was running fifth and Sir Gaylord seventh. About three furlongs from home, Sir Gaylord opened up, passing the leaders on the stretch turn as though they were standing still and going on to win by nearly three lengths from Battle Joined, who led Green Ticket by five lengths. Sir Gaylord's next appearance will prob-



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ably be in the Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga on the twenty-sixth, the last day of the meeting. At the moment, C. T. Chenery's big, handsome colt seems the best two-year-old out in what may be a vintage year. Anyway, he's won his last five starts.

As I had rather expected, the strike of stable hands that plagued the Long Island tracks last month didn't affect the opening of the meeting at Saratoga. Although there were pickets at some of the gates, there were none at others, and union men passed through as they pleased. (In the meantime, the striking union, Local 917 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, continued to picket Belmont and Aqueduct.) Racegoers who have been coming to the Spa ever since Hickory Jim was a two-year-old found a few changes at the grand old course on Union Avenue. What used to be the dollar field stand, as it was called when a dollar was the price of admission to that enclosure, has now been connected to the grandstand, and a couple of escalators have been installed. Speaking of change, Saratoga lost a landmark a few weeks ago when fire destroyed the Worden, the last of the famous old hotels on Broadway. The first to go was the United States Hotel, a gaunt wooden caravansary with a veranda half a block long full of rocking chairs that always seemed to be occupied by horseplayers from the other side of the tracks. The States became a parking lot in the nineteen-forties. Then the Grand Union, which was even more imposing than the States, was torn down, too. I can remember when, every evening, the Dancer, Gloomy Gus, and a dozen other bookmakers used to gather out front to quote odds and take bets on the next day's races. They were called the Morning Line.

As I've probably said before, never underestimate Calumet horses. In Chicago last Saturday, Beau Prince ran the kind of race his stable had been hoping he'd run, and won the American Derby at Arlington Park. Editorialist was second, Flutterby third, and Crozier fifth. Calumet's previous winners of the fixture were Whirlaway, Fervent, Citation, Ponder, and Mark-Ye-Well. Those were the days.

—AUDAX MINOR

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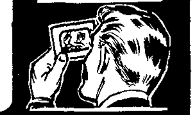

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MRS. CAPSICUM, who knows a lot about everything after three or four drinks, and who was my supper partner, in that we shared a bench near the outdoor grill, asked me what I thought of the food.

I told her I thought it was good. "Just fine, in fact," I added, for emphasis.

She spoke out of the corner of her mouth. "You're very, very charitable," she said. "I think it's vile. *Vile.* Look—you don't even know what you're eating, do you?"

I made a few guesses, after each of which Mrs. Capsicum shrugged to indicate that I could be right but was probably wrong. She put her plate down beside her and picked up her highball from a flagstone. I could tell from the tilt of her head that Ab, our host, struggling at the grill with charcoal, various lids, long forks, skillets, and so on, had reminded her of a topic that she was about to outline.

"We women are to blame, of course," she said. "We start it. Back of every last terrible male cook there is a woman. I'm the first to admit *that.*"

"I'm not sure I follow you," I said, shooing away an unidentified flying object that had just circled my unidentifiable food.

My admission, signalling what she took to be a spark of interest, was all Mrs. Capsicum needed. She was off. "Your average man, by nature, doesn't really have any *interest* in cooking," she said. "You know how it all starts? It starts some morning when some lazy woman decides, after eight or ten years of marriage, that she's not going to get up and get her husband's breakfast. She tells him he knows how to squeeze an orange as well as she does, and that he could fry himself an egg, too, if he'd only try. 'Keep the heat low, and don't start it till you have the coffee made,' she says. 'And *close the bedroom door!* I haven't had a wink of sleep all night.' So first thing you know the poor fellow is out there in the kitchen pottering around, fumbling with this and that, burning his fingers, picking at the leftover roast in the refrigerator, smoking half a dozen cigarettes, and pretending that he is getting his own breakfast. He forgets to keep the heat low and the egg comes out looking like—like an onyx resting on a black lace doily."

"That's a good, vivid way of putting it," I said. "Like an onyx—"

"Of course, he can't find the bread, so there's no toast. In his confusion, he

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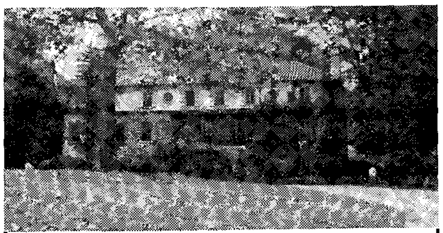

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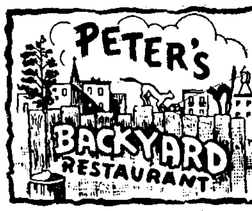

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puts the automatic electric coffee-maker over the gas flame, making a God-awful mess."

"I can just see him," I said.

"You probably *are* him." She glared at me. "Well, he finally drinks a glass of milk. Buttermilk, probably—he doesn't even read the cartons. And he calls it breakfast. He starts telling around the office that he got his own breakfast. Then pretty soon his interest gets aroused and he actually does start cooking. In a few weeks it's *bœuf bourguignon*, and Caesar salads, *Stroganoff*, *lasagne*—oh, dear God, the *lasagne!*"

"I used to know a fellow," I said, "who—"

"There's really no excuse for it," she went on. "But you're such know-it-alls. You could learn, I suppose, to follow a recipe, but, oh, no! You have to experiment, and change everything. Add something, leave something out. If it says Polish sausage, you use ham hock. If it says one bay leaf, you use six. Why is that, do you think?"

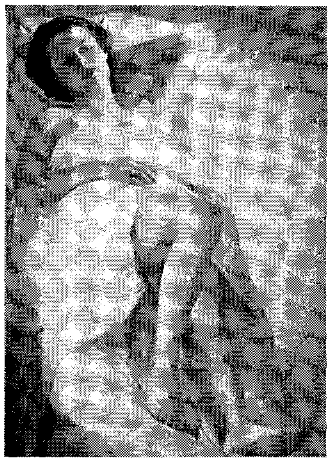
"I suppose it's more fun to kind of play around with new ideas," I said.

"And why must you always *wear* things?" she said. "Look at Ab over there. Look at that apron, and that hat. 'Soup's On,' indeed! A vice-president, a fifty- or sixty-thousand-a-year man with a hat that *says* things? You men are really all children, you know. And you think tomatoes are good in anything. They aren't." Here Mrs. Capsicum shook her head until her black hair zigzagged across her forehead. "They aren't."

I HAD finished everything on my plate. I asked if I might bring Mrs. Capsicum some salad.

"Where is it?" She extended her neck rather amazingly. She seemed to be sniffing, as though to analyze olfactorily, from twenty feet, the proportion of oil to vinegar. "Oh. No, thanks. No, thank you! What I would like, though, is another one of *these*."

I took her glass and said I would see what I could do. When I returned with my salad and her drink, I noticed she had someone else's glass, half full, up to her mouth. She smiled at me over the top of it. "Just tidying up," she explained. She switched glasses with admirable speed. "It costs a great deal more, too, when you men cook," she said. "You can't seem to make do with the ordinary equipment. You have to have omelet pans, and planks, and duck presses, and mortars and pestles. It is quite possible to go out and spend a couple hundred dollars on fancy



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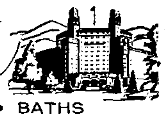

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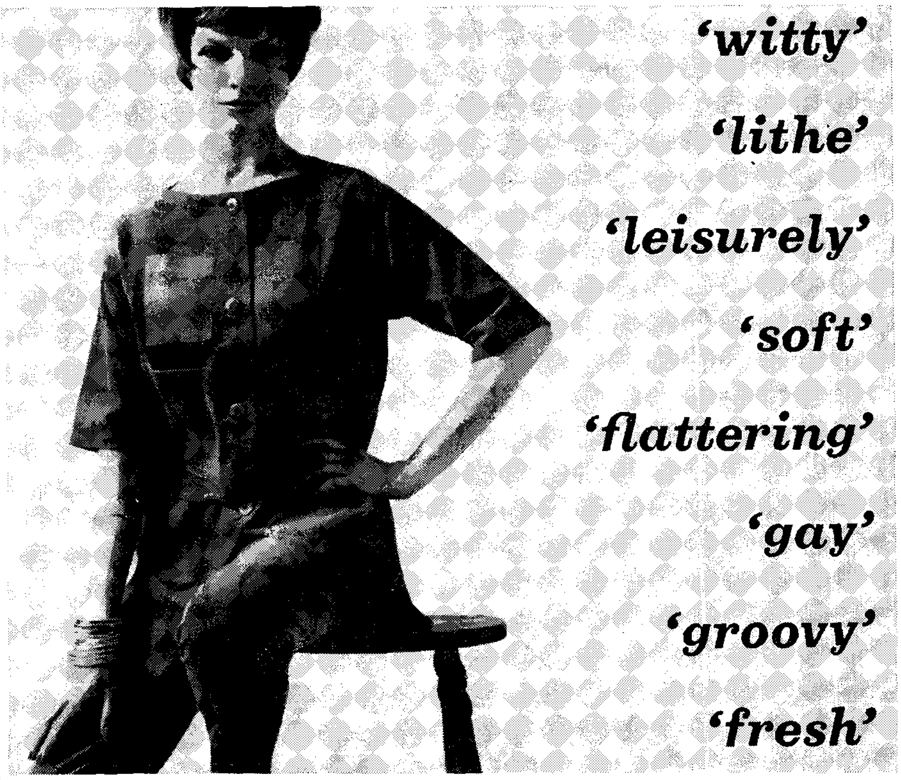
moment we begin to deal seriously with it we find we are too close for clarity. Getting past a rudimentary "like" and "dislike," moving beyond—but not very far beyond—questions of plumbing and picture windows, we discover that all the while we have been taking architecture's measure, architecture has been taking ours. Suddenly and most uncomfortably, we find ourselves face to face with our own image, seen as if in a mirror that feels nothing and cannot diminish, even if it would, its pitiless accuracy. Our first instinct, on catching our likeness reflected in this fashion, is to deny that the mirror is there. Our second instinct is—or had better be—to take another, harder look. Is it possible that this hodgepodge of cramped, stained, and spiritless buildings resembles us? Is that vacant, glassy stare our stare? Surely it is time we were finding out. Socrates says of the unexamined life that it isn't worth living, and by the same token an unexamined architecture is scarcely worth inhabiting. Still, if the relationship between architecture and us is so much more subtle than we at first supposed, how are we to carry out a satisfactory examination of it? Who will teach us to ask the right questions, to say nothing of indicating where we are to look for a few (at best, how few!) of the right answers?

For well over thirty years now, our ideal teacher has been Lewis Mumford. In book after book, with unflagging zest and a scholarship that has achieved a well-nigh uncanny breadth and depth, he has shown us the extent to which *Homo aedificans*, in laying brick on brick, has become the builder of civilization. Speaking often with the voice of a prophet of doom who suspects that it is already too late to correct past errors, and less often but more vividly with the voice of an evangelist who can hardly wait to utter the good word that will send doom packing, Mr. Mumford has studied the innumerable vast middens of sticks and stones that man has heaped up throughout the world and has used them as a device for chronicling man's history and predicting his fate. He has made architecture a means to an end, for whatever the formal subjects of his books, his real subject has nearly always been (to quote the title of one of nineteen earlier Mumford works) "the condition of man." In his latest work, "The City in History" (Harcourt), he employs a prodigiously detailed account of the "origins . . . transformations . . . and prospects" of the city in history to instruct us in how we have conducted



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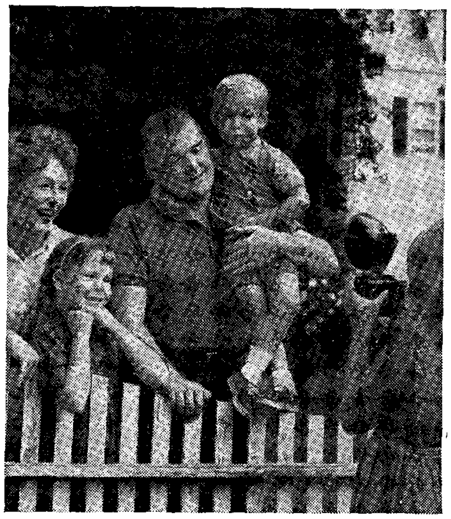

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our lives from prehistoric times; to warn us of the many points at which our Western civilization has gone wrong; and to exhort us to lead it back from where it teeters on the brink of extinction. A considerable program for a single book, or even a single author, but Mr. Mumford brings it off with a master's skill and the verve of a twenty-year-old.

I wish there were some way to avoid saluting this book by the name Mr. Mumford has given it. Of course, it succeeds splendidly in depicting "the city in history" and no doubt will become the classic work in the field, but, like Mr. Mumford, I am an evangelist, and the multitude of readers I would gain for him if I could are not simply students of architecture or city planning or any other specialty, but common readers—men and women who would take delight in wandering about inside Mr. Mumford's capacious mind and would emerge refreshed by his vision of an imaginable if so far never attained good life. To praise the author's description of Mesopotamian urbanism or the destiny of Megalopolis (a favorite Mumford term of abuse) is to risk putting off the very readers whom I mean to proselytize. Few of us need to know as much about the city in history as Mr. Mumford is able and willing to tell us; from Sumer to Suburbia is a very long distance indeed, and our guide covers every foot of the journey with scrupulous care. But it is the acuteness of his perception and the nobility of his precepts that most of us will remember and be grateful for. Cunningly, he leads us from a concrete historical summary of the past to a general future ideal:

> Through its concentration of physical and cultural power, the city heightened the tempo of human intercourse and translated its products into forms that could be stored and reproduced. Through its monuments, written records, and orderly habits of association, the city enlarged the scope of all human activities, extending them backwards and forwards in time, [and] became capable of transmitting a complex culture from generation to generation, for it marshalled together not only the physical means but the human agents needed to pass on and enlarge this heritage. That remains the greatest of the city's gifts. . . . From the original urban integration of shrine, citadel, village, workshop, and market, all later forms of the city have, in some measure, taken their physical structure and their institutional patterns. Many parts of this fabric are still essential to effective human association, not least those that sprang originally from the shrine and the village. Without the active participation of the primary group, in family and neighborhood, it is doubtful if the elementary moral loyalties—respect for the neighbor and reverence for life—

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can be handed on, without savage lapses, from the old to the young. . . . The recovery of the essential activities and values that first were incorporated in the ancient cities, above all those of Greece, is accordingly a primary condition for the further development of the city in our time. Our elaborate rituals of mechanization cannot take the place of the human dialogue, the drama, the living circle of mates and associates, the society of friends. These sustain the growth and reproduction of human culture, and without them the whole elaborate structure becomes meaningless—indeed actively hostile to the purposes of life. . . . The final mission of the city is to further man's conscious participation in the cosmic and the historic process.

It is an exceedingly bold writer who dares pass from a description of, say, the sanitary facilities of ancient Rome to a discussion of the purposes of life, even to a heralding of a wholly invisible and undemonstrable entity called "the new human personality." Mr. Mumford is always that bold. In any contest between conventional categories of thought and intuition, intuition wins the day. Intuitions as they cool tend to harden and sharpen into convictions; it is one of Mr. Mumford's strongest convictions that life conceals infinitely more of good for us than we have yet found in it—that we have lived, so far, at a tiny fraction of our constructive capacity. Much of the evidence for this is necessarily in his heart, not his head; he sees no harm in that. If a proper historian would blanch to speak of "elementary moral loyalties," so much the worse for proper history, and if it is unscholarly to speak of a city's "mission," so much the worse for scholarship. When the half-gods go, the gods arrive, and our latter-day Emerson has spent a lifetime impatiently preparing the blueprints of a habitation fit for them. You may study these blueprints in "The City in History." (Surely, as an amateur of architecture, you have no difficulty reading blueprints?) What is more important, the architect who drew them stands waiting on every page to lead you into "the human dialogue, the drama, the living circle of mates and associates, the society of friends." It is an extraordinary invitation by an extraordinary man, and I advise you to accept it. —BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

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SATURN OVER THE WATER, by J. B. Priestley (Doubleday). This tale of a search and a mystery begins in England. Tim Bedford, a painter, is called to the bedside of his dying cousin, Isabel. As a last request, Isa-

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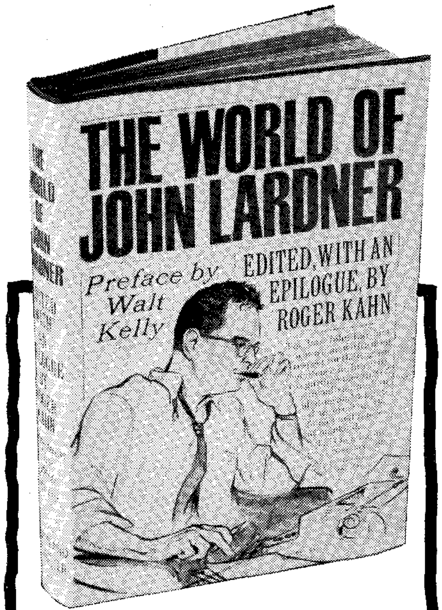
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Preface by Walt Kelly
EDITED, WITH AN EPILOGUE BY ROGER KAHN

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In his preface Walt Kelly writes: "His pages here should bring again a sense of his liveliness, a hint of his virility, a bar of the music that made the man."

THE WORLD OF JOHN LARDNER

Edited and with an Epilogue by **Roger Kahn,** Preface by Walt Kelly. $4.50. SIMON AND SCHUSTER

bel asks Tim to find her estranged husband, Joe Farne, a biochemist who has disappeared in Peru, where, as far as she knows, he is working for a scientific-research organization known as the Arnaldos Institute. What follows, as Tim sets out to find Joe Farne, is an adventure in which superpolitical and superscientific and sexy romantic intrigue are mashed together in a hocus-pocus of a plot that drags us from London to New York and, after that, to some strenuously out-of-the-way places in South America. The tone throughout is chatty and masculine, Mr. Bedford telling the story himself.

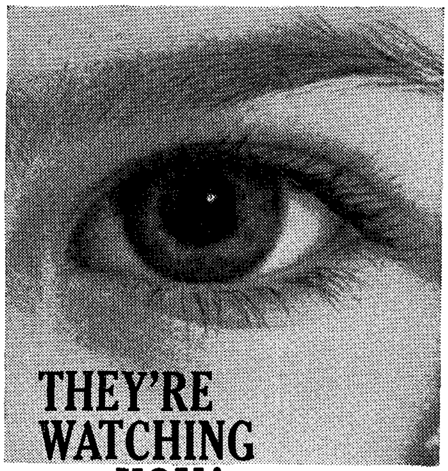
THE CHOICE, by Samuel Youd (Simon & Schuster). Even Mr. Youd does not seem to be very much interested in his account of a lacklustre affair between a young man who is too cagey to be believable as a lover and a young woman who enjoys her own mixed emotions so thoroughly that we do not feel she needs any attention from us. The scene is London.

THE YEARS OF ALISON, by Warren Chetham Strode (Putnam). Leisurely, crowded, and carefully contrived, Mr. Strode's novel is about as old-fashioned as it can be, and it makes a pleasant kind of quiet summertime reading. The story is set in England and begins on the day during the First World War when Alison Cowdrey is born to what promises to be a conventional upper-class existence—protected, privileged, and gilded by wealth—and it ends about thirty years later, when we have read all about just what does happen to her. Alison is different from the other girls of her class (which, of course, is why she is the heroine of a novel), but one cannot help thinking that it would be nice, for a change, to read about some girl who remained completely faithful to a conventional upbringing and yet managed to be interesting enough to support a good, long, solid family story.

NOTE: "The Great Wave," a volume of eleven stories by Mary Lavin, of which seven originally appeared in this magazine, has been published by Macmillan.

GENERAL

INSIDE EUROPE TODAY, by John Gunther (Harper). An admirably comprehensive politico-economic appraisal of the several postwar Europes: Russian, Western, and neutral—plus



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Yugoslavia. It is marked by extreme haste—indeed, at times Mr. Gunther falls into a sort of shorthand—but this is less a fault than a virtue, for it arises from the author's determination to be as up-to-date as possible. (He even covers Yuri Gagarin's flight.) Nevertheless, between gallops—outlines, lists, and first-second-third enumerations—Mr. Gunther finds time to draw lightning likenesses of most of the leading personalities (Adenauer, de Gaulle, Macmillan, Khrushchev, Salazar) and to divert us with his customary largess of odd facts: Benelux is "the fourth-biggest 'power' in the world in volume of international trade;" Khrushchev, Tito, Novotný (of Czechoslovakia), and Kadar (of Hungary) all began life as locksmiths; and Sweden, though determinedly neutral, "spends not less than twenty-five per cent of its budget on defense." Illustrated with maps. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The Man Who Saved London, by George Martelli (Doubleday). This is one of the truly great and moving stories of the Second World War. Michel Hollard, a reserve captain in the French Army and a small businessman in civilian life, set about establishing a one-man Resistance immediately following the fall of France. He found a way of slipping across the border into Switzerland, where he got in touch with British Intelligence agents and finally established a rudimentary spy network. In the course of the next three years, he became one of the most highly valued undercover men working for the Allies; his most notable feat was the unearthing of the secret of the flying bomb and the delivery to British Intelligence of diagrams and maps showing full details of the construction and location of the flying-bomb sites. (General Sir Brian Horrocks, in a foreword to the book, says that if it had not been for M. Hollard's information the V-1 attacks on England would have been six times as severe, would have lasted six months longer, and would have gravely endangered the Normandy landings.) Eventually, M. Hollard was betrayed to the Gestapo, tortured, and sent to the extermination camp at Neuengamme. He survived that terrible ordeal, and returned to France a hero; he was also given the Distinguished Service Order, the highest decoration for brav-

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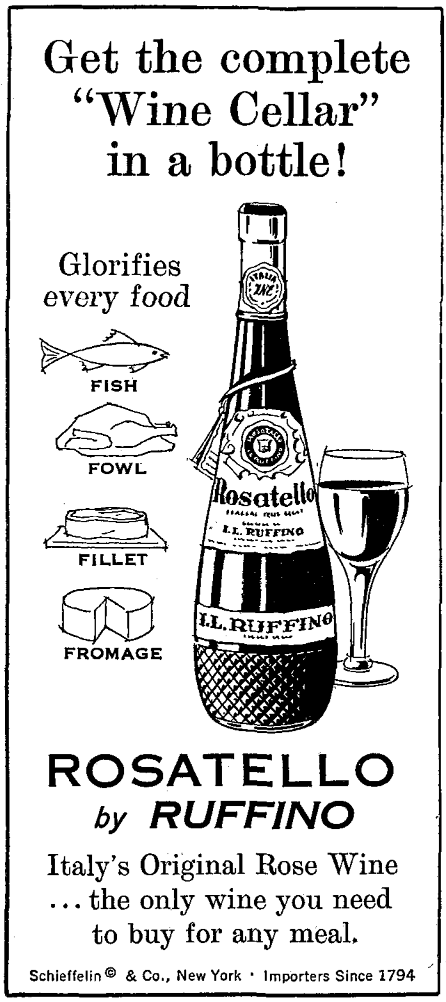
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ery that the British can award a foreigner. Illustrations.

JOMO KENYATTA, by George Delf (Doubleday). A sympathetic biography of the Kikuyu's political leader. Mr. Delf, a young Englishman who lives in Nairobi, believes that the English settlers in Kenya have treated the natives cruelly, and he sees Kenyatta as both a product and a victim of their cruelty. Like many other young Kikuyu, Kenyatta was detached from his tribe, half educated by white missionaries, and then offered no future. He was luckier than most of his fellow-tribesmen, for he went to England to present his people's grievances to kindly, inert Governments, and stayed to finish his education; he became, if not an honorary Anglo-Saxon, at least, in Delf's opinion, far too sophisticated and civilized to have had anything to do with the Mau Mau. Delf thinks the Mau Mau was a spontaneous, disorganized movement over which Kenyatta had no control, and he therefore regards Kenyatta's imprisonment as an instance of the ignorant highhandedness the Kikuyu object to. Since the government of Kenya did not permit Delf to interview Kenyatta, his picture of the man, gathered at second hand, is a little sketchy. Yet its outline is more than enough to show what makes an African nationalist.

THE POTEMKIN MUTINY, by Richard Hough (Pantheon). This account of the impulsive mutiny (it was set off by a ration of maggoty meat) aboard the most formidable battleship in the Russian Black Sea Fleet on June 27, 1905, has little in common with either of the two official versions—the contemporary Czarist whitewashing and the latter-day Soviet glorification. Mr. Hough describes the ten-day career of the Potemkin under its hodgepodge People's Committee as a tragicomic bungle that shamed practically everybody involved in the affair—ashore or afloat—except the stokers in the engine room. A thoroughly grisly diversion. Photographs.

AS WE ARE, by Henry Brandon (Doubleday). Chatty, candid interviews with seventeen celebrated Americans—Margaret Mead, Leonard Bernstein, Ben Shahn, Edmund Wilson, Marilyn Monroe, Arthur Miller, Frank Lloyd Wright, Herblock, Reinhold Niebuhr, Richard M. Nixon, John F. Kennedy, Walt Kelly, Walter Reuther, Norbert Wiener, Wernher von Braun, I. I. Rabi, and James Thurber—and one celebrated

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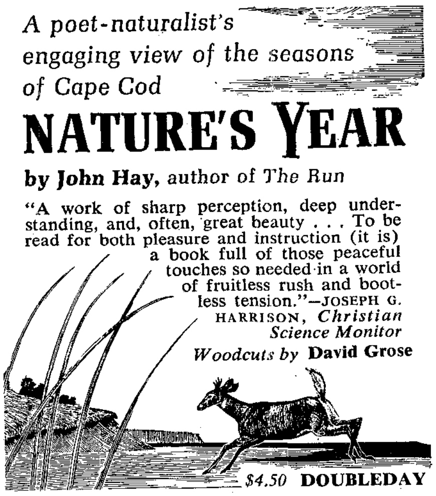
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NATURE'S YEAR

by John Hay, author of *The Run*

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visitor, Peter Ustinov. Mr. Brandon, the Washington correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*, chose these personalities to present his English readers with a fair notion of the United States today, including some of its differences of opinion. To American readers his book offers the complicated pleasures of introspection.

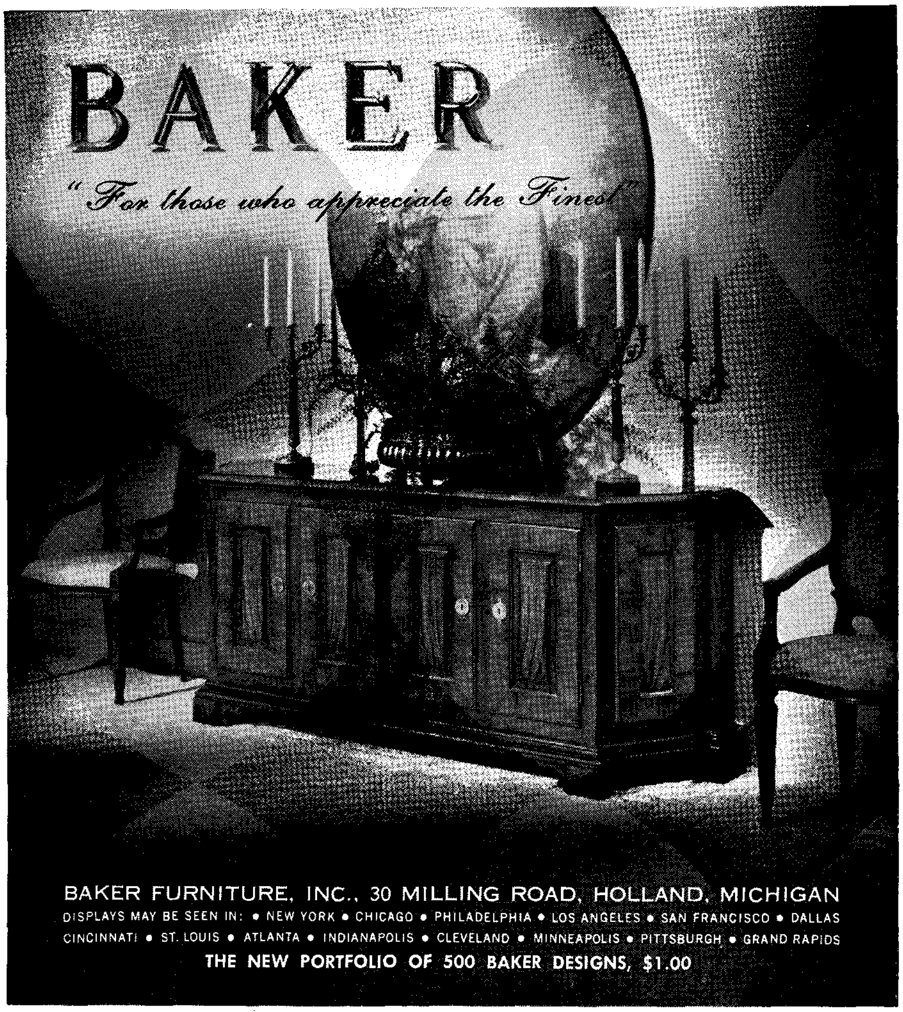
Daily Life in Florence in the Time of the Medici, by J. Lucas-Dubreton, translated from the French by A. Lytton Sells (Macmillan). A lovely book, full of all the rich contradictions of Renaissance Florence: Lorenzo the patron of the arts, and Lorenzo the bloody butcher; the painters rushing to immolate their canvases of nudes in Savonarola's bonfires, and Savonarola himself soon immolated; a sound currency, a graduated income tax, and a fatal mania for perpetual squabbling. Illustrated.

Lost Languages, by P. E. Cleator (John Day). An exceptionally able popular history of the deciphering of unknown written languages, from Champollion's early triumph over Egyptian hieroglyphics and Rawlinson's over cuneiform to such twentieth-century miracles as the cracking of two that were impossible by definition, since they consisted of unknown languages in unknown writings—Hittite hieroglyphics, by I. J. Gelb, and Mycenaean Linear B, by Michael Ventris. Mr. Cleator gives a superb step-by-step account of the procedures and concludes with a brief account of some languages not yet decoded. Ventris was inspired as a schoolboy by hearing Sir Arthur Evans lecture on Minoan archeology, and Mr. Cleator's readers may include the future decipherers of Etruscan, Cretan Linear A, the Mayan glyphs, and Easter Island *rongo rongo*. Illustrated.

Note: "The World of John Lardner," a selection of the late Mr. Lardner's humorous reports and essays, has been published by Simon & Schuster. A number of the pieces first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Broken Jigsaw, by Paul Somers (Harper). The lethal center of attention here is a demure young Englishwoman who asks nothing of life but an inexhaustible supply of money and a man who can satisfy her almost inexhaustible sexual appetite. Mr. Somers, an indulgent author, at once grants both her re-



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KNOCKING

If we were ancient Romans, on August 17 we would pour a libation to Portunus, the god of ports and harbors, who gave his name to that most seductive of words, *opportunity.*

Some time in the long course of history, the opportunity metaphor changed. The word used to mean harbor or access and thus to imply marine matters. Now, according to a familiar proverb, opportunity knocks, somewhat in the manner of the Fuller brush man, and you are supposed to be ready to greet it. But since it may be a long time between knocks, it's probably a good idea to keep in mind Sir Francis Bacon's observation that "a wise man makes more opportunities than he finds."

Take investing, for instance. If you're waiting for someone to knock on your door with news of a stock that will answer your investment needs, you may have a long wait. But if you take the initiative, you'll soon discover that there are some 1200 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone, with thousands more listed elsewhere or traded over-the-counter. And among them are some that constitute excellent opportunities for any enterprising investor.

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quests by marrying her to a wealthy invalid whose chief attendant is precisely the man of her sultry midnight dreams. It is, of course, a thankless generosity. The greedy girl wants more and more and more, and her attempts to arrange things to her final satisfaction provide an entertaining lesson for us all. The scene is rural Derbyshire.

OLD HOUSE OF FEAR, by Russell Kirk (Fleet). An appropriately old-fashioned thriller by the chief popularizer of the neo-Conservative position in America. The setting is a ruined, though inhabited, castle on a storm-lashed island in the Hebrides. The cast includes a bedridden matriarch, her lovely ward, a valiant American lawyer, a half-demented Communist agent with a taste for chess and necromancy, and a chorus of London thugs and embattled clansmen. Among the stage properties are a molested grave, a stalking ghost, a pre-Christian rite, a telltale pistol, a torture chamber, and rain and fog and booming surf. The plot, it need hardly be said, is absurd, but Mr. Kirk sets it down in a style so majestically archaic, so rich in atmosphere and intimations of impending doom, that we follow him with dazed and delighted attention from the first muffled cry to the final midnight scream.

•

Following a general discussion the Chamber of Commerce of Calaveras County went on record encouraging the location of the Atlas Powder Storage Plant in Calaveras County.

It was pointed out that some opposition is expected at the June 30 Planning Commission meeting due to lack of information by the general public on the industry.

Bill Russell, secretary-manager, pointed out that this new facility would be for storage of a dry material which is reported to be explosive only when properly mixed with oil. This dry substance is also used for fertilizer, he pointed out.

The county is in no position to be "choosey," the directors agreed. There has been no industry in the last 100 years in the area where the storage plant will be and a "bird in hand," as Bob Finegan said, "is better than nothing."—*San Andreas (Calif.) Calaveras Prospect.*

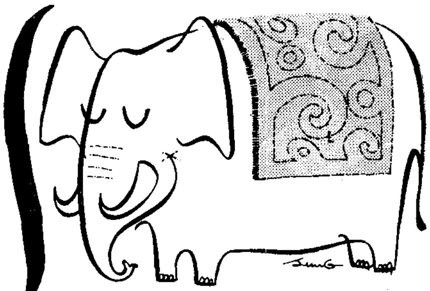
No phrasemaker like old Bob Finegan!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the World-Telegram & Sun*]

MEXICO CITY, July 18.—Edward arrived in Mexico yesterday to begin a private tour of Latin America, the United States Embassy announced.



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